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THE BOOK OF ELIZABETHAN VERSE

Cupid Seated on Clouds

Engraved by J. W. Reynolds after W. Owen

THE BOOK OF ELIZABETHAN VERSE

CHOSEN & EDITED WITH NOTES
BY WILLIAM S. BRAITHWAITE

Whitehall Palace
1590

CHATTO & WINDUS, PUBLISHERS
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DEDICATED TO

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

IN RECOGNITION OF A LONG LIFE SPENT IN
THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY
AND LETTERS

The Doubt

THE doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled,
Or wisdom weaved the web.

But clouds of toys untried
Do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent,
By course of changèd winds.

The top of hope supposed
The root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffèd guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazzled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

THE DOUBT

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule
Hath taught still peace to grow.

No foreign banished wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change
And gape for future joy.

Queen Elizabeth

1. *Aubade*

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings —
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

Sir W. Davenant

2. *Dawn*

FLY hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Tho' the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep.

J. Ford

3. *Matin-Song*

PACK clouds, away, and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing;
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

T. Heywood

4. *Song to Apollo*

SING to Apollo, god of day,
Whose golden beams with morning play
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine;
Sing to Phœbus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.

Io, pæans let us sing
To Physic's and to Poesy's king!

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays.
Io, pæans let us sing
To the glittering Delian king!

J. Lyly

5. *Hark, Hark! the Lark*

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

W. Shakespeare

6. *The Love Call*

Phyllida. CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
Corydon. Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?

Phyl. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!
Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk.
Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody —
Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily —

Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyl. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain —
Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain —
Phyl. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring
My Corydon to play withal.
Cor. The Queen of Love had been excused
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Phyl. Say to her thy true love was not here:
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
Cor. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then!
Heaven keep our loves alway.

Anon.

7. *Summons to Love*

PHŒBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy carriere may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing;
Make an eternal Spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.
— The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place —
And everything, save Her, who all should grace.

W. Drummond

8. *On a Fair Morning*

ON a fair morning, as I came by the way,
Met I with a merry maid in the merry month of May;
When a sweet love sings his lovely lay
And every bird upon the bush bechirps it up so gay:
With a heave and a ho! with a heave and a ho!
Thy wife shall be thy master, I trow.
Sing, care away, care away, let the world go!
Hey, lustily all in a row, all in a row,
Sing, care away, care away, let the world go!

Anon.

9. *Stay, O Sweet*

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise!
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not: it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay! or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day: what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye.
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say:—
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worse disease of love!
The poor, the fool, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He, which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

J. Donne

10. *The Night Is Near Gone*

HEY! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shroudis the shawis
Thro' Nature anon.
The thissel-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis:
Now skaillis the skyis;
The nicht is neir gone.

The fieldis ouerflowis
With gowans that growis,
Quhair lilies like low is
As red as the rone.
The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairty pursuis:
The nicht is neir gone.

Now hairtis with hindis
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis
On ground quhair they grone.
Now hurchonis, with hairis,
Aye passis in pairis;
Quhilk duly declaris
The nicht is neir gone.

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis;
Now Cupid compellis
Our hairtis echone

On Venus wha waikis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syne sing for their saikis —
  "The nicht is neir gone!"

All courageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bright is
  To fight with their fone.
The stonèd steed stampis
Through courage, and crampis,
Syne on the land lampis:
  The nicht is neir gone.

The friekis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bright shieldis
  At Titan in trone;
Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer corseris crestis
Are broke on their breistis:
  The nicht is neir gone.

So hard are their hittis,
Some sweyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
  On ground quhile they grone.
Syne groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With swordis assayis: —
  The nicht is neir gone.

A. Montgomerie

11. *Spring's Welcome*

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

J. Lyly

12. *Spring*

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing —
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay —
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet —
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!

T. Nashe

13. *Whilst It Is Prime*

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed, —
Go to my love where she is careless laid
Yet in her Winter's bower not well awake:
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew:
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passèd time.

E. Spenser

14. *Description of the Spring*

Wherein each thing renews, save only the Lover

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale:
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs:
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale.
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Earl of Surrey

15. *Short Sunshine*

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovran eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

W. Shakespeare

16. *Beauty, Sweet Love, Is Like the Morning Dew*

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose;
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that, in Beauty's Lease expired, appears
The Date of Age, the Kalends of our Death —
But ah! no more! — this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

S. Daniel

17. *When Daffodils Begin to Peer*

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
  With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
  While we lie tumbling in the hay.

W. Shakespeare

18. Fair Is My Love for April's in Her Face

FAIR is my love for April's in her face:
  Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
  But cold December dwelleth in her heart;
Blest be the months that set my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that month that hindereth my desire.

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes,
  As air perfumed with amber is her breath,
Like swelling waves, her lovely breasts do rise,
  As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death:
Aye me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth, death and despair doth give!

In pomp sits mercy seated in her face,
  Love twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace,
  But touch her heart, ah that is framed of flint!
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain.

R. Greene

19. *To Aurora*

O IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest;
Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.
O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see;
For if I saw thee once transformed in me,
Then in thy bosom would I pour my soul;
Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
And if that ought mischanced thou should'st not moan
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;
No, I would have my share in what were thine.
And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
This happy harmony would make them none.

W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling

20. *Aurora*

O HAPPY Tithon! if thou know'st thy hap,
And valuest thy wealth, as I my want,
Then need'st thou not — which ah! I grieve to grant —
Repine at Jove, lulled in his leman's lap:
That golden shower in which he did repose —
One dewy drop it stains
Which thy Aurora rains
Upon the rural plains,
When from thy bed she passionately goes.

Then, wakened with the music of the merles,
She not remembers Memnon when she mourns:
That faithful flame which in her bosom burns
From crystal conduits throws those liquid pearls:

Sad from thy sight so soon to be removed,
  She so her grief delates.
  — O favoured by the fates
  Above the happiest states,
Who art of one so worthy well-beloved!

W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling

21. *To Meadows*

YE have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been filled with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
  Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
  With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
  The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a round:
Each virgin like a spring,
  With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
  Whose silvery feet did tread
And with dishevelled hair
  Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
  Your poor estates, alone.

R. Herrick

22. *The Primrose*

ASK me why I send you here
This Sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears:
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, [yet it doth not break]?
I will answer:—These discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

T. Carew or R. Herrick

23. *To Violets*

WELCOME, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the Spring
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do die,
Poor girls, neglected.

R. Herrick

24. *Perigot and Willie's Roundelay*

IT fell upon a holly eve,
Hey ho, hollidaye!
When holly fathers wont to shrieve,
Now gynneth this roundelay.
Sitting upon a hill so hye,
Hey ho, the high hyll!
The while my flocke did feede thereby,
The while the shepheard selfe did spill:

I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Hey ho, Bonibell!
Tripping over the dale alone:
She can trippe it very well;
Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Hey ho, gray is greete!
And in a kirtle of greene saye,
The greene is for maydens meete.

A chapelet on her head she wore,
Hey ho, chapelet!
Of sweete violets therein was store,
— She sweeter then the violet.

My sheepe did leave theyr wonted foode,
  Hey ho, seely sheepe!
And gazd on her, as they were wood,
  — Woode as he, that did them keepe.

As the bonnilasse passed bye,
  Hey ho, bonilasse!
She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
  As cleare as the christall glasse:
All as the sunnye beame so bright,
  Hey ho, the sunne beame!
Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
  So love into my hart did streame:

Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
  Hey ho, the thonder!
Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
  So cleaves thy soule asonder:
Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye
  Hey ho, the moonelight!
Upon the glyttering wave doth playe:
  Such play is a pitteous plight!

The glaunce into my heart did glide,
  Hey ho, the glyder!
Therewith my soule was sharply gryde;
  Such woundes soone wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
  Hey ho, Perigot!
I left the head in my hart roote:
  It was a desperate shot.

There it ranckleth ay more and more,
  Hey ho, the arrowe!
Ne can I find salve for my sore:
  Love is a cureless sorrowe.
And though my bale with death I brought,
  Hey ho, heavie cheere!
Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
  So you may buye gold to deare.

But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
  Hey ho, pinching payne!
Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine.
  But if thou can her obteine.
And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,
  Hey ho, gracelesse griefe!
Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:
  Let thy follye be the priefe.

And you that sawe it, simple shepe,
  Hey ho, the fayre flocke!
For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,
  And mone with many a mocke.
So learnd I love on a hollye eve, —
  Hey ho, holidaye!
That ever since my hart did greve:
  Now endeth our roundelay. *E. Spenser*

25. *The Blossom*

ON a day — alack the day! —
  Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love." *W. Shakespeare*

26. *To Blossoms*

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

R. Herrick

27. *The Blossom*

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
— Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow,
— Little think'st thou
That thou, to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
Must with the sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say —
"Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here will I stay:

You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part:
If then your body go, what need your heart?"

Well, then, stay here: but know
When thou hast said and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost;
How shall she know my heart? Or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me in London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stay'd still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom you shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

J. Donne

28. *Corinna's Maying*

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree!

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
    Nay! not so much as out of bed?
    When all the birds have matins said,
    And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
    Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
    And sweet as Flora. Take no care
    For jewels for your gown or hair:
    Fear not; the leaves will strew
    Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept.
    Come, and receive them while the light
    Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
    And Titan on the eastern hill
    Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
    Made green and trimm'd with trees! see how
    Devotion gives each house a bough
    Or branch! each porch, each door, ere this,
    An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying.
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd: yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

R. Herrick

29. *On a Bank as I Sat A-Fishing*

THIS day Dame Nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous trout that low did lie
Rose at the well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice;
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled;
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where for some sturdy football swain
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain;
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet;
And now, though late the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose,
Thus all looked gay and full of cheer
To welcome the new-liveried year.

Sir H. Wotton

30. *Phyllida and Corydon*

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day
Forth I walk'd by the woodside
Whenas May was in his pride;
There I spyed all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

N. Breton

31. *Song of the May*

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping.
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-Maying!

Anon.

32. *My Fair A-Field*

SEE where my Love a-Maying goes
With sweet dame Flora sporting!
She most alone with nightingales
In woods delights consorting.

Turn again, my dearest!
The pleasant'st air's in meadows;
Else by the rivers let us breathe,
And kiss amongst the willows.

Anon.

33. *The Merry Month of May*

IS not thilke the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gaudy green?
Our blanket liveries been all too sad
For thilke same season, when all is yclad
With pleasaunce; the ground with grass, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blossoming buds.
Young folk now flocken in everywhere
To gather May buskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars ere day-light,
With hawthorne buds and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses and sops-in-wine.

E. Spenser

34. *May-Song*

O, THE month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale:
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo!
  See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
  Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
  So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say,
  Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

T. Dekker

35. *Love's Emblems*

NOW the lusty spring is seen;
  Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
  Daintily invite the view:
Everywhere on every green
Roses blushing as they blow,
  And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
  Woodbines of sweet honey full:
    All love's emblems, and all cry,
    "Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd;
  Blushing red and purest white
  Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid:

Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

J. Fletcher

36. *A Round*

NOW that the Spring hath filled our veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green liv'ries for the plains,
And every grove a choir:

Sing we a song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowl:
1. Then here's to thee; 2. And thou to me
And every thirsty soul.

Nor Care, nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
Nor never shall do mine;
I have no cradle going yet,
Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me
No hogs are in my ground,
No suit in law to pay a fee,
—Then round, old Jockey, round!

All

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
  But see that no man 'scape
    To drink of the sherry,
    That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

W. Browne

37. *Ralph, the May-Lord*

LONDON, to thee I do present
  The merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content
  To hear me what I say:
For from the top of conduit-head,
  As plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you,
  And wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent,
  Though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the flock
  Of gracious grocery;
And by the common counsel of
  My fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff and crossèd scarf,
  The May-lord here I stand.
Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice!
  Rejoice, oh, lovers dear!
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country,
  Rejoice eke every shire!

For now the fragrant flowers do spring
  And sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing,
  The lambs do make fine sport;
And now the birchen-tree doth bud,
  That makes the schoolboy cry;
The morris rings, while hobby-horse
  Doth foot it feateously;
The lords and ladies now abroad,
  For their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass,
  And sometimes in the hay.
Now butter with a leaf of sage
  Is good to purge the blood;
Fly Venus and phlebotomy,
  For they are neither good!
Now little fish on tender stone
  Begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mewed,
  Do creep out of their shellies;
The rumbling rivers now do warm,
  For little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass,
  And up they hang the saddle;
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck,
  The rascal, and the pricket,
Are now among the yeoman's pease,
  And leave the fearful thicket;
And be like them, oh, you, I say,
  Of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads,
  And slipping off your gown,

With bells on legs, and napkins clean
  Unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please,
  And "Hey for our town!" cried,
March out and show your willing minds,
  By twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington,
  Where ale and cakes are plenty;
And let it ne'er be said for shame,
  That we the youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps at home,
  And left our custom undone.
Up then, I say, both young and old,
  Both man and maid a-maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud,
  And merry tabour playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king,
  And send his country peace,
And rout out treason from the land!
  And so, my friends, I cease.

F. Beaumont

38. *An Ode*

NOW each creature joys the other,
  Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another
  In the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
  Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
  With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
  Cheering plants with fresher sap;
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
  Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
  Babbling guests of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
  And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
  Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she — O cruel maid! —
  Doth me and my true love despise,
My life's flourish is decayed,
  That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed, —
  And well he ends, for love who dies.

S. Daniel

39. *Under the Greenwood Tree*

Amiens *sings:*

UNDER the greenwood tree,
  Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
  Here shall he see
  No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques *replies:*

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

W. Shakespeare

40. *Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May*

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer:
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
  You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick

41. *Philomela*

AS it fell upon a day
  In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone:
She, poor bird as all forlorn
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.

Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

R. Barnfield

42. *A Nosegay*

SAY, crimson Rose and dainty Daffodil,
With Violet blue;
Since you have seen the beauty of my saint,
And eke her view;
Did not her sight (fair sight!) you lonely fill,
With sweet delight
Of goddess' grace and angels' sacred teint
In fine, most bright?

Say, golden Primrose, sanguine Cowslip fair,
With Pink most fine;
Since you beheld the visage of my dear,
And eyes divine;
Did not her globy front, and glistening hair,
With cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like damask flowers appear,
The gods to greet?

Say, snow-white Lily, speckled Gilly-flower,
With Daisy gay;
Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire,
In her array;
Did not her ivory paps, fair Venus' bower,
With heavenly glee,
A Juno's grace, conjure you to require
Her face to see?

*

Say Rose, say Daffodil, and Violet blue,
With Primrose fair,
Since ye have seen my nymph's sweet dainty face,
And gesture rare,
Did not (bright Cowslip, blooming Pink) her view
(White Lily) shine —
(Ah, Gilly-flower, ah Daisy!) with a grace
Like stars divine?

J. Reynolds

43. *The Shepherd's Holyday*

1 *Nymph.* THUS, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morn now riseth and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

2 *Nymph.* Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound;

The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright day's-eyes and the lips of cows;
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holyday.

3 *Nymph.* Drop, drop, you violets; change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use;
And in your death go out as well
As when you lived unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

B. Jonson

44. *To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess*

MY Phyllis hath the morning sun,
At first to look upon her;
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds
Her risings for to honour.
My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers
That smile when she treads on them;
And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them.
But Phyllis hath so hard a heart,
Alas that she should have it,
As yields no mercy to desart,
Nor grace to those that crave it.
Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
Pray her regard my moan;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yield some pity, woo her;

Sweet flowers whenas she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one,
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her before I die she will come see me.

T. Lodge

45. *The Beggars' Holiday*

CAST our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holiday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation live so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest:
To the field we are not pressed;
Nor are called into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all officers, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by!
When the subsidy's increased,
We are not a penny sessed;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

J. Fletcher

46. *Young Love*

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
— Ding, dong, bell.

W. Shakespeare

47. *God Lyæus, Ever Young*

GOD Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

J. Fletcher

48. *What Is Love?*

TELL me, dearest, what is love?
'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

Tell me more, are women true?
Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
Yes, and sicken sore, but live,
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are wise as they.
Then I see,
Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.

J. Fletcher

49. *Advice to a Girl*

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man!
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,

And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one Saint adore
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk: —
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

T. Campion

50. *Madrigal*

YE bubbling springs that gentle music makes
To lovers' plaints with heart-sore throbs immixed,
Whenas my dear this way her pleasure takes,
Tell her with tears how firm my love is fixed;
And, Philomel, report my timourous fears,
And, Echo, sound my heigh-ho's in her ears:
But if she ask if I for love will die,
Tell her, "Good faith, good faith, good faith, — not I!"

Anon.

51. *Cherry-Ripe*

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

T. Campion

52. *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C. Marlowe

53. *The Nymph's Reply*

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither — soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs, —
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

Sir W. Raleigh

54. *The Message*

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys;

Go pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
  Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
  As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love
  Which from the world is hidden.
Go pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
  Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony
  And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
  With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
  Ye pretty wantons warble.

O fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
  Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed
  That waking she may wonder:
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
  Return with pleasant warblings.

T. Heywood

55. *Corydon's Song*

A BLITHE and bonny country lass,
  Heigh ho, the bonny lass!
Sat sighing on the tender grass,
  And weeping said, "Will none come woo me?"
A smicker boy, a lither swain,
  Heigh ho, a smicker swain!
That in his love was wanton fain,
  With smiling looks straight came unto her.

When as the wanton wench espied,
  Heigh ho, when she espied!
The means to make herself a bride,
  She simpered smooth like bonnybell:
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,
  Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind!
His arms about her body twined,
  And "Fair lass, how fare ye, well?"

The country kit said, "Well forsooth,
  Heigh ho, well forsooth!
But that I have a longing tooth,
  A longing tooth that makes me cry."
"Alas!" said he, "what gars thy grief?
  Heigh ho, what gars thy grief?"
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief:
  I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,
  "Heigh ho," the shepherd said,

"I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,
  And so recure thy malady."

Hereon they kissed with many an oath,
  Heigh ho, with many an oath,
And 'fore God Pan did plight their troth,
  And to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretty peat,
  Heigh ho, the pretty peat!
That fears to die of this conceit,
  So kind a friend to help at last.

T. Lodge

56. *A Ditty*

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
  By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
  My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
  My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir P. Sidney

57. *Wooing Stuff*

FAINT Amorist, what! dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
The Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent? is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick? Why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with No?
Tush, she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of man
In question? Nay, she loves thee than:
And if ere she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.
He that after ten denials
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

Sir P. Sidney

58. *The Lover's Theme*

FAIN to content, I bend myself to write,
But what to write my mind can scarce conceive:
Your radiant eyes crave objects of delight
My heart no glad impressions can receive:
To write of grief is but a tedious thing,
And woeful men of woe must needly sing.

To write the truce, the wars, the strife, the peace,
That Love once wrought in my distempered heart,
Were but to cause my wonted woes increase,
And yield new life to my concealèd smart:
Who tempts the ear with tedious lines of grief,
That waits for joy, complains without relief.

To write what pains supplanteth others' joy,
Therefore is folly in the greatest wit:
Who feels may best decipher the annoy:
Who knows the grief but he that tasteth it?
Who writes of woe must needs be woe-begone,
And writing feel, and feeling write of moan.

To write the temper of my last desire,
That likes me best, and appertains you most:
You are the Pharos whereto now retire
My thoughts, long wand'ring in a foreign coast:
In you they live, to other joys they die,
And, living, draw their food from your fair eye.

Enforced by Love, and that effectual fire
That springs from you to quicken loyal hearts,
I write in part the prime of my desire,
My faith, my fear, that springs from your desarts:
  My faith, whose firmness never shunneth trial;
  My fear, the dread and danger of denial.

To write in brief a legend in a line,
My heart hath vowed to draw his life from yours;
My looks have made a sun of your sweet eyne,
My soul doth draw his essence from your powers:
  And what I am, in fortune or in love,
  All those have sworn to serve for your behove.

My senses seek their comforts from your sweet:
My inward mind your outward fair admires;
My hope lies prostrate at your pity's feet;
My heart, looks, soul, sense, mind, and hope desires
  Belief and favour in your lovely sight:
  Else all will cease to live and pen to write.

T. Lodge

59. *Olden Love-Making*

IN time of yore when shepherds dwelt
  Upon the mountain rocks,
And simple people never felt
  The pain of lover's mocks;
But little birds would carry tales
  'Twixt Susan and her sweeting,
And all the dainty nightingales

Did sing at lovers' meeting:
Then might you see what looks did pass
Where shepherds did assemble,
And where the life of true love was
When hearts could not dissemble.

Then *yea* and *nay* was thought an oath
That was not to be doubted,
And when it came to *faith* and *troth*
We were not to be flouted.
Then did they talk of curds and cream,
Of butter, cheese and milk;
There was no speech of sunny beam
Nor of the golden silk.
Then for a gift a row of pins,
A purse, a pair of knives,
Was all the way that love begins;
And so the shepherd wives.

But now we have so much ado,
And are so sore aggrievèd,
That when we go about to woo
We cannot be believèd;
Such choice of jewels, rings and chains,
That may but favour move,
And such intolerable pains
Ere one can hit on love;
That if I still shall bide this life
'Twixt love and deadly hate,
I will go learn the country life
Or leave the lover's state.

N. Breton

60. *True Love*

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies
And all thy joys to fears:
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth:
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook;
True love cannot be caught:
For that will still be free
In spite of jealousy.

T. Campion

61. *The Complete Lover*

FOR her gait, if she be walking;
Be she sitting, I desire her
For her state's sake; and admire her
For her wit if she be talking;
Gait and state and wit approve her;
For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
For a modest. Be she merry,
For a kind one her prefer I.
Briefly, everything doth lend her
So much grace, and so approve her,
That for everything I love her.

W. Browne

62. *His Supposed Mistress*

IF I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humourous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying,
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her;
Then only constant when I crave her,
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

B. Jonson

63. *A Lover's Question*

MAID, will ye love me, yea or no?
Tell me the truth, and let me go.
It can be no less than a sinful deed,
Trust me truly,
To linger a lover that looks to speed
In due time duly.

You maids, that think yourselves as fine
As Venus and all the Muses nine,
The Father himself, when He first made Man,
Trust me truly,
Made you for his help, when the world began,
In due time duly.

Then sith God's will was even so,
Why should you disdain your lover tho?
But rather with a willing heart
Love him truly:
For in so doing you do but your part;
Let reason rule ye.

Consider, Sweet, what sighs and sobs
Do nip my heart with cruel throbs,
And all, my Dear, for love of you,
Trust me truly;
But I hope that you will some mercy show
In due time duly.

Anon.

64. *Rosalind's Madrigal*

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
— Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee;
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

T. Lodge

65. *What Wight He Loved*

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Harken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move,
As I now shall versify,
Be assured, 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart:
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
  And her virtues grace her birth,
Lovely as all excellence,
  Modest in her most of mirth
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and, if you know
  Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so
  That she be but somewhile young,
Be assured, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

W. Browne

66. *It Was a Lover and His Lass*

IT was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

W. Shakespeare

67. *A Roundelay*

Between Two Shepherds

TELL me, thou skilful shepherd swain,
  Who's yonder in the valley set?
O, it is she, whose sweets do stain
  The lily, rose, the violet!

Why doth the sun against his kind
  Stay his bright chariot in the skies?
He pauseth, almost stricken blind
  With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
  Which sometime was their chief delight?
Because they need no other good
  That live in presence of her sight.

How come these flowers to flourish still,
  Not with'ring with sharp Winter's breath?
She hath robb'd Nature of her skill,
  And comforts all things with her breath.

Why slide these brooks so slow away,
  As swift as the wild roe that were?
O, muse not, shepherd, that they stay,
  When they her heavenly voice do hear.

From whence come all these goodly swains,
  And lovely girls attired in green?
From gathering garlands on the plains
  To crown our fair the Shepherds' Queen.

The sun that lights this world below,
  Flocks, flowers, and brooks will witness bear;
These nymphs and shepherds all do know
  That it is she is only fair.

M. Drayton

68. *Hey, Down a Down*

"HEY, down a down!" did Dian sing
  Amongst her virgins sitting;
"Than love there is no vainer thing,
  For maidens most unfitting."
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

When women knew no woe,
  But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,—
  The ground of their disease.

Unborn was false suspect;
  No thought of jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond effect,
  The virgin's life was free.
    "*Hey, down a down!*"

At length men usèd charms
  To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms
  Anon enthrallèd were.
Thus women welcomed woe
  Disguised in name of love,
A jealous hell, a painted show:
  So shall they find that prove.

"*Hey, down a down!*" *did Dian sing,*
  Amongst her virgins sitting;
"*Than love there is no vainer thing,*
  For maidens most unfitting."
And so think I, with a down, down, derry!
Anon.

69. *Carpe Diem*

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
  O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming,
  That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
  Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What's to come is till unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty!
  Youth's a stuff will not endure.

W. Shakespeare

70. *Madrigal*

BROWN is my love but graceful;
  And each renownèd whiteness,
Matched with thy lovely brown, loseth its brightness.

  Fair is my love, but scornful;
  Yet have I seen despisèd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.

Anon.

71. *Know, Celia, Since Thou Art So Proud*

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,
  'Twas I that gave thee thy renown.
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
  Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse extolled thy name,
And with it imp'd the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine;
  I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
  Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;

Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
  Lest what I made I uncreate;
Let fools thy mystic form adore,
  I know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

T. Carew

72. *The Kiss*

O THAT joy so soon should waste!
  Or so sweet a bliss
  As a kiss
Might not for ever last!
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
  The dew that lies on roses,
  When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O, rather than it would I smother,
Were I to taste such another;
  It should be my wishing
  That I might die kissing.

B. Jonson

73. *Gratiana Dancing*

SHE beat the happy pavèment —
  By such a star made firmament,
Which now no more the roof enviès!
  But swells up high, with Atlas even,
  Bearing the brighter nobler heaven,
And, in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a Lover's thought,
And the ambitious hopes he brought
Chained to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe,
As, when she ceased, we sighing saw
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

R. Lovelace

74. *In Praise of Two*

FAUSTINA hath the fairer face,
And Phyllida the feater grace;
Both have mine eyes enriched:
This sings full sweetly with her voice;
Her fingers make as sweet a noise:
Both have mine ears bewitched.
Ah me! sith Fates have so provided,
My heart, alas, must be divided.

Anon.

75. *Fair and Fair*

Œnone. FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair, for thee alone
And for no other lady.
Œnone. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,

And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse, —
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Ambo simul. They that do change old love for new
Pray gods they change for worse!

Œnone. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone
And for no other lady.

Œnone. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse, —
"They that do change old love for new
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Ambo simul. They that do change old love for new
Pray gods they change for worse.

G. Peele

76. *A Pastoral of Phyllis and Corydon*

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
  Fringèd all about with gold;
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
  That did ever eye behold.

It is Phyllis fair and bright,
  She that is the shepherds' joy;
She that Venus did despite,
  And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
  And the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quae* the which
  There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
  Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
  Though he thought to see no more?

O, fair eyes! yet let me see,
  One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,
  Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
  Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
  Dead men brought to life again.

N. Breton

77. *Radagon in Dianam*

IT was a valley gaudy-green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen;
Green it was,
And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress-trees,
Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight:
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armoury is plac'd
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taff'ta cassock might you see
Tucked up above her knee,
Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whalès-bone;
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round,

Bathing their
Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high,
"Fie on Venus' flattering eye!

"Fie on love! it is a toy;
Cupid witless and a boy;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from high
To pester men with misery."

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joy and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slyly stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love;
Dian she
Scaped not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She loved the swain Endymion;

Clytie Phœbus, and Chloris' eye
Thought none so fair as Mercury:
Venus thus
Did discuss
By her son in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love's braids:
With sighs, all
Show their thrall;
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,
"What so strong as love's sweet law?"

R. Greene

78. *Philomela's Ode That She Sung in Her Arbour*

SITTING by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands;

But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin's blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,
As true love with kisses kind.
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me:
No sweet love but honesty.

R. Greene

79. *The Nightingale*

THE Nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late-bare Earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making;

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness!
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas! she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
But I, who, daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness!
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Sir P. Sidney

80. Love's Witchery

MY bonny lass, thine eye,
So sly,
Hath made me sorrow so;
Thy crimson cheeks, my dear,
So clear,
Have so much wrought my woe;

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,
Thy face,
Have ravished so my sprites,
That life is grown to nought
Through thought
Of love, which me affrights.

For fancy's flames of fire
Aspire
Unto such furious power
As, but the tears I shed
Make dead
The brands would me devour.

I should consume to nought
Through thought
Of thy fair shining eye,
Thy cheeks, thy pleasing smiles,
The wiles
That forced my heart to die;

Thy grace, thy face, the part
Where art
Stands gazing still to see
The wondrous gifts and power,
Each hour,
That hath bewitchèd me.

T. Lodge

81. *Now What Is Love?*

NOW what is Love, I pray thee, tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell:
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I prithee, say?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play:
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd sain?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain:
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is Love, I pray?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away.
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may:
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

Sir W. Raleigh

82. *My Lady's Hand*

O GOODLY hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distraught in pain;
Dear hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.

O fingers slight!
Departed right,
So long, so small, so round;
Goodly begone,
And yet a bone,
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white
And roses bright
Doth strain thy colour fair;
Nature did lend
Each finger's end
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy demesne
For service true
On me to rue,
And reach me love again.

And if not so,
There with more woe
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suffer'd smart,
And rid it out of pain.

Sir T. Wyat

83. *Cherry-Ripe*

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: There
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

R. Herrick

84. *A Double Doubting*

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Anon.

85. *Love Guards the Roses of Thy Lips*

LOVE guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his tower,
And sleeps within his pretty shrine;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers;
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

T. Lodge

86. *Lips and Eyes*

LOVE for such a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawn his arrows;
Venus here to take a sip
Would sell her doves and team of sparrows.
But they shall not so;
Hey nonny, nonny no!
None but I this lip must owe;
Hey nonny, nonny no!

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganymede must wait no longer;
Phœbe here one night did lie,
Would change her face and look much younger.
But they shall not so;
Hey nonny, nonny no!
None but I this lip must owe;
Hey nonny, nonny no!

T. Middleton

87. *Passions of Desire*

HOW shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?
My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break.
My tongue would rust, as in my mouth it lies,
If eyes and thoughts were free and then not speak.
Speak then! and tell the passions of desire,
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

Anon.

88. *Song*

WHO hath his fancy pleasèd
With fruits of happy sight;
Let here his eyes be raisèd,
On Nature's sweetest light;
A light which doth dissever
And yet unite the eyes,
A light which, dying never,
Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies, but lasteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that wasteth
In love his chiefest part:
Thus is her life still guarded
In never-dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Look then, and die! The pleasure
Doth answer well the pain:
Small loss of mortal treasure
Who may immortal gain!
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind;
They fit for heavenly places—
This, heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descries;
Yet eyes deprivèd be not
From sight of her fair eyes—

Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward seal,
So may they live still sorry,
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleasèd
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raisèd
On Nature's sweetest light!

Sir P. Sidney

89. *Her Eyes*

PRETTY twinkling starry eyes,
How did Nature first devise
Such a sparkling in your sight
As to give Love such delight
As to make him, like a fly,
Play with looks until he die?

N. Breton

90. *To Dianeme*

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

R. Herrick

91. *Then Love Be Judge*

THOSE eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crispèd hairs that hold my heart in chains,
Those dainty hands which conquered my desire,
That wit which of my thoughts doth hold the reins:
Then Love be judge, what heart may there withstand
Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such a hand?
Those eyes for clearness doth the stars surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun,
Those hands more white than ever ivory was,
That wit even to the skies hath glory won.
O eyes that pierce the skies without remorse!
O hairs of light that wear a royal crown!
O hands that conquer more than Cæsar's force!
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside down!

Anon.

92. *To Celia*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee!

B. Jonson

93. *A Miracle*

BEHOLD a wonder here!
  Love hath received his sight!
Which many hundred year
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infusèd be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while!
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile!

So powerful is the Beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turned to Duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind;
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

Anon.

94. *On the Excellence of His Mistress*

THOSE eyes that hold the hand of every heart,
  That hand that holds the heart of every eye,
That wit that goes beyond all nature's art,
  The sense too deep for wisdom to descry:
That eye, that hand, that wit, that heavenly sense
Doth shew my only mistress' excellence.

O eyes that pierce into the purest heart!
  O hands that hold the highest thoughts in thrall!
O wit that weighs the depth of all desart!
  O sense that shew the secret sweet of all!
The heaven of heavens with heavenly power preserve thee,
Love but thyself, and give me leave to serve thee.

To serve, to live to look upon those eyes,
  To look, to live to kiss that heavenly hand,
To sound that wit that doth amaze the mind,
  To know that sense, no sense can understand,
To understand that all the world may know,
Such wit, such sense, eyes, hands, there are no moe.

N. Breton

95. *For Pity, Pretty Eyes, Surcease*

FOR pity, pretty eyes, surcease
  To give me war, and grant me peace.
Triumphant eyes, why bear you arms
Against a heart that thinks no harms?

A heart already quite appalled,
A heart that yields and is enthralled?
Kill rebels, proudly that resist;
Not those that in true faith persist,
And conquered serve your deity.
Will you, alas! command me die?
Then die I yours, and death my cross;
But unto you pertains the loss.

T. Lodge

96. *Bright Star of Beauty*

To the Lady L. S.

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamoured graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which in due order take their several places;
In whose dear bosom, sweet, delicious Love
Lays down his quiver, that he once did bear;
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
Forsook his mother's lap to sport him there.
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Devouring time my faith shall not invade:
Still let my praise be honoured thus by you,
Be you most worthy, whilst I be most true.

M. Drayton

97. *What Poor Astronomers Are They*

WHAT poor astronomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars!
And set their thoughts in battle 'ray,
To fight such idle wars;
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of Love.

And Love itself is but a jest
Devised by idle heads,
To catch young Fancies in the nest,
And lay them in fool's beds;
That being hatched in beauty's eyes
They may be fledged ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see,
How Wit will run on wheels;
While Will cannot persuaded be,
With that which Reason feels,
That women's eyes and stars are odd
And Love is but a feignèd god.

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light,
Till, time too late, we make them try,
They study false Astronomy.

Anon.

98. *Willing Bondage*

HER hair the net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes
So fast entangled is that in no wise
It can, nor will, again retire;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die
Than break one hair to gain her liberty.

Anon.

99. *What Guile Is This?*

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrappèd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covert fetters, though they golden be.

E. Spenser

100. *Upon Julia's Hair Filled with Dew*

DEW sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew:

Or glittered to my sight
  As when the beams
Have their reflected light
  Danced by the streams.

R. Herrick

101. *Daphne*

MY Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
  Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces;
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

J. Lyly

102. *The Glove*

THOU more than most sweet glove,
  Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging that now misses
The pure rosy hand that ware thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter

Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

B. Jonson

103. *In Tears Her Triumph*

SO sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheek down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell!

W. Shakespeare

104. *Simplex Munditiis*

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

B. Jonson

105. *Upon Julia's Clothes*

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
—O how that glittering taketh me!

R. Herrick

106. *Delight in Disorder*

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly:
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat:

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

R. Herrick

107. *On a Girdle*

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

E. Waller

108. *To the Western Wind*

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair:

Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
  Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
  And all beset with flowers.

R. Herrick

109. *Phyllis*

IN petticoat of green,
  Her hair about her eyne,
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, rare delight,
Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white.

W. Drummond

110. *A Dialogue*

"ART thou that she than whom no fairer is?
  Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"
    "Say I am, how then?
    Maids may not kiss
  Such wanton-humoured men."

"Art thou that she the world commends for wit?
  Art thou so wise and mak'st no use of it?"
    "Say I am, how then?
    My wit doth teach me shun
  Such foolish, foolish men."

Christ Church MS.

111. *Rosalind*

FROM the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

W. Shakespeare

112. *Promised Weal*

O WORDS, which fall like summer dew on me!
O breath, more sweet than is the growing bean!
O tongue, in which all honeyed liquors be!
O voice, that doth the thrush in shrillness stain!
Do you say still this is her promise due:
That she is mine, as I to her am true!

Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies!
Lips, red and plump as cherries' ruddy side!
Eyes, fair and great, like fair great ox's eyes!
O breast, in which two white sheep swell in pride!
Join you with me to seal this promise due:
That she be mine, as I to her am true!

But thou, white skin, as white as curds well pressed,
So smooth as sleek-stone like it smoothes each part!
And thou, dear flesh, as soft as wool new dressed,
And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art!
First four but say, next four their saying seal;
But you must pay the gage of promised weal.

Sir P. Sidney

113. *Presents*

SEE, see, mine own sweet jewel,
What have I for my darling:
A robin-redbreast and a starling.
These I give both in hope to move thee;
Yet thou say'st I do not love thee.

Anon.

114. *Myra*

I, WITH whose colours Myra dressed her head,
I, that wear posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet with true-love-knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arms was bound
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamèd,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was namèd:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
  Washing the waters with her beauties white?
Yet would she never write her love to me.
  Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls may safely love as they may leave;
No man can *print* a kiss: lines may deceive.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

115. Sweet Robbery

THE forward violet thus did I chide:
  Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.
  More flowers I noted; yet I none could see
  But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

W. Shakespeare

116. Doron's Description of Samela

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa Fount they lie,
Is fair Samela;

As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams;
Her brow's bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the shadow of majesty,
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit, — all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

R. Greene

117. *There Is a Lady Sweet and Kind*

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anon.

118. *Heart's Hiding*

SWEET Love, mine only treasure,
For service long unfeignèd,
Wherein I nought have gainèd
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell me in what part
My mistress keeps her heart.

If in her hair so slender
Like golden nets entwinèd
Which fire and art have 'finèd,
Her thrall my heart I render
For ever to abide
With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
    Wherein that fire was framèd
    By which it is inflamèd,
I dare not look to find it:
    I only wish it sight
    To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deignèd
    With kindness to receive it,
    I am content to leave it,
Though death thereby were gainèd.
    Then, Lady, take your own
    That lives for you alone.

A. W.

119. *Sirena*

NEAR to the silver *Trent*
    Sirena dwelleth;
She to whom Nature lent
    All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late
    And the neat Graces
Have for their greater state
    Taken their places;
Twisting an anadem
    Wherewith to crown her,
As it belonged to them
    Most to renown her.

On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and *Pactolus*
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better:
Henceforth of all the rest
Be thou the River
Which, as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.
On thy bank . . .

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in Aperil
Shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over:
For when my Love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffered wrong,
The Morning weepeth.
On thy bank . . .

Oft have I seen the Sun,
  To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
  To look upon her;
And hath gilt every grove,
  Every hill near her,
With his flames from above
  Striving to cheer her:
And when she from his sight
  Hath herself turnèd,
He, as it had been night,
  In clouds hath mournèd.
    On thy bank . . .

The verdant meads are seen,
  When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
  Straight to renew them;
And every little grass
  Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
  Upon it treadeth:
Nor flower is so sweet
  In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
  Leaveth some tincture.
    On thy bank . . .

The fishes in the flood,
  When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a-good
  Them to entangle;

And leaping on the land,
  From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
  Lavishly scatter;
— Therewith to pave the mould
  Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
  As in her glasses.
    On thy bank . . .

When she looks out by night,
  The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
  Fearfully blazing;
As wond'ring at her eyes
  With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
  Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
  When she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm
  From her lips breaketh.
    On thy bank . . .

In all our *Brittany*
  There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any
  Should you compare her.
Angels her eyelids keep,
  All hearts surprising;
Which look whilst she doth sleep
  Like the sun's rising:

She alone of her kind
  Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatchèd mind
  Is heaven's treasure.
    On thy bank . . .

Fair *Dove* and *Derwent* clear,
  Boast ye your beauties,
To *Trent* your mistress here
  Yet pay your duties:
My Love was higher born
  Tow'rds the full fountains,
Yet she doth moorland scorn
  And the *Peak* mountains;
Nor would she none should dream
  Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream
  Which by her slideth.
    On thy bank . . .

Yet my poor rustic Muse
  Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use
  Though her true lover:
Many a long winter's night
  Have I waked for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
  Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver *Trent*,
  Down to the *Humber*,
The sighs that I have spent
  Never can number.

On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

M. Drayton

120. *Elizabeth of Bohemia*

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

Sir H. Wotton

121. *A Praise of His Lady*

GIVE place, you ladies, and begone!
  Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one
  Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
  Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
  To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
  Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
  To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
  Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
  So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
  Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard
  That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
  In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed steadfast.
  — What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
  Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinketh like a star
  Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
  With such a comely grace,
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,
  Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
  Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
  Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
  Is mixed with shamefastness;
All vice she wholly doth refuse,
  And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see
  How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty,
  Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth so far exceed
  Our women nowadays,
As doth the gillyflower a weed;
  And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
  Of this unspotted tree?
— For all the rest are plain but chaff,
  Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give;
  When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
  Within the mouth of man.

J. Heywood

122. *Fair Is My Love*

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
  With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears;
Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
Fair, when her breast, like a rich-laden bark,
With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight;
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
The rest be works of nature's wonderment:
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

E. Spenser

123. *A Ditty*

In Praise of Eliza, Queen of the Shepherds

SEE where she sits upon the grassy green,
O seemly sight!
Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden Queen,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a crimson coronet
With Damask roses and Daffadillies set:
Bay leaves between,
And Primroses green,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, have ye beheld her angelic face
Like Phœbe fair?
Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
Can ye well compare?
The Red rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheek depeincten lively cheer:
Her modest eye,
Her majesty,
Where have you seen the like but there?

I saw Calliope speed her to the place
Where my goddess shines;
And after her the other Muses trace
With their violines.
Bin they not bay-branches which they do bear
All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
To the instrument:
They dancen deftly, and singen soot
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance even?
Let that room to my Lady be given.
She shall be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the rest in heaven.

Bring hither the Pink and purple Columbine,
With Gillyflowers;
Bring Coronations, and Sops-in-wine
Worn of Paramours:
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips and Kingcups and loved Lilies:
The pretty Paunce
And the Chevisaunce
Shall match with the fair Flower-delice.

E. Spenser

124. Wishes to His Supposed Mistress

WHOE'ER she be—
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A Face, that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest:

A Face, made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are:

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed Heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My Wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying Wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions — but her story.

R. Crashaw

125. *Rosaline*

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
  That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
  That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
    Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
  Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
  Apt to entice a deity:
    Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
  Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
  From her divine and sacred eyes:
    Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
  Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
  To feed perfection with the same:
    Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
  With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
  Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
    Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
  The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
  And at her eyes his brand doth light:
    Heigho ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
  The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
  Nor for her virtues so divine:
    Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

T. Lodge

126. Damelus' Song of His Diaphenia

DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
  White as the sun, fair as the lily,
  Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams —
  How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
  Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Love's the sun's life-giving power,
  For death, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd
When all thy praises are expressèd,
  Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
  Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

H. Constable

127. *Ubique*

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the Sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am, below, — or else above you —
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. Sylvester

128. *Flos Florum*

ME so oft my fancy drew
Here and there, that I ne'er knew
Where to place desire before
So that range it might no more;
But as he that passeth by
Where, in all her jollity,
Flora's riches in a row
Do in seemly order grow,
And a thousand flowers stand
Bending as to kiss his hand;

Out of which delightful store
One he may take and no more;
Long he pausing doubteth whether
Of those fair ones he should gather.

First the Primrose courts his eyes,
Then a Cowslip he espies;
Next the Pansy seems to woo him,
Then Carnations bow unto him;
Which whilst that enamoured swain
From the stalk intends to strain,
(As half-fearing to be seen)
Prettily her leaves between
Peeps the Violet, pale to see
That her virtues slighted be;
Which so much his liking wins
That to seize her he begins.

Yet before he stooped so low
He his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more high,
And the Rose did there espy.
Who, beside her precious scent,
To procure his eyes content
Did display her goodly breast,
Where he found at full expresst
All the good that Nature showers
On a thousand other flowers;
Wherewith he affected takes it,
His belovèd flower he makes it,
And without desire of more
Walks through all he saw before.

So I wandering but erewhere
Through the garden of this Isle,
Saw rich beauties I confess,
And in number numberless.
Yea, so differing lovely too,
That I had a world to do
Ere I could set up my rest,
Where to choose and choose the best.

Thus I fondly feared, till Fate
(Which I must confess in that
Did a greater favour to me
Than the world can malice do me)
Showed to me that matchless flower,
Subject for this song of our;
Whose perfection having eyed,
Reason instantly espied
That Desire, which ranged abroad,
There would find a period:
And no marvel if it might,
For it there hath all delight,
And in her hath nature placed
What each several fair one graced.

Let who list, for me, advance
The admirèd flowers of France,
Let who will praise and behold
The reservèd Marigold;
Let the sweet-breath'd Violet now
Unto whom she pleaseth bow;
And the fairest Lily spread
Where she will her golden head;

I have such a flower to wear
That for those I do not care.
Let the young and happy swains
Playing on the Britain plains
Court unblamed their shepherdesses,
And with their gold curlèd tresses
Toy uncensured, until I
Grudge at their prosperity.

Let all times, both present, past,
And the age that shall be last,
Vaunt the beauties they bring forth.
I have found in one such worth,
That content I neither care
What the best before me were;
Nor desire to live and see
Who shall fair hereafter be;
For I know the hand of Nature
Will not make a fairer creature.

G. Wither

129 *Fawnia*

AH! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet there is not such.

So as she shows she seems the budding rose,
  Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovran of beauty, like the spray she grows;
  Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower.
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all music else be still,
  For none must be comparèd to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
  Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah! when she riseth from her blissful bed
  She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
  When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

R. Greene

130. Since First I Saw Your Face

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I am disdainèd I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, then justly might you leave me.

I asked you leave, you bade me love; is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder:
Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me!

Anon.

131. *Beauty and Rhyme*

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of Ladies dead and lovely Knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, who now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

W. Shakespeare

132. *Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?*

SHALL I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

W. Shakespeare

133. *Mark When She Smiles*

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it —
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit?
Likest it seemeth to my simple wit
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,

And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheer'd
With that sunshine when cloudy looks are clear'd.

E. Spenser

134. *Beauty Clear and Fair*

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else:

Where to live near
And planted there
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you!

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all!
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant, and your thrall.

J. Fletcher

135. *Beauty's Triumph*

LIKE two proud armies marching in the field,
Joining in the thundering fight, each scorns to yield;
So in my heart, your beauty and my reason,
One claims the crown, the other says 'tis treason.
But O! your beauty shineth as the sun;
And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

Anon.

136. *The Unfading Beauty*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew

137. *Perfect Beauty*

IT was a beauty that I saw
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!

A skein of silk without a knot,
A fair march made without a halt,
A curious form without a fault,
A printed book without a blot,
All beauty, and without a spot!

B. Jonson

138. *Beauty's Epitome*

WHY should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
  By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
  To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

W. Shakespeare

139. *The Awakening*

ON a time the amorous Silvy
  Said to her shepherd, 'Sweet, how do ye?
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
  My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Op'ning her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, 'Now kiss me and be going,
  My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And spying where the day was peeping,
He said, 'Now take my soul in keeping,
  My sweetest dear!
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near.'

Anon.

140. *Vivamus Mea Lesbia, Atque Amemus*

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive;
But, soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love:
But fools do live and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortunes ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

T. Campion

141. *Vivamus*

COME, my *Celia*, let us prove,
While we may the sports of Love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever.

Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.

Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?

Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin Love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
  To be taken, to be seen,
  These have crimes accounted been.

B. Jonson

142. Love

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
  Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
  From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
  If I lacked anything.

'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here:'
  Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
  I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
  'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

G. Herbert

143. *Mullidor's Madrigal*

DILDIDO, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer-time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas!
Like to a stoned-horse was her pace:
Was ever young man so dismayed?
Her eyes, like wax-torches, did make me afraid:
Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May tumble her tyranny under my feet:
Hé donc je serai un jeune roi!
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas,
Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.

R. Greene

144. *A Hymn in Praise of Neptune*

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell:
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
The waters with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens, taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make ev'ry echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

T. Campion

145. *On Spenser's "Faerie Queene"*

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame

Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the *Faerie Queene:*
At whose approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst the access of that celestial thief.

Sir W. Raleigh

140. If All the Pens That Ever Poets Held

IF all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses, on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.

C. Marlowe

147. *Lusty May*

O LUSTY May, with Flora queen!
The balmy dropis from Phœbus sheen
Preluciand beams before the day:
By that Diana growis green
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Esperus, that is so bricht,
Til woful hairtis castis his light,
With bankis that bloomis on every brae;
And schouris are shed forth of their sicht
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
Rejoicing notis makand their mirth
Richt plesantly upon the spray,
With flourishingis o'er field and firth
Through gladness of this lusty May.

All luvaris that are in care
To their ladies they do repair
In fresh morningis before the day,
And are in mirth ay mair and mair
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Anon.

148. *When Flora Had O'erfret the Firth*

QUHEN FLORA had o'erfret the firth
In May of every moneth queen;
Quhen merle and marvis singis with mirth
Sweet melling in the shawis sheen;

Quhen all luvaris rejoicit bene
And most desirous of their prey,
I heard a lusty luvar mene
—'I luve, but I dare nocht assay!'

'Strong are the pains I daily prove,
But yet with patience I sustene,
I am so fetterit with the luve
Only of my lady sheen,
Quhilk for her beauty micht be queen,
Nature so craftily alway
Has done depaint that sweet serene:
—Quhom I luve I dare nocht assay.

'She is so bricht of hyd and hue
I luve but her alone, I ween;
Is none her luve that may eschew,
That blinkis of that dulce amene;
So comely cleir are her twa een
That she mae luvaris dois affray
Than ever of Greece did fair Helene:
—Quhom I luve I dare nocht assay!'

Anon.

149. *In Youth Is Pleasure*

IN a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go —
But when I waked it was not so:
    In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and hartes delight:
    In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

R. Wever

150. *Come Hither, You That Love*

COME hither, you that love, and hear me sing
    Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh, and lusty as the pride of spring,
    And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
    What is desire;
And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
    One spark of fire;
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
    Leave off complaining;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
    Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest;
And mad men, worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest;
And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

J. Fletcher

151. *A Nymph's Passion*

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They may not envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn;
And yet it cannot be forborne
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too,
As summer's sky or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown:
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though Hate had put them out;
But then t' increase my fears
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart I know;
But so exempt from blame
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

B. Jonson

152. *A Madrigal*

WHEN in her face mine eyes I fix,
A fearful boldness takes my mind,
Sweet honey Love with gall doth mix,
And is unkindly kind:
It seems to breed,
And is indeed
A special pleasure to be pined.
No danger then I dread:
For though I went a thousand times to Styx,
I know she can revive me with her eye
As many looks, as many lives to me:
And yet had I a thousand hearts,
As many looks, as many darts,
Might make them all to die.

W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling

153. *A Welcome*

WELCOME! welcome! do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

He that to the voice is near,
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, . . .

He that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, . . .

He that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool, if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, . . .

He to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields
Never, never shall be missing.
Welcome, welcome, . . .

He that question would anew
  What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
  And a brief of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, . . .
W. Browne

154. *Phillis and Corydon*

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
  And Corydon did feed his flocks hard by:
This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
  That traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly;
And Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
  Was lovely Phillis, — Corydon swore so;
Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
  He left his lambs, and he began to woo;
He looked, he sighed, he courted with a kiss,
No better could the silly swad than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,
  Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to prove
  What uncouth grief poor Corydon did pay;
She asked him how his flocks or he did fare,
Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

The shepherd blushed when Phillis questioned so,
And swore by Pan it was not for his flocks;
" 'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
My thoughts are trapt within thy lovely locks;
Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath set on fire;
Fair Phillis kindleth Corydon's desire."

" Can shepherds love ? " said Phillis to the swain.
" Such saints as Phillis," Corydon replied.
" Then when they lust can many fancies feign,"
Said Phillis. This not Corydon denied,
That lust had lies; " But love," quoth he, " says truth:
Thy shepherd loves, then, Phillis, what ensu'th ? "

Phillis was won, she blushed and hung the head;
The swain stept to, and cheered her with a kiss:
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead;
So usèd they when men thought not amiss:
This love begun and ended both in one;
Phillis was loved, and she liked Corydon.

R. Greene

155. *The Triumph of Charis*

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

B. Jonson

156. My Heart Is High Above

MY heart is high above, my body is full of bliss,
For I am set in luve as well as I would wiss;
I luve my lady pure and she luvis me again,
I am her serviture. she is my soverane;
She is my very heart, I am her howp and heill,
She is my joy invart, I am her luvar leal;

I am her bond and thrall, she is at my command;
I am perpetual her man, both foot and hand;
The thing that may her please my body sall fulfil;
Quhatever her disease, it does my body ill.
My bird, my bonny ane, my tender babe venust,
My luve, my life alane, my liking and my lust!
We interchange our hairtis in others armis soft,
Spriteless we twa depairtis, usand our luvis oft.
We mourn when licht day dawis, we plain the nicht is short,
We curse the cock that crawis, that hinderis our disport.
I glowffin up aghast, quhen I her miss on nicht,
And in my oxter fast I find the bowster richt;
Then lanquor on me lies like Morpheus the mair,
Quhilk causes me uprise and to my sweet repair.
And then is all the sorrow forth of remembrance
That ever I had a-forrow in luvis observance.
Thus never do I rest, so lusty a life I lead,
Quhen that I list to test the well of womanheid.
Luvaris in pain, I pray God send you sic remeid
As I have nicht and day, you to defend from deid!
Therefore be ever true unto your ladies free,
And they will on you rue as mine has done on me.

Anon.

157. *Cards and Kisses*

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses — Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes —
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this for thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

J. Lyly

158. *A Conspiracy*

SWEET Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,
Subdue her heart who makes me glad and sorry:
Out of thy golden quiver
Take thou thy strongest arrow
That will through bone and marrow,
And me and thee of grief and fear deliver: —
But come behind, for if she look upon thee,
Alas! poor Love, then thou art woe-begone thee!

Anon.

159. *What the Mighty Love Has Done*

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;

Leda, sailing on a stream
  To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
  Doted on a silver swan;
    Danaë, in a brazen tower,
    Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
  What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
  The chaste Moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
  Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
  Doting at the altar dies;
    Ilion, in a short hour, higher
    He can build, and once more fire.

J. Fletcher

160. *Menaphon's Song*

SOME say Love,
  Foolish Love,
    Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
    Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
    Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say Love,
Sower Love,
    Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.

A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet. —
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,
That minute's joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sower;
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

R. Greene

161. *Love's Keys*

UNQUIET thoughts, your civil slaughter stint,
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart;
And you, my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,
Be still! for if you ever do the like,
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.
But what can stay my thoughts they may not start?
Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
Whenas these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
Open the lock where all my love doth lie;
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever:
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together.

Anon.

162. *Love's Harvesters*

ALL ye that lovely lovers be
Pray you for me:
Lo here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

G. Peele

163. *The Doubt Which Ye Misdeem*

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound;
But simple truth, and mutual good will,
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound:
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

E. Spenser

164. *Via Amoris*

HIGH-WAY, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody, —
Now blessèd you bear onward blessèd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-let, shall meet;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully;
Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot;
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss, —
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss!

Sir P. Sidney

165. *Orpheus I Am, Come from the Deeps Below*

ORPHEUS I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show,
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast loved, ever
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark how they groan that died despairing!
Oh, take heed, then!
Hark how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed!

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires;
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

J. Fletcher

166. I'll Never Love Thee More

MY dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on the throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,
  Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part
  Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *Committees* thou erect,
  And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
  And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
  And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
  And love thee more and more.

J. Graham, Marquis of Montrose

167. *Love's College*

O CUPID! monarch over kings,
  Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
It is to show how swift thou art
  When thou wound'st a tender heart!
Thy wings being clipt, and feet held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool.
  Fools in love's college
  Have far more knowledge

To read a woman over
Than a neat prating lover:
  Nay, 'tis confest
That fools please women best.

J. Lyly

168. *Wily Cupid*

TRUST not his wanton tears,
  Lest they beguile ye;
Trust not his childish sigh,
  He breatheth slily.
Trust not his touch,
  His feeling may defile ye;
Trust nothing that he doth,
  The wag is wily.
If you suffer him to prate,
You will rue it over-late.
  Beware of him, for he is witty;
Quickly strive the boy to bind,
Fear him not, for he is blind:
  If he get loose, he shows no pity.

H. Chettle

169. *Madrigal*

To Cupid

LOVE, if a god thou art,
  Then evermore thou must
  Be merciful and just.
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Lady's heart?

If merciful, then why
Am I to pain reserved,
Who have thee truly served;
While she, that by thy power sets not a fly,
Laughs thee to scorn and lives in liberty?

Then, if a god thou wouldst accounted be,
Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

F. Davison

170. *"Beware of Love"*

THUS saith my Chloris bright,
When we of love sit down and talk together:—
'Beware of Love, dear; Love is a walking sprite,
And Love is this and that,
And, O, I know not what,
And comes and goes again I wot not whither.'
No, no, — these are but bugs to breed amazing,
For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

Anon.

171. *Uncertainty*

HOW many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new;
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you;
And yet, alas, she does not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,
  And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
  Which faithfully performèd was;
And yet you'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale, lean face,
  With true characters of my love,
Petitionèd to you for grace,
  Whom neither sighs nor tears can move;
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no.

And wanting oft a better token,
  I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
  Nor can you heal't by any art:
O look upon't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

Anon.

172. Dispraise of Love and Lover's Follies

IF love be life, I long to die,
  Live they that list for me;
And he that gains the most thereby,
  A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits,
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits:
    Unhappy life they gain,
    Which love do entertain.

In day by feignèd looks they live,
  By lying dreams in night,
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
  Each smile a false delight.
If 't hap their lady pleasant seem,
It is for others' love they deem;
    If void she seem of joy,
    Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find,
  Such is the life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
  Like flowers in the mead;
Now war, now peace, now war again,
Desire, despair, delight, disdain:
    Though dead, in midst of life,
    In peace, and yet at strife.

F. Davison

173. *If Women Could Be Fair and Yet Not Fond*

IF women could be fair and yet not fond,
  Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
  By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change.
  How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
  These gentle birds that fly from man to man;

Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,
  To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
  Till, weary of our wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

E. Vere, Earl of Oxford

174. *Not Mine Own Fears*

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
  Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
  And thou in this shalt find thy monument
  When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

W. Shakespeare

175. *Whoever Thinks or Hopes of Love for Love*

WHOEVER thinks or hopes of love for love,
Or who beloved in Cupid's laws doth glory,
Who joys in vows or vows not to remove,
Who by this light god hath not been made sorry, —
Let him see me, eclipsèd from my sun,
With dark clouds of an earth quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour armèd,
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden;
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmèd, —
Looking on me, let him know love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves but kept by sprites.

Anon

176. *Why Canst Thou Not*

WHY canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;
Smile, but not in killing wise;
Arm not thy graces to confound;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or, let me be more to thee.

J. Daniel

177. *The Impatient Maid*

WHEN as the rye reach'd to the chin,
And chop cherry, chop cherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then O, then O, then O, my true love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid!

G. Peele

178. *The Excuse*

CALLING to mind, my *eyes* went long about
To cause my heart for to forsake my breast;
All in a rage I sought to pull them out
As who had been such traitors to my rest:
What could they say to win again my grace? —
Forsooth, that they had seen my Mistress' face.

Another time, my *heart* I called to mind, —
Thinking that he this woe on me had brought,
For he my breast the fort of love, resigned,
When of such wars my fancy never thought:
What could he say when I would have him slain?
That he was hers, and had forgone my chain.

At last, when I perceived both eyes and heart
Excuse themselves as guiltless of my ill,
I found *myself* the cause of all my smart,
And told myself that I myself would kill:
Yet when I saw myself to you was true,
I loved myself, because myself loved you.

Sir W. Raleigh

179. *To Electra*

I DARE not ask a kiss,
  I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
  I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
  Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
  That lately kissèd thee.

R. Herrick

180. *To Œnone*

WHAT conscience, say, is it in thee
  When I a heart had won,
To take away that heart from me,
  And to retain thy own?

For shame or pity now incline
  To play a loving part;
Either to send me kindly thine,
  Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost
  Resolve to part with neither,
Why, yet to show that thou art just,
  Take me and mine together!

R. Herrick

181. *The Satyr's Leave-Taking*

THOU divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Holy Virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the wind-mill sails.

So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee, and this arbour!

J. Fletcher

182. *The Satyr and Clorin*

THROUGH yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main;
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began.
All to please my Master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
But, behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land

From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take them!
For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath often-times commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. *J. Fletcher*

183. *Song*

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth;
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only in you, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry State with Pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only for you, the heaven forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips, where Wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only by you, Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetness planteth?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only to you, her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only through you, the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke subdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only at you, all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live, then glad when he dieth?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only of you, the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only with you, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you! to you! all song of praise is due:
Only in you, my song begins and endeth.

Sir P. Sidney

184. *Basia*

TURN back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer, —
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting.
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining:
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
  Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
  Rich in bestowing?
There's no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
  There is ever one fresh spring abiding;
Then what we sow
  With our lips let's reap, love's gains dividing.

T. Campion

185. A Canzon Pastoral in Honour of Her Majesty

ALAS! what pleasure, now the pleasant spring
  Hath given place
To harsh black frosts the sad ground covering,
  Can we, poor we, embrace,
When every bird on every branch can sing
  Naught but this note of woe, Alas?
Alas! this note of woe why should we sound?
With us, as May, September hath a prime;
Then, birds and branches, your Alas! is fond,
Which call upon the absent summer-time.
  For did flowers make our May,
  Or the sunbeams your day,
When night and winter did the world embrace,
Well might you wail your ill and sing, Alas!

Lo, matron-like the earth herself attires
In habit grave;
Naked the fields are, bloomless are the briars,
Yet we a summer have,
Who in our clime kindleth these living fires,
Which blooms can on the briars save.
No ice doth crystallize the running brook,
No blast deflowers the flower-adornèd field.
Crystal is clear, but clearer is the look
Which to our climes these living fires doth yield.
Winter, though everywhere,
Hath no abiding here:
On brooks and briars she doth rule alone.
The sun which lights our world is always one.

E. Bolton

186. Phœbe's Sonnet

'DOWN a down!'
Thus Phyllis sung
By fancy once distressèd:
'Whoso by foolish love are stung,
Are worthily oppressèd.
And so sing I, with a down, a down.

When Love was first begot
And by the mover's will
Did fall to human lot
His solace to fulfil,
Devoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken man's conceit,
And woman's breast inspire.

The gods that saw the good
  That mortals did approve,
With kind and holy mood,
  Began to talk of Love.

'Down a down!'
  Thus Phyllis sung,
    By fancy once distressèd:
  'Whoso by foolish love are stung,
    Are worthily oppressèd.
And so sing I, with a down, a down.

But during this accord,
  A wonder strange to hear;
Whilst Love in deed and word
  Most faithful did appear,
False Semblance came in place,
  By Jealousy attended,
And with a double face
  Both Love and Fancy blended.
Which makes the gods forsake,
  And men from fancy fly,
And maidens scorn a make,
  Forsooth and so will I.

'Down a down!'
  Thus Phyllis sung
    By fancy once distressèd:
'Whoso by foolish love are stung,
    Are worthily oppressèd.
And so sing I, with down, a down, a down a.'

T. Lodge

187. *Love's Deity*

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
  Who died before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, that then loved most,
  Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god meant not so much,
  Nor he in his young godhead practised it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
  His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives; correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, if I love who loves not me.

But every modern god will now extend
  His vast prerogative as far as Jove;
To rage, to lust, to write too, to commend;
  All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O were we wakened by his tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her that loves not me.

Rebel and atheist, too, why murmur I,
  As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
  A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I am loath to see;
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

J. Donne

188. *A True Love*

WHAT sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true love is to me!
As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed —
As morning bright, with scarlet sky, doth pass the evening's weed —
As mellow pears above the crabs esteemèd be —
So doth my love surmount them all, whom yet I hap to see!
The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion fray,
The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
Or I my love let slip out of mine entire heart,
So deep reposèd in my breast is she for her desart!
For many blessèd gifts, O happy, happy land!
Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to stand!
Yet, land, more is thy bliss that, in this cruel age,
A Venus' imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so sage.
Among the Muses Nine a tenth if Jove would make,
And to the Graces Three a fourth, her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hunt, and hoard the massy gold:
With her so I may live and die, my weal cannot be told.

N. Grimald

189. *A Rondel of Love*

LO, quhat it is to love
  Learn ye that list to prove,
By me, I say, that no ways may
  The ground of grief remove,
But still decay both nicht and day:
  Lo, quhat it is to love!

  Love is ane fervent fire
  Kindlit without desire,
Short pleasure, long displeasure,
  Repentance is the hire;
Ane pure tressour without measour;
  Love is ane fervent fire.

  To love and to be wise,
  To rage with good advice;
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
  Incertain is the dice;
There is no man, I say, that can
  Both love and to be wise.

  Flee always from the snare,
  Learn at me to beware;
It is ane pain, and double trane
  Of endless woe and care;
For to refrain that danger plain
  Flee always from the snare.

A. Scott

190. *Love's Immortality*

CROWNÈD with flowers I saw fair Amaryliss
By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal;
And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,
On sand she wrote, 'My faith shall be immortal:'
And suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together.

Anon.

191. *Comfort*

WHEN, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,—
Haply I think on Thee: and then my state,
Like to the Lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with Kings.

W. Shakespeare

192. *As Ye Came from the Holy Land*

AS ye came from the holy land
  Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
  By the way as you came?

How should I know your true love,
  That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
  That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
  But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath her form divine
  In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
  Such an angelic face,
Who like a nymph, like a queen, did appear
  In her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone
  All alone, as unknown,
Who sometime did me lead with herself,
  And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone
  And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love you as her own,
  And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
  But now am old, as you see:
Love likes not the falling fruit,
  Nor the witherèd tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
  And forgets promise past:
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
  And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
  And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
  And is lost with a toy.

Of womankind such indeed is the love,
  Or the word love abusèd,
Under which many childish desires
  And conceits are excusèd.

But true love is a durable fire,
  In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
  From itself never turning.

Sir W. Raleigh

193. *We Saw and Woo'd Each Other's Eyes*

WE saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
  My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
  By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youths, whose soul is sense,
  Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence,
  With the stol'n pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
  The sensual idol of our clay,
For though the sun do set and rise,
  We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
  While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure;
  With virtue flies away content.

And though opinions often err,
  We'll court the modest smile of fame,
For sin's black danger circles her,
  Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
  Death shall our loving coffins thrust:
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
  And add a perfume to our dust.

W. Habington

194. *Love Omnipresent*

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
  Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;

Search I the shade to fly my pain,
He meets me in the shade again;
Wend I to walk in secret grove,
Ev'n there I meet with sacred Love;
If so I bain me in the spring,
Ev'n on the bank I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there he will be.

T. Lodge

195. *Lover's Infiniteness*

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:
If, then, thy gift of love was partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,

Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
  This new love may beget new fears;
  For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was, thy gift being general:
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
  Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

  Yet I would not have all yet;
  He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store.
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;

If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it,
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts, — to join them; so we shall
  Be one, and one another's All.

J. Donne

196. The Full Love Is Hushed

MY love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
  I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:

Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
  Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
  Because I would not dull you with my song.

W. Shakespeare

197. *Love Me or Not*

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die;
  Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts give!
How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me;
Envy should cease, her would I love alone:
Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear;
But love enforced rarely yields firm content:
So would I love that neither should repent.

T. Campion

198. *The Love-Letter*

ART thou god to shepherd turned,
  That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

W. Shakespeare

199. *The Silent Lover*

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Sir W. Raleigh

200. *Silence in Love*

WRONG not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
  Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
  May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
  My true, though secret passion:
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
  And sues for no compassion.

Sir W. Raleigh

201. *A Devout Lover*

I HAVE a mistress, for perfections rare
  In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers:
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

T. Randolph

202. *Devotion*

FAIN would I change that note
  To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long long ago to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come,
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Anon.

203. *Being Your Slave*

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu:
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those!
So true a fool is love, that in your Will
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

W. Shakespeare

204. *Were My Heart As Some Men's Are*

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors would not move me,
But thy faults I curious find, and speak because I love thee
Patience is a thing divine, and far, I grant, above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deeds objecting,
Than th' obsequious bosom-guest with false respect affecting:
Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason,
Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season:
Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is treason.

T. Campion

205. *Love's Casuistry*

IF love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend;
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O pardon love this wrong
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

W. Shakespeare

206. *A Lover's Lullaby*

SING lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many a wanton babe have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed:
For crookèd age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby, then, youth be still;
With lullaby content thy will;

Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind!

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
  To show the furrows in thy face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will;
  Let reason's rule now reign thy thought;
Since all too late I find by skill
  How dear I have thy fancies bought;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
  My will, my ware, and all that was:
I can no more delays devise;
  But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave;
With lullaby your dreams deceive;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

G. Gascoigne

207. *The Great Adventure*

AS careful merchants do expecting stand,
After long time and merry gales of wind,
Upon the place where their brave ship must land:
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure it is bound,
Whose safe return will valued be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East jewels of worth she brings;
Th' unvalued diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings;
And were it mine, they, nor their crowns should buy.

The sapphires ringèd on her panting breast
Run as rich veins of ore about the mould,
And are in sickness with a pale possess'd,
So true, for them I should disvalue gold.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip
Are of such power to hold, that as one day
Cupid flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip,
And fasten'd there could never get away.

The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price,
Robb'd from the happy shrubs of Arabye,
As her sweet breath so powerful to entice.

O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
  Unto that wishèd traffic through the main,
My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
  And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it oppress'd
It shall suffice I ventured at the best.

W. Browne

208. *Silvia*

WHO is Silvia? What is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

W. Shakespeare

209. *To Chloe*

Who for his sake wished herself younger

THERE are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awaken'd sense;
The other when two souls unite,
And we must count our life from thence:
When you loved me and I loved you
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us new souls did give
And in those souls did plant new powers;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours:
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

W. Cartwright

210. *To Roses in the Bosom of Castara*

YE blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts—
For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
  From the rude blasts of wanton breath! —
Each hour more innocent and pure,
  Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,
  Your glorious sepulchre shall be.
There wants no marble for a tomb
  Whose breast hath marble been to me.

W. Habington

211. *To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything*

BID me to live, and I will live
  Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
  A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
  A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
  That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
  To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
  And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
  While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet will I keep
  A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
  Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
  E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
  The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
  To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick

212. *To Althea, from Prison*

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free —
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

R. Lovelace

213. *Cupid's Hiding-Place*

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
  Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,

Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove.
Who, leaving all the heavens, hath run away;
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

W. Drummond

214. *Fancy and Desire*

COME hither, shepherd's swain!
'Sir, what do you require?'
I pray thee, shew to me, thy name!
'My name is Fond Desire.'

When wert thou born, Desire?
'In pomp and prime of May.'
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
'By fond Conceit, men say.'

Tell me who was thy nurse?
'Fresh Youth, in sugared joy.'
What was thy meat and daily food?
'Sad sighs, with great annoy.'

What hadst thou then to drink?
'Unfeignèd lovers' tears.'
What cradle wert thou rockèd in?
'In hope devoid of fears.'

What lull'd thee then asleep?
'Sweet speech, which likes me best.'
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place?
'In gentle hearts I rest.'

What thing doth please thee most?
  'To gaze on beauty still.'
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
  'Disdain of my good-will.'

Doth company displease?
  'Yes, surely, many one.'
Where doth Desire delight to live?
  'He loves to live alone.'

Doth either time or age
  Bring him into decay?
'No, no! Desire both lives and dies
  A thousand times a day.'

Then, Fond Desire, farewell!
  Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loth, methinks, to dwell
  With such a one as thee.

E. Vere, Earl of Oxford

215. *Corydon's Supplication*

SWEET Phyllis, if a silly swain
  May sue to thee for grace,
See not thy loving shepherd slain
  With looking on thy face;
But think what power thou hast got
  Upon my flock and me,

Thou seest they now regard me not,
  But all do follow thee.
And if I have so far presumed
  With prying in thine eyes,
Yet let not comfort be consumed
  That in thy pity lies;
But as thou art that Phyllis fair,
  That fortune favour gives,
So let not love die in despair
  That in thy favour lives.
The deer do browse upon the briar,
  The birds do pick the cherries;
And will not Beauty grant Desire
  One handful of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworn
  That none shall look on thee,
Yet let me know thou dost not scorn
  To cast a look on me.
But if thy beauty make thee proud,
  Think then what is ordained;
The heavens have never yet allowed
  That love should be disdained.
Then lest the Fates that favour love
  Should curse thee for unkind,
Let me report for thy behoove
  The honour of thy mind;
Let Corydon with full consent
  Set down what he hath seen,
That Phyllida with Love's content
  Is sworn the shepherds' queen

N. Breton

216. *My Lady Greensleeves*

ALAS! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company.
For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy!
And oh, Greensleeves was my delight!
And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth as fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
For oh, Greensleeves. . . .

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of sendal right:
And these I bought thee gladly.
For oh, Greensleeves . . .

Greensleeves now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
For oh, Greensleeves . . .

Anon.

217. *Ulysses and the Siren*

Siren. COME, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me:
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses. Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth:
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren. Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name;
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame:
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life — our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
No honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren. Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Ulysses. But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When Pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

Siren. That doth *Opinion* only cause
That's out of *Custom* bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever *Nature* did.

No widows wail for our delights,
  Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
  Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses. But yet the state of things require
  These motions of unrest;
And these great Spirits of high desire
  Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs that increase
  And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
  To be well changed for war.

Siren. Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
  I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
  And take my fortune there.
I must be won, that cannot win,
  Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
  T' undo, or be undone.

S. Daniel

218. On the Queen's Return from the Low Countries

HALLOW the threshold, crown the posts anew!
  The day shall have its due.
'Twist all our victories into one bright wreath,
  On which let honour breathe;

Then throw it round the temples of our Queen!
'Tis she that must preserve those glories green.

When greater tempests than on sea before
  Received her on the shore;
When she was shot at 'for the King's own good'
  By legions hired to blood;
How bravely did she do, how bravely bear?
And show'd, though they durst rage, she durst not fear.

Courage was cast about her like a dress
  Of solemn comeliness;
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
  Did give her dangers grace;
Thus, arm'd with innocence, secure they move
Whose highest 'treason' is but highest love.

W. Cartwright

219. *Madrigal*

MY love in her attire doth show her wit,
  It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
  For winter, spring, and summer.
  No beauty she doth miss,
  When all her robes are on:
  But Beauty's self she is,
  When all her robes are gone.

Anon.

220. *Art Above Nature: To Julia*

WHEN I behold a forest spread
With silken trees upon thy head,
And when I see that other dress
Of flowers set in comeliness;
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious lace,
Which like a pinnacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an oval, square, or round,
And knit in knots far more than I
Can tell by tongue, or true-love tie;
Next, when those lawny films I see
Play with a wild civility,
And all those airy silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so:
I must confess mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature than on Art.

R. Herrick

221. *The Stately Dames of Rome Their Pearls Did Wear*

THE stately dames of Rome their pearls did wear
About their necks to beautify their name:
But she whom I do serve, her pearls doth bear
Close in her mouth, and, smiling, shew the same.
No wonder, then, though every word she speaks
A jewel seem in judgment of the wise,
Since that her sugared tongue the passage breaks

Between two rocks, bedecked with pearls of price.
Her hair of gold, her front of ivory —
A bloody heart within so white a breast —
Her teeth of pearl, lips ruby, crystal eye,
Needs must I honour her above the rest,
Since she is formèd of none other mould
But ruby, crystal, ivory, pearl and gold.

G. Gascoigne

222. *The Bracelet: To Julia*

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bond-slave is my heart:
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me:
— I am bound and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go;
If I could I would not so.

R. Herrick

223. *Upon Julia's Recovery*

DROOP, droop, no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost witherèd;
Now strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet;

O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye,
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood:
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream comminglèd;
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

R. Herrick

224. *Upon Combing Her Hair*

BREAKING from under that thy cloudy veil,
Open and shine yet more, shine out more clear,
Thou glorious, golden-beam-darting hair,
Even till my wonder-stricken senses fail.

Shoot out in light, and shine those rays on far,
Thou much more fair than is the Queen of Love
When she doth comb her in her sphere above,
And from a planet turns a blazing star.

Nay, thou art greater too! More destiny
Depends on thee, than on her influence;
No hair thy fatal hand doth now dispence
But to some one a thread of life must be.

While gracious unto me, thou both dost sunder
Those glories which, if they united were,
Might have amazèd sense, and shew'st each hair
Which, if alone, had been too great a wonder.

But stay! methinks new beauties do arise
While she withdraws these glories which were spread;
Wonder of beauties! set thy radiant head,
And strike out day from thy yet fairer eyes.

Edward, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury

225. *So Oft As I Her Beauty Do Behold*

SO oft as I her beauty do behold,
And therewith do her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould,
The which her made at once so cruel fair,
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are;
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire.
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof she mote be made — that is, the sky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,
And eke her mind is pure immortal high.
Then, sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

E. Spenser

226. *Hey Nonny No!*

HEY nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is 't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is 't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no!
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

Anon.

227. *Passions*

IF Jove himself be subject unto Love
And range the woods to find a mortal prey;
If Neptune from the seas himself remove,
And seek on sands with earthly wights to play:
Then may I love my peerless choice by right,
Who far excels each other mortal wight.

If Pluto could by love be drawn from hell,
To yield himself a silly virgin's thrall;
If Phœbus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To win a rustic maid unto his call:
Then how much more should I adore the sight
Of her, in whom the heavens themselves delight?

If country Pan might follow nymphs in chase,
And yet through love remain devoid of blame;
If Satyrs were excused for seeking grace
To joy the fruits of any mortal dame:
Then, why should I once doubt to love her still
On whom ne Gods nor men can gaze their fill?

T. Watson

228. *A Praise of His Love*

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealèd were:
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart,
And this was chiefly all her pain;
'She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methink! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

Earl of Surrey

229. *Song*

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

T. Carew

230. *Go, Lovely Rose*

GO, lovely Rose —
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

E. Waller

231. *My Lady's Presence Makes the Roses Red*

MY Lady's presence makes the Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became,
For her white hands in them this envy bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
The Violet of purple colour came,
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief all flowers from her their virtue take;
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed;
The living heat which her eyebeams doth make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain, wherewith she watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

H. Constable

232. *On Quicksedge, Wrought with Lovely Eglantine*

ON quicksedge, wrought with lovely eglantine,
My Laura laid her handkercher to dry;
Which had before snow-white ywashed been.
But, after, when she called to memory,
That long 'twould be before, and very late,
Ere sun could do, as would her glist'ring eyes:
She cast from them such sparkling glances straight,
And with such force, in such a strangy guise,

As suddenly, and in one selfsame time,
She dried her cloth: but burnt this heart of mine!

R. Tofte

233. *My Spotless Love Hovers with Purest Wings*

MY spotless love hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame,
Where blaze those lights, fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
My ambitious thoughts, confinèd in her face,
Affect no honour but what she can give;
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace;
I weigh no comfort unless she relieve.
For she, that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
My Fortune's wheel's the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
So much I love the most Unloving one.

S. Daniel

234. *Fairest, When by the Rules of Palmistry*

FAIREST, when by the rules of palmistry
You took my hand to try if you could guess
By lines therein, if any wight there be
Ordained to make me know some happiness;

I wisned that those characters could explain,
Whom I will never wrong with hope to win;
Or that by them a copy might be ta'en,
By you alone what thoughts I have within.
But since the hand of Nature did not set —
As providently loth to have it known —
The means to find that hidden alphabet,
Mine eyes shall be th' interpreters alone;
By them conceive my thoughts, and tell me, fair,
If now you see her, that doth love me there?

W. Browne

235. *Speak, Thou Fairest Fair*

DEAREST, do not you delay me,
Since, thou knowest, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will sterve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

J. Fletcher

236. *Restore Thy Tresses*

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love,
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to the orient do thy pearls remove,
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white,
To Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet;
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again:
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

S. Daniel

237. *Do Me Right and Do Me Reason*

BEAUTY, alas! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kissed to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
Heigh-ho! despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?

Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursed treason:
Heigh-ho! I love, heigh-ho! I love,
Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

T. Lodge

238. *Love Winged My Hopes*

LOVE wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high:
For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
Enamour'd sought to woo the sun's fair light,
Whose rich brightness
Moved their lightness
To aspire so high
That, all scorch'd and consumed with fire, now drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woful hap did rue,
For Love did know that their desires were true;
Though Fate frownèd,
And now drownèd
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love they fell.

Anon.

239. *The Mad Maid's Song*

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morrow, sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too,
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him,
But I will go or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed);
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

R. Herrick

240. *Toss Not My Soul, O Love*

TOSS not my soul, O Love, 'twixt hope and fear!
Show me some ground where I may firmly stand,
Or surely fall! I care not which appear,
So one will close me in a certain band.
When once of ill the uttermost is known,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Take me, Assurance, to thy blissful hold!
Or thou Despair, unto thy darkest cell!
Each hath full rest: the one, in joys enroll'd;
Th' other, in that he fears no more, is well.
When once the uttermost of ill is known,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Anon.

241. *If the Quick Spirits in Your Eye*

IF the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere Time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from agèd snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
  Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
  What, still being gathered, still must grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

T. Carew

242. *To the Blest Evanthe*

LET those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
  And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently 'has corrected me,
  My war is without rage or blows:
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflamed with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
  With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
  And flinging my sweet joys away:
I am called home again to quiet peace;
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet, what is living in her eye,
  Or being bless'd with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
  A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong:

To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

J. Fletcher

243. *Brunet and Phyllis*

IF waker care, — if sudden pale colour, —
If many sighs with little speech too plain, —
Now joy, now woe, if they my cheer distain, —
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore, —
To haste or slack my pace to less or more, —
Be sign of love, then do I love again.
If thou ask whom, — sure, since I did refrain
Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,
The unfeignèd cheer of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had; — she hath, and ever shall.
She from myself now hath me in her grace;
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose help scant do I live a day.

Sir T. Wyat

244. *The Invitation*

LIVE with me still, and all the measures
Played to by spheres I'll teach thee;
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,
  And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh, part not from me! I'll discover
  There all the books of fancy's writing.

Be but my darling, age to free thee
  From her curse, shall fall a-dying;
Call me thy empress, Time to see thee
  Shall forget his art of flying.

T. Dekker

245. *Piping Peace*

YOU virgins that did late despair
  To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair:
  Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
  A flame that will not kill;
The drum was angry, but the lute
  Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io! for his sake
  That hath restored your drooping heads;
With choice of sweetest flowers make
  A garden where he treads;

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
  A petty triumph for his brow,
Who is the Master of our spring
  And all the bloom we owe.

J. Shirley

246. *The Solitary Shepherd's Song*

O SHADY vales, O fair enrichèd meads,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
O painted flowers, green herbs, where Flora treads,
Refreshed by wanton winds and wat'ry fountains.
O all you wingèd choristers of wood
That perched aloft, your former pains report,
And straight again recount with pleasant mood
Your pleasant joys in sweet and seemly sort.
O all you creatures, whosoever thrive
On mother earth, in seas, by air, or fire,
More blest are you than I here under sun:
Love dies in me, whenas he doth revive
In you; I perish under beauty's ire,
Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is won.

T. Lodge

247. *How Can the Heart Forget Her?*

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated
With prayers oft repeated!
Yet still my love is thwarted:
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted —
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no!
She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared my anguish,
Wherein I daily languish!
Yet still she doth procure it:
Heart, let her go, for I can not endure it —

Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no!
She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, sighs, tears do show her,
And shall she still disdain me?
Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me —
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no!
She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

But if the love that hath and still doth burn me
No love at length return me,
Out of my thoughts I'll set her:
Heart, let her go, O heart I pray thee, let her!
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no!
Fix'd in the heart, how can the heart forget her.

F. Davison

248. *Chloris in the Snow*

I SAW fair *Chloris* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down,
As Jove descending from his Tower
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like pretty birds into their nest,

But, overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear:
  Thence falling on her garment's hem,
  To deck her, froze into a gem.

Anon.

249. *Camella*

CAMELLA fair tripped o'er the plain,
  I followed quickly after;
Have overtaken her I would fain,
  And kissed her when I caught her.
But hope being passed her to obtain,
  'Camella!' loud I call:
She answered me with great disdain,
  'I will not kiss at all.'

Anon.

250. *What Delight Can They Enjoy*

WHAT delight can they enjoy
  Whose hearts are not their own,
But are gone abroad astray
  And to others' bosoms flown?
Silly comforts, silly joy,
  Which fall and rise as others move
Who seldom use to turn our way!
  And therefore Chloris will not love,
    For well I see
    How false men be,
  And let them pine that lovers prove.

J. Daniel

251. *Doron's Jig*

THROUGH the shrubs as I can crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones, —
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
As the crow:
Like the snow
Her face and browès shined I ween! —
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen
As was she
On her knee
That lulled the god, whose arrow warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-faced pretty ones
As dally in love's chiefest harms:
Such was mine,
Whose grey eyne
Made me love. I gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one.
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bade
'Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one.'

Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

R. Greene

252. *When, Dearest, I But Think of Thee*

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present and my soul delighted:
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood

Far from the main up in the river:
O think not then but love can do
As much! for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

Sir J. Suckling

253. *Beauty Bathing*

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said Fie;
So vain desire was chidden —
Hey nonny nonny O!
Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,
And fond imagination
Seemèd to see, but could not tell,
Her feature or her fashion:
But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
As when I feel a-sleeping.

A. Munday

254. *Song*

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even, shades are longest;
At noon, they are short or none;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men?

B. Jonson

255. *The Shepherd's Sun*

FAIR Nymphs! sit ye here by me
On this flow'ry green;
While we, this merry day, do see
Some things but seldom seen.
Shepherds all! now come, sit around
On yond chequered plain;
While, from the woods, we hear resound
Some comfort for Love's pain.
Every bird sits on his bough
As brag as he that is the best;
Then, sweet Love! reveal how
Our minds may be at rest!

Echo thus replied to me,
'Sit under yonder beechen-tree;
And there, Love shall shew thee,
How all may be redrest!'

Hark! Hark! Hark, the Nightingale!
In her mourning lay,
She tells her story's woeful tale,
To warn ye, if she may,
'Fair maids! take ye heed of Love,
It is a per'lous thing!
As Philomel herself did prove,
Abusèd by a King.
If Kings play false, believe no men
That make a seemly outward show,
But, caught once, beware then;
For then begins your woe!
They will look babies in your eyes,
And speak so fair as fair may be;
But trust them in no wise!
Example take by me!'

'Fie! Fie!' said the Threstlecock,
'You are much to blame,
For one man's fault, all men to blot,
Impairing their good name.
Admit you were used amiss,
By that ungentle King;
It follows not, that you, for this,
Should all men's honours wring;

There be good; and there be bad!
And some are false; and some are true!
As good choice is still had
Amongst us men, as you!
Women have faults as well as we;
Some say, for our one, they have three!
Then smite not; nor bite not;
When you as faulty be.'

'Peace! peace!' quoth Madge Howlet then,
Sitting out of sight,
'For women are as good as men;
And both are good alike!'
'Not so!' said the little Wren,
'Difference there may be,
The cock always commands the hen;
Then men shall go for me?'
Then Robin Redbreast, stepping in,
Would needs take up this tedious strife;
Protesting, 'True loving
In either, lengthened life!
If I love you, and you love me;
Can there be better harmony?
Thus ending contending,
Love must the umpire be!'

Fair nymphs! Love must be your guide,
Chaste, unspotted Love;
To such as do your thralls betide,
Resolved without remove.

Likewise, jolly Shepherd Swains,
  If you do respect
The happy issue of your pains,
  True Love must you direct!
    You hear the birds contend for love;
      The bubbling springs do sing sweet love;
    The mountains and fountains
      Do echo nought but love!
        Take hands, then, Nymphs and Shepherds all!
        And to this river's music's fall,
      Sing, 'True Love and Chaste Love
        Begins our Festival!'

A. Munday.

256. *Against Them Who Lay Unchastity to the Sex of Women*

THEY meet but with unwholesome springs,
  And summers which infectious are;
They hear but when the mermaid sings,
  And only see the falling star,
    Who ever dare
  Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

Go, cure your fevers; and you'll say
  The dog-days scorch not all the year:
In copper mines no longer stay,
  But travel to the west, and there
    The right ones see,
  And grant all gold's not alchemy.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worm's flame
  Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
  And slave themselves to man's desire,
    Shall the sex, free
  From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 't were frail;
  Thy virtue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevail,
  And every woman's faith be thine.
    And were there none,
  'Tis majesty to rule alone.

W. Habington

257. *My Hope a Counsel*

MY hope a counsel with my heart
  Hath long desired to be,
And marvels much so dear a friend
  Is not retained by me.

She doth condemn my haste
  In passing the estate
Of my whole life into their hands,
  Who nought repays but hate:

And not sufficed with this, she says,
  I did release the right
Of my enjoyèd liberties
  Unto your beauteous sight.

Anon.

258. *Faith Everlasting*

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear, sweet, fair, wise! change, shrink, nor be not weak;
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove:
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transform'd shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith or strange to you.

Anon.

259. *A Doubt of Martyrdom*

O FOR some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from shades below!
I strangely long to know
Whether the noble chaplets wear
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,

'Twill there, I fear, be found
That to the being crown'd
T' have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise
And have our loves enjoy'd.

What posture can we think him in
That, here unloved, again
Departs, and 's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see
Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here.
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here:
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell?), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here!

Sir J. Suckling

260. *The Crier*

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a crier;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes that passed this way.
O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any man
In town or country can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll please him for his pain.
And by these marks I will you show
That only I this heart do owe:
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart;
Every piece sore hurt throughout it;
Faith and *troth* writ round about it.
It was a tame heart and a dear,
And never used to roam;
But, having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.
For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it back to me.

M. Drayton

261. *The Constant Lover*

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir J. Suckling

262. *Sigh No More, Ladies*

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
  To one thing constant never.
    Then sigh not so,
    But let them go,
  And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
  Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
  Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
  Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

W. Shakespeare

263. *Hymn to Venus*

O, FAIR sweet goddess, Queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts their loves pursuing!
O, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves and endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring;
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

J. Fletcher

264. *Time and Love*

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime-lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay, —
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate —
That Time will come and take my Love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

W. Shakespeare

265. *Complaint of the Absence of Her Lover Being Upon the Sea*

O HAPPY dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woful case
And eke the heavy plight
Of me, that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with rememberance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life while it will last:
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good:

Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent flame did make me burn:
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across
  Rejoice their chief delight,
Drownèd in tears, to mourn my loss
  I stand the bitter night
In my window where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
  Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood
  Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again
  To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain;
  So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
— Now he comes! Will he come? Alas! no, no.

Earl of Surrey

266. *To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas*

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

R. Lovelace

267. *To Her Sea-Faring Lover*

SHALL I thus ever long, and be no whit the neare?
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me will not hear?
Alas! say nay! say nay! and be no more so dumb,
But open thou thy manly mouth and say that thou wilt come:
Whereby my heart may think, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come — thy word so sware — if thou a live man be.
The roaring hugy waves they threaten my poor ghost,
And toss thee up and down the seas in danger to be lost.
Shall they not make me fear that they have swallowed thee?
— But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come to me.
Whereby I shall go see thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say *Lo where he comes* and *Sure here will he land;*
And then I shall lift up to thee my little hand,
And thou shalt think thine heart in ease, in health to see me stand.
And if thou come indeed (as Christ thee send to do!)
Those arms which miss thee now shall then embrace (and hold) thee too:
Each vein to every joint the lively blood shall spread
Which now for want of thy glad sight doth show full pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy troth, and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clock do strike so call for death I shall:
To please both thy false heart and rid myself from woe,
That rather had to die in troth than live forsaken so!

Anon.

268. *Song of the Siren*

STEER hither, steer your wingèd pines,
All beaten mariners!
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers; —
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests:
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss:
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

W. Browne

269. *Wounded I Am*

WOUNDED I am, and dare not seek relief
For this new stroke unseen but not unfelt:
No blood nor bruise is witness of my grief,
But sighs and tears wherewith I mourn and melt.
If I complain, my witness is suspect;
If I contain, with cares I am undone:
Sit still and die, tell truth and be reject:
O hateful choice that sorrow cannot shun!
Yet of us twain whose loss shall be the less,
Mine of my life or you of your good name?
Light is my death, regarding my distress,
But your offence cries out to your defame,
"A virgin fair hath slain, for lack of grace,
The man that made an idol of her face!"

Anon.

270. *The Ways on Earth*

THE ways on earth have paths and turnings known;
The ways on sea are gone by needle's light;
The birds of the air the nearest way have flown,
And under earth the moles do cast aright;
A way more hard than these I needs must take,
Where none can teach, nor no man can direct;
Where no man's good for me example makes,
But all men's faults do teach *her* to suspect.

Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have;
All strength of Love is infinite in me;
She useth the 'vantage time and fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto laws,
But I, poor I, must suffer and know no cause.

R. Devereux, Earl of Essex

271. *Cassandra*

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O, the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall:
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Anon.

272. *Love's Sacrifice*

GO, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intombed in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her, I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificèd beast,
And I was, myself, the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.

J. Fletcher

273. *Sonet*

FRA bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin,
Ourhailit with my feeble fantasie;
Like til a leaf that fallis from a tree,
Or til a reed ourblawin with the win.

Twa gods guides me: the ane of tham is blin,
  Yea and a bairn brocht up in vanitie;
  The next a wife ingenrit of the sea,
And lichter nor a dauphin with her fin.

Unhappy is the man for evermair
  That tills the sand and sawis in the air;
  But twice unhappier is he, I lairn,
That feidis in his hairt a mad desire,
And follows on a woman throw the fire,
  Led by a blind and teachit by a bairn.

M. Boyd

274. *Waly, Waly, Love Be Bonny*

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
  And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side
  Where I and my Love wont to gae!
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
  I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,—
  Sae my true Love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
  A little time while it is new!
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
  And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid?
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed;
  The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me:
Saint Anton's Well sall be my drink,
  Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow toun
  We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvèt,
  And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
  That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
But O! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel were dead and gane,
  And the green grass growing over me!

Anon.

275. *The Lover's Appeal*

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hast loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

Sir T. Wyat

276. *In Imagine Pertransit Homo*

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth!
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth!
That so have scorchèd thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordainèd!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdainèd.

T. Campion

277. *Thou May'st Repent*

WHEN men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory, pass,
And thou with careful brow, sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth and says that *All is gone;*
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have loved thee thus before thou fad'st —
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been thyself shalt see,
And that thou wast unkind thou may'st repent. —
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorned my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

S. Daniel

278. *A Supplication*

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this! —
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss —
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this!

Sir T. Wyat

279. *Vixi Puellis Nuper Idoneus*

THEY flee from me that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especial. —
In thin array: after a pleasant guise,

When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, '*Dear heart, how like you this?*'

It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:
But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness;
And she also to use new-fangleness.
But since that I unkindly so am servèd,
'*How like you this?*' — what hath she now deservèd?

Sir T. Wyat

280. *The Indifferent*

NEVER more will I protest
To love a woman but in jest:
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the wooing fit is past,
Their affection cannot last.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a mistress fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again:
Thus much liberty I crave
Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,
If she better like another,

Let her quickly change for me;
Then to change am I as free.
He or she that loves too long
Sell their freedom for a song.

F. Beaumont

281. *The Faithless Shepherdess*

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In the shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
— Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchainèd;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtainèd.

Soon came a third your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removèd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovèd:
For all my love was pass'd and done
Two days before it was begun.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anon.

282. *Madrigal*

SLY thief, if so you will believe,
It nought or little did me grieve,
That my true heart you had bereft,
Till that unkindly you it left:
Leaving you lose, losing you kill
That which I may forego so ill.

What thing more cruel can you do
Than rob a man and kill him too?
Wherefore of love I ask this meed,
To bring you where you did this deed,
That there you may, for your amisses
Be damaged in a thousand kisses.

Anon.

283. *Think'st Thou to Seduce Me Then*

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words that have no meaning?
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces gleaning:
Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo: to wooing much pertaineth.
He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters when he feigneth,
Looks asquint on his discourse and smiles when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits for every season;
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do that want reason:
Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor tricks of treason.

Ruth forgive me (if I erred) from human heart's compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy foolish fashion:
But alas, who less could do that found so good occasion?

T. Campion

284. *The Message*

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if there they have learnt such ill,
Such forced fashions
And false passions,

That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

J. Donne

285. *My Heart*

THOU sent'st to me a heart was sound,
I took it to be thine:
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit,
  To send mine own to me,
And send it in a worse estate
  Than when it came to thee.

Oxford Music School MS.

286. *To His Forsaken Mistress*

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
  And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
  That lips could move, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
  That kisseth everything it meets:
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands
  Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
  Her sweets no longer with her dwells:
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide
  When thou hast handled been awhile,

With sere flowers to be thrown aside;
  And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir R. Ayton

287. *I Loved a Lass*

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,
  As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
  Another Sheba Queen:
But, fool as then I was,
  I thought she loved me too:
But now, alas! she's left me,
  Falero, lero, loo!

Her hair like gold did glister,
  Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
  Which pass'd all others far;
She would me honey call,
  She'd — O she'd kiss me too!
But now, alas! she's left me,
  Falero, lero, loo!

Many a merry meeting
  My love and I have had;
She was my only sweeting,
  She made my heart full glad;

The tears stood in her eyes
  Like to the morning dew:
But now alas! she's left me,
  Falero, lero, loo

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
  Her skin was white as snow;
When she was blithe and merry
  She angel-like did show;
Her waist exceeding small,
  The fives did fit her shoe:
But now, alas! she's left me,
  Falero, lero, loo!

In summer time or winter
  She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
  From sugar, sack, or fire;
The world went round about,
  No cares we ever knew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
  Falero, lero, loo!

To maidens' vows and swearing
  Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
  But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
  Unconstant, frail, untrue:
For mine, alas! hath left me,
  Falero, lero, loo!

G. Wither

288. *Then Hate Me When Thou Wilt*

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so!

W. Shakespeare

289. *Disdain Me Still*

DISDAIN me still that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys can love no more:
The war once past, with ease men cowards prove,
And ships returned do rot upon the shore:
And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair,
And still I'll love, though still I must despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love,
And these once quenched both life and love are gone:
Let not my sighs nor tears thy virtue move,
Like baser metals do not melt too soon:

Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn;
Love surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorn.

Anon.

290. *Away, Delights!*

AWAY, delights! go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love! thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity, go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee! Mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to overgrow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry —
'Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee! Men cannot mock us in the clay.'

J. Fletcher

291. *To His Inconstant Mistress*

WHEN thou, poor Excommunicate
From all the joys of Love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy!

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
  That heart which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
  Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
  And both with equal glory crowned.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
  To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be in vain
  As mine were then: for thou shalt be
  Damn'd for thy false apostasy.

T. Carew

292. *To an Inconstant One*

I LOVED thee once; I'll love no more—
  Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
  What reason I should be the same?
    He that can love unloved again,
    Hath better store of love than brain:
  God send me love my debts to pay,
  While unthrifts fool their love away!

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown
  If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
  I might perchance have yet been thine.
    But thou thy freedom didst recall
    That it thou might elsewhere enthral:
  And then how could I but disdain
  A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee
  And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
  Not constancy, to love thee still.
    Yea, it had been a sin to go
    And prostitute affection so:
  Since we are taught no prayers to say
  To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice —
  Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
  To see him gain what I have lost:
    The height of my disdain shall be
    To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
  To love thee still, but go no more
  A-begging at a beggar's door.

Sir R. Ayton

293. *Falsehood*

STILL do the stars impart their light
  To those that travel in the night;
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the dial stand;
The streams still glide and constant are:
        Only thy mind
        Untrue I find,
        Which carelessly
        Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

Fool that I am! I do recall
My words, and swear thou'rt like them all:
Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,
But O how cold is thy desire!
And like the hand upon the brass
Thou point'st at me
In mockery;
If I come nigh
Shade-like thou'lt fly,
And as the stream with murmur pass.

W. Cartwright

294. *Accurst Be Love*

ACCURST be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He tastes the fruit whilst others toil,
He brings the lamp, we lend the oil,
He sows distress, we yield him soil,
He wageth war, we bide the foil.

Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He lays the trap, we seek the snare,
He threat'neth death, we speak him fair,
He coins deceits, we foster care,
He favoureth pride, we count it rare.

Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He seemeth blind, yet wounds with art,
He sows content, he pays with smart,

He swears relief, yet kills the heart,
He calls for truth, yet scorns desart.
Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains!
Whose heaven is hell, whose perfect joys are pains.

T. Lodge

295. *The Lover Curseth the Time When First He Fell in Love*

WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy beauty fair for to behold,
And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
The pleasant words that thou me told;
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear and eyes to see.

And when my hands did handle oft,
That might thee keep in memory,
And when my feet had gone so soft
To find and have thy company;
I would each hand a foot had been,
And eke each foot a hand had seen.

And when in mind I did consent
To follow thus my fancy's will,
And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait myself to spill,
I would my heart had been as thine,
Or else thy heart as soft as mine.

Then should not I such cause have found
  To wish this monstrous sight to see,
Nor thou, alas! that mad'st the wound,
  Should not deny me remedy:
Then should one will in both remain,
To ground one heart which now is twain.

W. Hunnis (?)

296. *O Crudelis Amor*

O GENTLE Love, ungentle for thy deed,
  Thou mak'st my heart
  A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed.
Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss;
  For fear too keen
  Thy arrows been,
And hit the heart where my Belovèd is.
Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
  Shall be so blest,
  Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
  This doth remain
  To cease my pain,
I take the wound and die at Venus' foot.

G. Peele

297. *To His Lute*

MY lute, awake! perform the last
  Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;

For when this song is sung and past,
  My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
  My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
  No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
  As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy:
  Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
  By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
  Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain;
  Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
  Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance they lay wither'd and old
The winter nights that are so cold,
  Plaining in vain unto the moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
  Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
  To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
  And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
  And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past —
  My lute be still, for I have done.

Sir T. Wyat

298. *The Scorner Scorned*

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
  Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May —
  If she think not well of me,
  What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
  If she be not such to me,
  What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo;
  And unless that mind I see,
  What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
  For if she be not for me,
  What care I for whom she be?

G. Wither

299. *Hence Away, You Sirens*

HENCE away, you Sirens, leave me,
  And unclasp your wanton arms;
Sug'red words shall ne'er deceive me
  Though you prove a thousand charms.

Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Could ever my affection chain;
Your painted baits
And poor deceits
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever rob me of my rest;
Go, go, display
Your beauty's ray
To some o'ersoon enamoured swain:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
Turn away your tempting eyes,
Show not me a naked beauty,
Those impostures I despise;
My spirit loathes
Where gaudy clothes
And feignèd oaths may love obtain:
I love her so
Whose look swears *no*,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the spotless roses
From their never-touchèd thorn?

I can go rest
On her sweet breast
That is the pride of Cynthia's train;
Then stay your tongues,
Your mermaid songs
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the throngèd vallies,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns
Are scared with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I'll prove,
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vain.

Yet I would not deign embraces
With the greatest-fairest she
If another shared those graces
Which had been bestowed on me.
I gave that one
My love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain.
Your fickle hearts
Makes tears, and arts
And all, bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo;
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:

She, she it is
Affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain;
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

Proud she seemed in the beginning
And disdained my looking on,
But that coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one, being won.
Whate'er betide
She'll ne'er divide
The favour she to me shall deign;
But your fond love
Will fickle prove,
And all that trust in you are vain.

Therefore know, when I enjoy one,
And for love employ my breath,
She I court shall be a coy one
Though I win her with my death.
A favour there
Few aim at dare;
And if, perhaps, some lover plain;
She is not won
Nor I undone
By placing of my love in vain.

Leave me, then, you Sirens, leave me,
Seek no more to work my harms,
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:

You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

G. Wither

300. *A Revocation*

WHAT should I say?
— Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! nay! mistress.

I promised you,
And you promised me,
To be as true
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

Thought for to take
'Tis not my mind;
But to forsake
One so unkind;
And as I find
So will I trust
Farewell, unjust.

Can ye say nay
  But that you said
That I alway
  Should be obeyed?
  And — thus betrayed
    Or that I wist!
    Farewell, unkist!

Sir T. Wyat

301. *A Renunciation*

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
  For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
  Nor fair, nor sweet — unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies: thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
  My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
  I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine:
Now show it, if thou be a woman right, —
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.

T. Campion

302. *A Renunciation*

WE, that did nothing study but the way
  To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget. . . .

We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly heats; witness that breast
Which into thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest —
'Tis no default in us: I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars!
Since then, some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief:
Fold back our arms; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself. — So, thou again art free:
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each: so fare our severed hearts
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

H. King

303. *O Cruel Love*

O CRUEL Love, on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailors shall be hopes and fears,
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and tears,
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes;
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,
Such as when you Phao call;
The bed thou liest on be despair,
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long care.
Hope, like thy fool at thy bed's head,
Mock thee till madness strike thee dead,
As, Phao, thou dost me with thy proud eyes;
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

J. Lyly

304. *False Love*

WHEN Love on time and measure makes his ground,—
Time that must end, though Love can never die,—
'Tis Love betwixt a shadow and a sound,
A love not in the heart but in the eye;
A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down,
A morning's favour, and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but as beams;
  Fair words seem true, yet they are but as wind;
Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward streams;
  Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest mind.
Looks, words, tears, sighs, show love when love they leave,
False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and yet deceive.

Anon.

305. *'Twas I That Paid for All Things*

'TWAS I that paid for all things,
  'Twas others drank the wine,
I cannot now recall things;
  Live but a fool, to pine.
'Twas I that beat the bush,
  The bird to others flew;
For she, alas! hath left me.
  Falero! lero! loo!

If ever that Dame Nature
  (For this false lover's sake)
Another pleasing creature
  Like unto her would make;
Let her remember this,
  To make the other true!
For this, alas! hath left me.
  Falero! lero! loo!

No riches now can raise me,
  No want makes me despair,
No misery amaze me,
  Nor yet for want I care:

I have lost a World itself,
  My earthly Heaven, adieu!
Since she, alas! hath left me.
  Falero! lero! loo!

Anon.

306. *The Recall of Love*

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
  And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In sleep a king; but waking, no such matter.

W. Shakespeare

307. *Take, O Take Those Lips Away*

TAKE, O take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn!

But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

W. Shakespeare

308. *A Recantation*

O LOVE, sweet Love, O high and heavenly Love!
The court of pleasures, paradise of rest,
Without whose circuit all things bitter prove,
Within whose ceinture every wretch is blest:
O grant me pardon, sacred deity,
I do recant my former heresy!

And thou, the dearest idol of my thought,
Whom love I did, and do, and always will:
O pardon what my coy disdain hath wrought,
My coy disdain, the author of this ill:
And for the pride that I have show'd before,
By Love I swear I'll love thee ten times more.

Anon.

309. *The Parting*

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
— Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

M. Drayton

310. *Love and Death*

THOUGH I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts;
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.
As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end like way may have
By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
So Love's inflamèd shaft or brand,
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand;
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

B. Jonson

311. *A Dirge: Love Is Dead*

RING out your bells, let mourning shews be spread;
For Love is dead.

All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith, fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy;
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead.
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
"Her eyes were once his dart."
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie: rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead.

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Sir P. Sidney

312. *Resolved to Dust*

RESOLVED to dust entombed here lieth Love,
Through fault of her, who here herself should lie;
He struck her breast, but all in vain did prove
To fire the ice: and doubting by and by
His brand had lost his force, he gan to try
Upon himself; which trial made him die.

In sooth no force; let those lament who lust,
I'll sing a carol song for obsequy;
For, towards me his dealings were unjust,
And cause of all my passèd misery:
The Fates, I think, seeing what I had passed
In my behalf wrought this revenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacify my mind,
By illing him, through whom I lived a slave,
I'll cast his ashes to the open wind,
Or write this epitaph upon his grave:
Here lieth Love, of Mars the bastard son,
Whose foolish fault to death himself hath done.

T. Watson

313. *The Ballad of Dowsabel*

FAR in the country of Arden,
There wonned a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free:
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconned the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work:
And she could help the priest to say
His matins on a holyday,
And sing a psalm in kirk.

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see:
A hood to that so neat and fine
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent:

Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
    Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
    To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
    To deck her summer hall.

Thus as she wandered here and there,
And picked of the bloomy briar,
    She chancèd to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowed crank,
    And piped full merrily.

He learned his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
    To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
    And that the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamberlane,
    Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he
    Whom his lewd brother slaw.

This shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest loke
    That could be cut with sheer,
His mittons were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
    His hood of minivere.

His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
    His breech of Cointree blue;
Full crisp and curlèd were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
    So like a lover true.

And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
    Which likèd Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
    She in love-longing fell.

At length she tuckèd up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
    She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
    To hear his melody.

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
    The which can pipe so well."

"Yea, but," said he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May."

With that she 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said;
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee."
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men."
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

"And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be,
Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kist.
With that the shepherd whooped for joy.
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blist."

M. Drayton

314. *Song*

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries, —
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries, —
Heigh ho!

S. Daniel

315. *Song*

GO and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past hours are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
Or find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou at thy return wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we should meet.

Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

J. Donne

316. *Why So Pale and Wan?*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

Sir J. Suckling

317. *Sweet Love, Renew Thy Force*

SWEET love, renew thy force: be it not said
Thine edge shall blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:

So, love, be thou: although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view:
  Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
  Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

W. Shakespeare

318. Doralicia's Ditty

IN time we see that silver drops
  The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
  Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
  In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
  To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
  There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
  There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap;
  What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
  In both content and pleased.

R. Greene

319. *Familia's Song*

FIE, fie on blind fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

When Love learned first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways;
He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered no:
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.

Fie, fie, then, on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

For since he learned to use the poet's pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no:
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his changing so.

Fie, fie, then, on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

R. Greene

320. *Muses That Sing*

MUSES that sing Love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enragèd fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires, —

You that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
And let my Love the honoured subject be
Of Love, and honour's complete history;
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

G. Chapman

321. *I Saw the Object*

I SAW the object of my pining thought
Within a garden of sweet Nature's placing:
Wherein an arbour artificial wrought,
By workman's wondrous skill the garden gracing,
Did boast his glory, glory far renownèd,
For in his shady boughs my mistress slept:
And with a garland of his branches crownèd,
Her dainty forehead from the sun ykept.
Imperious love upon her eyelids tending,
Playing his wanton sports at every beck,
And into every finest limb descending,
From eyes to lips, from lips to ivory neck;
And every limb supplied, and t'every part
Had free accèss, but durst not touch her heart.

T. Watson

322. *Yea or Nay*

MADAM, withouten many words
Once I am sure you will or no;

And if you will, then leave your boards,
  And use your wit and show it so.

For with a beck you shall me call;
  And if of one that burns alway
You have pitie or ruth at all,
  Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain;
  If it be nay, friends as before;
You shall another man obtain,
  And I mine own, and yours no more.

Sir T. Wyat

323. Upon Her Protesting, That Now Having Tried His Sincere Affection, She Loved Him

LADY! you are with beauties so enrichèd
  Of body and of mind;
  As I can hardly find,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitchèd.

Whether your skin so white, so smooth, so tender,
  Or face so lovely fair,
  Or long heart-binding hair,
Or dainty hand, or leg and foot so slender;

Or whether your sharp wit and lively spirit,
  Where pride can find no place;
  Or your most pleasing grace;
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

Most lovely all, and each of them doth move me
More than words can express:
But yet I must confess
I love you most, because you please to love me!

F. Davison

324. *The Lowest Trees Have Tops*

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat;
And slender hairs cast shadows, though but small,
And bees have stings, although they be not great;
Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs;
And love is love in beggars and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the fords;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love;
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break!

Sir E. Dyer (?)

325. *The Chase*

ART thou gone in haste?
I'll not forsake thee;
Runn'st thou ne'er so fast,
I'll overtake thee:

O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
  Through the green meadows,
From the fields through the towns,
  To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
  To the low fountains,
Up and down again
  From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
  Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods
  Carry my holla!
    Holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!

W. Rowley

326. *No Minute Good to Love*

THE time when first I fell in love,
  Which now I must lament;
The year wherein I lost such time
  To compass my content;

The day wherein I saw too late
  The follies of a lover;
The hour wherein I found such loss
  As care cannot recover;

And last, the minute of mishap
  Which makes me thus to plain;
The doleful fruits of lovers' suits,
  Which labour lose in vain:

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with pain do prove,
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,
Nor minute, good to love.

Anon.

327. *Did Not the Heavenly Rhetoric of Thine Eye*

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

W. Shakespeare

328. *Song*

SWEETEST love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;

But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest,
By feignèd death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way.
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall.
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill.
Destiny may take thy part
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

J. Donne

329. *The Strange Passion of a Lover*

AMID my bale I bathe in bliss,
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell;
I find amends for every miss
And yet my moan no tongue can tell.
I live and love, what would you more?
As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So jest I oft and feel no joy;
Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds my annoy.
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have and miss the thing I crave.

These things seem strange, yet are they true;
Believe me, sweet, my state is such,
One pleasure which I would eschew
Both slakes my grief and breeds my grutch
So doth one pain which I would shun
Renew my joys, where grief begun.

Then like the lark that passed the night
  In heavy sleep, with cares oppressed,
Yet when she spies the pleasant light
  She sends sweet notes from out her breast:
So sing I now because I think
How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene, again,
  Can watch and sing when others sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain
  To wray the woe that makes her weep:
So sing I now for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
  That knows't my mirth, but not my moan.
I pray God grant thee deep delight,
  To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live, it will not be,
I die to think to part from thee.

G. Gascoigne

330. *A Bequest of His Heart*

HENCE, hairt, with her that must depart,
  And hald thee with thy soverane!
For I had liever want ane heart,
  Nor have the heart that dois me pain.
  Therefore, go, with thy luve remain
And let me leif thus unmolest;
  And see that thou come not again,
But bide with her thou luvis best.

Sen she that I have servit lang
  Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
  And bear thy lady company.
  Fra she be gone, heartless am I,
For quhy? thou art with her possest.
  Therefore, my heart, go hence in high,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

Though this belappit body here
  Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free entier
  And mind to serve my lady at all.
  Would God that I were perigall
Under that redolent rose to rest!
  Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth the lily quhyte
  May not remain amang the laif,
Adieu the flower of whole delite!
  Adieu the succour that may me saif!
  Adieu the fragrant balme suaif,
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
  My faithful heart she shall it haif
To bide with her it luvis best.

Deploir, ye ladies cleir of hue,
  Her absence, sen she must depart!
And, specially, ye luveris true
  That wounded bene with Luvis dart.

For some of you sall want ane heart
As well as I; therefore at last
Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

A. Scott

331. *Shall I Come, Sweet Love to Thee*

SHALL I come, sweet Love, to thee
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feignèd let?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredrest
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain:
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

T. Campion

332. *Discreet*

'OPEN the door! Who's there within?
The fairest of thy mother's kin?
O come, come, come abroad
And hear the shrill birds sing,
The air with tunes that load.
It is too soon to go to rest,
The sun not midway yet to west,
The day doth miss thee
And will not part until it kiss thee.'

'Were I as fair as you pretend,
Yet to an unknown seld-seen friend
I dare not ope the door:
To hear the sweet birds sing
Oft proves a dangerous thing.
The sun may run his wonted race
And yet not gaze on my poor face;
The day may miss me:
Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me.'

Anon.

333. *Song*

ONLY joy! now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care.
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep;
Jealousy itself doth sleep.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's knot to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers our fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose:
So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else! none can us spy.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house:
Yet asleep, methinks they say
'Young fools, take time while you may!'
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss;

Long stay ere he grant the same.
Sweet! then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread:
She thinks you do letters write.
Write! but let me first indite
'Take me to thee, and thee to me!'
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Sweet! alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us.
Leave to Mars the force of hands;
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take thee to me, and me to thee!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Woe to me! and do you swear
Me to hate, but I forbear?
Cursèd be my destinies all!
That brought me so high to fall.
Soon with my death I will please thee!
"*No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.*"

Sir P. Sidney

334. *The Dream*

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.

Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brak'st not, but continued'st it:
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths and fables histories.
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me;
Yet I thought thee —
For thou lov'st truth — an angel at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee thee;
But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit pure and brave,
If mixture it of Fear, Shame, Honour have.
Perchance, as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou dealst with me.
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

J. Donne

335. *Song*

O DEAR life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, aught forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell:
Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry;
There, unseen, thou may'st be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time
When my leaping heart will climb

In thy lips to have his biding,
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power
When I blessèd shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning, passèd anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy makes us languish.

O my Thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revivèd be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

Sir P. Sidney

336. *N'oserez Vous, Mon Bel Ami?*

SWEET Adon, darest not glance thine eye —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies, —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Love in heart, and tears in eyes;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks, —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Wherein fancy baits her hooks;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Amongst the western mounts of snow;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love, —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Thy neck as silver white as dove;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires, —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart; —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
I must die through Cupid's dart;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die? —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Adon were unkind, say I, —
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe —
  N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
That doth love sweet Adon so;
  Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? *R. Greene*

337. *Panglory's Wooing Song*

THEREFORE, above the rest, Ambition sat.
  His Court with glitterant pearl was all enwalled
And round about the wall, in Chairs of State
  And most majestic splendour, were installed

A hundred Kings: whose temples were impaled
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmèd everywhere;
And of their golden verges none disceptred were

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
(In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought)
Like Phœbus' lamp in the midst of heaven shone:
Whose starry top (with pride infernal fraught)
Self-arching columns, to uphold were taught.
In which her image still reflected was,
By the smooth crystal; that, most like her glass,
In beauty, and in frailty, did all others pass.

A silver wand, the Sorceress did sway:
And for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks; and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladderèd,
And all the world therein depicturèd;
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanishèd.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out of their soapy shells; and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath, till it be wavèd higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall!
Here, when she came, she gan for music call;
And sung this Wooing Song, to welcome him withal:

Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas:
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play.
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
    Only bend thy knee to me,
    Thy wooing shall thy winning be!

See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all the virgin rose
That as bright Aurora shows;
How they all unleavèd die,
Losing their virginity!
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away;
There is danger in delay:

Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose!
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine:
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bowed,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be!

Thus sought the dire Enchantress, in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embossomèd:
But He, her charms dispersèd into wind;
And, of her insolence admonishèd!
And all her optic glasses shatterèd!
So, with her Sire, to Hell she took her flight
(The starting air flew from the damnèd sprite!)
Where deeply both, aggrieved, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew;
And from his Father, him a banquet brought
Through the fine Element: for well they knew,
After his Lenten Fast, he hungry grew.

And as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a Hymn of the celestial Trine:
All thought to pass; and each was, past all thought, divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
  Attempered to the Lays Angelical!
And to the birds, the winds attune their noise!
  And to the winds, the waters hoarsely call!
  And ECHO, back again revoicèd all!
That the whole valley rung with Victory!
But now our Lord, to rest doth homeward fly.
See, how the Night comes stealing from the mountains high!

G. Fletcher

338. *Ode*

MY only star,
  Why, why are your dear eyes,
Where all my life's peace lies,
  With me at war?
Why to my ruin tending,
  Do they still lighten woe
  On him that loves you so,
That all his thoughts in you have birth and ending?

  Hope of my heart,
O wherefore do the words,
Which your sweet tongue affords,
  No hope impart?
But cruel without measure,
  To my eternal pain,
  Still thunder forth disdain
On him whose life depends upon your pleasure?

Sunshine of joy,
Why do your gestures, which
All eyes and hearts bewitch,
My bliss destroy?
And pity's sky o'erclouding,
Of hate an endless shower
On that poor heart still pour,
Which in your bosom seeks his only shrouding?

Balm of my wound,
Why are your lines, whose sight
Should cure me with delight,
My poison found?
Which, through my veins dispersing,
Doth make my heart and mind
And all my senses, find
A living death in torments past rehearsing?

Alas! my fate
Hath of your eyes deprived me,
Which both killed and revived me
And sweetened hate;
Your sweet voice and sweet graces,
Which clothed in lovely weeds
Your cruel words and deeds,
Are intercepted by far distant places.

But, O the anguish
Which presence still presented,
Absence hath not absented,
Nor made to languish;

No, no, to increase my paining,
The cause being, ah! removed
For which the effect I loved,
The effect is still in greatest force remaining.

O cruel tiger!
If to your hard heart's center
Tears, vows, and prayers may enter,
Desist your rigour;
And let kind lines assure me,
Since to my deadly wound
No salve else can be found,
That you that kill me, yet at length will cure me.

F. Davison

339. *The One I Would Love*

A FACE that should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell;
Her tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit, and these, perchance, I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir T. Wyat

340. *There Is None, O None But You*

THERE is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chainèd ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
  In you I all graces find;
Such is the effect of Love,
  To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
  Only seem you fair to me;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
  For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight!
  That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
  And fill the world with envied books:

Which when after-ages view,
  All shall wonder and despair, —
Woman to find man so true,
  Or man a woman half so fair.

T. Campion

341. Montana the Shepherd, His Love to Aminta

I SERVE Aminta, whiter than the snow,
  Straighter than cedar, brighter than the glass;
More fine in trip than foot of running roe,
  More pleasant than the field of flowering grass;
More gladsome to my withering joys that fade
Than winter's sun or summer's cooling shade.

Sweeter than swelling grape of ripest wine,
  Softer than feathers of the fairest swan;
Smoother than jet, more stately than the pine,
  Fresher than poplar, smaller than my span;
Clearer than Phœbus' fiery-pointed beam,
Or icy crust of crystal's frozen stream.

Yet is she curster than the bear by kind,
  And harder-hearted than the agèd oak;
More glib than oil, more fickle than the wind,
  More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
Lo! thus my service is a lasting sore,
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

A. Munday

342. *Canzonet*

To His Coy Love

I PRAY thee, leave, love me no more,
  Call home the heart you gave me!
I but in vain that saint adore
  That can, but will not save me.
These poor half-kisses kill me quite —
  Was ever man thus servèd?
Amidst an ocean of delight
  For pleasure to be starvèd.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
  With azure riverets branchèd,
Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
  Yet is my thirst not stanchèd;

O, Tantalus! thy pains ne'er tell
  By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
  But thus in Heaven tormented!

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
  Nor thy life's comfort call me,
O these are but too powerful charms,
  And do but more enthral me!
But see how patient I am grown
  In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let my heart alone,
  I cannot live without thee!

M. Drayton

343. *To a Gentlewoman*

That Always Willed Him to Wear Rosemary for Her Sake in Token of Good-will to Her

THE green that you did wish me wear
  Aye for your love,
And on my helm a branch to bear
  Not to remove,
Was ever you to have a mind,
Whom Cupid hath my fere assigned.

As I in this have done your will,
  And mind to do;
So I request you to fulfil
  My fancy too;
A green and loving heart to have,
And this is all that I do crave.

For if your flowering heart should change
His colour green,
Or you at length a lady strange
Of me be seen;
Then will my branch against his use
His colour change for your refuse.

As winter's force can not deface
This branch his hue,
So let no change of love disgrace
Your friendship true:
You were mine own and be so still,
So shall we live and love our fill.

Then may I think my self to be
Well recompensed,
For wearing of the tree that is
So well defenced
Against all weather that doth fall
When wayward winter spits his gall.

And when we meet, to try me true,
Look on my head,
And I will crave an oath of you,
Where faith be fled?
So shall we both assured be,
Both I of you, and you of me?

G. Turberville

344 *The Gift*

FAIN would I have a pretty thing
To give unto my Lady:
I name no thing, nor I mean no thing,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty ways would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake,
To set some matter by me:
But fain would I have . . .

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices:
God send me that my Lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.
Thus fain . . .

I walk the town and tread the street,
In every corner seeking
The pretty thing I cannot meet,
That's for my Lady's liking:
For fain . . .

The mercers pull me, going by,
The silk-wives say 'What lack ye?'
'The thing you have not,' then say I:
'Ye foolish knaves, go pack ye!'
But fain . . .

It is not all the silk in Cheap,
  Nor all the golden treasure;
Nor twenty bushels on a heap
  Can do my Lady pleasure.
    But fain . . .

But were it in the wit of man
  By any means to make it,
I could for money buy it than,
  And say, 'Fair Lady, take it!'
    Thus fain . . .

O Lady, what a luck is this,
  That my good willing misseth
To find what pretty thing it is
  That my Good Lady wisheth!
    Thus fain would I have had this pretty thing
      To give unto my Lady;
    I said no harm, nor I meant no harm,
      But as pretty a thing as may be.

Anon.

345. *Loving in Truth, and Fain in Verse My Love to Show*

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
  That She, dear She, might take some pleasure of my pain;
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain;

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write!"

Sir P. Sidney

346. Montanus' Vow

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbèd of their waves;
The day want sun, the sun want bright,
The night want shade and dead men graves;
The April, flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpry'd;
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water-glide;
And Iris lose her colour'd weed
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain;
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain;
  And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
  Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn;
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring and summer mourn,
  Before my pen by help of Fame
  Cease to recite thy sacred name.

T. Lodge

347. *Since Brass, Nor Stone*

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
  But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! Where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
  O none, unless this miracle have might,
  That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

W. Shakespeare

348. *Stella, Think Not*

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree:
In truth, I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a poet's name.
Ne, if I would, could I just title make,
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take:
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

Sir P. Sidney

349. *Love Unalterable*

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom: —
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. Shakespeare

350. *Syrinx*

PAN'S Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed;
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day;
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
His minstrelsy! O base! this quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

J. Lyly

351. *The Merry Cuckoo, Messenger of Spring*

THE merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded;
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with garland crownèd.
With noise whereof the quire of birds resounded

Their anthems sweet devisèd of Love's praise;
That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays.
But 'mongst them all which did Love's honour raise,
No word was heard of her that most it ought:
But she his precept idly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unless she turn to thee
Ere Cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

E. Spenser

352. *To His Book*

HAPPY ye leaves when as those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight:
And happy lines, on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look
And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book:
And happy rhymes, bathed in the sacred brook
Of *Helicon*, whence she derivèd is,
When ye behold that angel's blessèd look,
My soul's long lackèd food, my heaven's bliss:
Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

E. Spenser

353. *Laura*

ROSE-CHEEK'D *Laura*, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framèd:
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord;

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renew'd by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

T. Campion

354. *Let Others Sing of Knights and Paladines*

LET others sing of Knights and Paladines,
In agèd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wit records.
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo where she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the Dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they show I lived, and loved thee dear.

S. Daniel

355. *Fair Hebe*

FAIR Hebe, when dame Flora meets,
She trips and leaps as gallants do;
Up to the hills and down again
To the vallies runs she to and fro.
But out, alas! when frosty locks
Begirds the head with cark and care;
Peace! laugh no more, let pranks go by,
Slow-crawling age forbids such ware.

Anon.

356. *On Lucy, Countess of Bedford*

THIS morning timely wrapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To know, serve, and love, as Poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat;
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learnèd, and a manly soul
I purposed her: that should with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade BEDFORD write, and that was she!

B. Jonson

357. *Clear Anker, on Whose Silver-Sanded Shore*

CLEAR Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore
My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea, lies;
O blessèd brook, whose milk-white swans adore
Thy crystal stream, refinèd by her eyes!
There sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearlèd flowers;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen, —
"Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years,
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft hath been,
And here to thee he sacrificed his tears."
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

M. Drayton

358. *I Must Not Grieve My Love, Whose Eyes Would Read*

I MUST not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, Sweet Maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,

And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield the praise.
Make me to say when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

S. Daniel

359. Down in a Valley, by a Forest's Side

DOWN in a valley, by a forest's side,
Near where the crystal Thames rolls on her waves,
I saw a mushroom stand in haughty pride,
As if the lilies grew to be his slaves;
The gentle daisy, with her silver crown,
Worn in the breast of many a shepherd's lass,
The humble violet, that lowly down
Salutes the gay nymphs as they trimly pass:
Those, with many a more, methought, complained
That Nature should those needless things produce,
Which not alone the sun from others gained,
But turn it wholly to their proper use:
I could not choose but grieve, that Nature made
So glorious flowers to live in such a shade.

W. Browne

360. Rudely Thou Wrongest My Dear Heart's Desire

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied;

For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul dishonour,
Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
That boldened innocence bears in her eyes;
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

E. Spenser

361. *Small Comfort Might My Banish'd Hopes Recall*

SMALL comfort might my banish'd hopes recall!
When 'whiles my dainty fair I sighing see;
If I could think that one were shed for me,
It were a guerdon great enough for all:
Or would she let one tear of pity fall
That seem'd dismiss'd from a remorseful eye,
I could content myself ungrieved to die,
And nothing might my constancy appall.
The only sound of that sweet word of "love,"
Press'd 'twixt those lips that do my doom contain,
— Were I embarked — might bring me back again
From death to life, and make me breathe and move.
Strange cruelty! that never can afford
So much as once one sigh, one tear, one word!

W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling

362. *And Yet I Cannot Reprehend the Flight*

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight
Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
The mounting venture for a high delight
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour, great designs their fame;
Glory doth follow, courage goes before;
And though th' event oft answers not the same —
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps. —
And therefore, *Delia*, 'tis to me no blot
To have attempted, tho' attained thee not.

S. Daniel

363. *Zephyrus Brings the Time that Sweetly Scenteth*

ZEPHYRUS brings the time that sweetly scenteth
With flowers and herbs which winter's frost exileth;
Procne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
Flora the garlands white and red compileth;
Fields do rejoice, the frowning sky relenteth,
Jove to behold his dearest daughter smileth;
The air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth,
Each creature now to love him reconcileth.

But with me, wretch, the storms of woe persever,
And heavy sighs which from my heart she straineth,
That took the key thereof to heaven for ever;
So that the singing of birds and springtime's flow'ring,
And ladies' love that men's affection gaineth,
Are like a desert and cruel beasts devouring.

Anon.

364. *Here Lies the Blithe Spring*

HERE lies the blithe Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing,
Yet in April herself fell a-crying:
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first day of June lay a-dying.

Yet no month can say,
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her coffins with flowers great plenty:
The cuckoo sung in verse
An epitaph o'er her hearse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

T. Dekker

365. *Look, Delia, How We Esteem the Half-Blown Rose*

LOOK, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose
The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst in her tender green she doth inclose
That pure, sweet beauty Time bestows upon her.

No sooner spreads her glory to the air,
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair:
So clouds thy beauty, after fairest shining.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift, speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love, whilst that thou may'st be loved again.

S. Daniel

366. The Rose

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known:
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learnèd bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Water'd the root and kiss'd her pretty shade.
But well-a-day!— the gardener careless grew;
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

W. Browne

367. *A Rose*

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon.
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born —
Nay, force thy bud to blow — their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death!

Sir R. Fanshawe

368. *Fair Is the Rose*

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold:
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done;
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun:
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress' face,
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space:
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day but none to-morrow.

Anon.

369. *Sweet Rose, Whence Is This Hue?*

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In fair Paestana's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dyed of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blissed,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kissed.

W. Drummond

370. *The Blushing Rose and Purple Flower*

THE blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted!
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted!
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste, the more She'll please!

Beauty, though inclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then, how much those sweets entice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her powers,
One equal for Dame Venus' bowers!

P. Massinger

371. *The Funeral Rites of the Rose*

THE Rose was sick and smiling died;
  And, being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flowery sisterhood:
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn fast there kept:
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trental sung.
But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead
And rites were all accomplished,
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And closed her up as in a tomb.

R. Herrick

372. *A Summer's Day*

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
  All chequer'd was the sky,
The clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
  Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
  — That leisurely it blew —
To make one leaf the next to kiss
  That closely by it grew.

The rills, that on the pebbles play'd,
  Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
  Else everything was still.

The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,
  Look'd as they most desired
To see whose head with orient pearls
  Most curiously was tyred.

And to itself the subtle air
  Such sovereignty assumes,
That it receiv'd too large a share
  From Nature's rich perfumes.

M. Drayton

373. *The Grasshopper*

O THOU that swing'st upon the waving hair
  Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
  Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert rear'd!

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
  That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
  To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
  Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
  Thyself, and melancholy streams.

R. Lovelace

374. *A Summer Day*

O PERFECT Light, which shaid away
  The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
  Another o'er the night —

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
  More vively doth appear
Than at mid day unto our eyes
  The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
  Removes and drawis by,
While in the East, when it is gone,
  Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,
  The lapwing and the snipe,
And tune their songs, like Nature's clerks,
  O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polisht clean,
  And lighten'd more and more,
While everything is clearly seen
  Which seemit dim before:

Except the glistering astres bright,
  Which all the night were clear,
Offuskit with a greater light
  No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent
  Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
  Displays his beams abread

For joy the birds with boulden throats
  Against his visage sheen
Take up their kindly musick notes
  In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops,
  Like pearlis white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
  Refreshis all the ground.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain,
  From tops of mountains skails,
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
  The vapours take the vales.

The ample heaven of fabrick sure
  In cleanness does surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
  Or clearest polisht glass.

The time so tranquil is and still
  That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
  An air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
  That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall
  No more they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
  Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves that weltering wont to be
  Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air
  That every cry and call
The hills and dales and forest fair
  Again repeats them all.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,
  Through Phœbus' fostering heat,
Refresht with dew and silver showers
  Cast up an odour sweet.

The cloggit busy humming bees,
  That never think to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees
  Collect their liquor brown.

The Sun, most like a speedy post
  With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of the heavenly host
  Up to our zenith tends.

The burning beams down from his face
  So fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seek a place
  To save them from the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree
  Amidst the flowers they lie;
The stable ships upon the sea
  Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings
  The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
  And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue
  The winds can fast collect;
Her purple pens turn many a hue
  Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went; gone is midday,
  The heat doth slake at last;
The sun descends down West away,
  For three of clock is past.

The rayons of the sun we see
  Diminish in their strength;
The shade of every tower and tree
  Extendit is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
  The wind is setting down;
The reek throws right up in the air
  From every tower and town.

The gloming comes; the day is spent;
  The sun goes out of sight;
And painted is the occident
  With purple sanguine bright.

Our west horizon circular
  From time the sun be set
Is all with rubies, as it were,
  Or roses red o'erfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see,
  Endlong a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
  Within the deep appear.

O then it were a seemly thing,
  While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
  With cornet and with shalm!

All labourers draw home at even,
  And can to other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
  Which sent this summer day.

A. Hume

375. *Where the Bee Sucks*

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
  In a cowslip's bell I lie;
  There I couch when owls do cry.
  On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
  Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
  Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

W. Shakespeare

376. *The Stream*

I WALK'D along a stream, for pureness rare,
  Brighter than sunshine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all glorious prey
  That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
  Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there, —
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
  Through whose bright-gliding current might appear
A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
  Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
  The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
  Folding their twining arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
  Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
  Prided the running main, as it had been. . . .

C. Marlowe

377. *The Dancing of the Sea*

FOR lo, the sea that fleets about the land!
  And like a girdle clips her solid waist;
Music and measure both doth understand:

For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixèd fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere
So danceth he about his centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

Sir J. Davies

378. *As When the Time Hath Been*

AT morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went their tabor
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late, Elizabeth
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

Farewell rewards and fairies
  Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
  Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
  Then maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
  Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbeys
  The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
  But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
  Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since
  For love of your domains.

R. Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich

379. *A Sweet Pastoral*

GOOD Muse, rock me to sleep
  With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
  Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone awhile;
  Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
  My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
  That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock
  And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees
  That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
  And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush
  That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest are now at hush
  And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
  That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
  Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
  Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phyllida the fair hath lost
  The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
  So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights,
  It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,
  Thou know'st what help is best;
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
  To set my heart at rest:

And in a dream bewray
  What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
  Or when my sorrow end.

N. Breton

380. *The Country's Recreations*

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
  Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
  Fly, fly to courts!
  Fly to fond worldlings' sports
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
  Where mirth's but mummery,
  And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
  Come, serene looks,
  Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see
The attendance of our poverty!
  Peace, and a secure mind,
  Which all men seek, we only find.

Abusèd mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
    You'd scorn proud towers,
    And seek them in these bowers
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
    Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
    Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance
But of our kids that frisk and prance:
    Nor wars are seen
    Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another —
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother:
    And wounds are never found,
    Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits
To hasten too-too hasty Fates;
    Unless it be
    The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which worldling-like still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
    Nor envy, unless among
    The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving Negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
    We all pearls scorn
    Save what the dewy morn

Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here!

Anon.

381. *Fortunati Nimium*

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day;
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.

Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy;
All their pleasure is Content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs,
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss;
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the home-spun gray
And revel in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain!

T. Campion

382. *The Happy Countryman*

WHO can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise, —

While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing:
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by:
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessèd sunny day:
Or to hear the partridge call,
Till she have her covey all:
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box:
After feeding on his prey,
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow:
Then the bee to gather honey,
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights
That may breed true love's delights?
But with all this happiness,
To behold that Shepherdess,
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field,
— Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,

Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad;
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare,
So I might but live to be
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song:
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly paradise.

N. Breton

383. *Come Follow Me, Ye Country Lasses*

COME follow me, you country lasses,
And you shall see such sport as passes
You shall dance and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the string;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
Buds where the honey-maker grazes;
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies:
What fruit please you taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

J. Fletcher or W. Rowley

384. *Country Glee*

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-Queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in prince's courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.

Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho, ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark, how they ring!

T. Dekker

385. *What Pleasure Have Great Princes*

WHAT pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing
Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful,
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
At night, they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty;
But getting, very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law:
Whence conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth!
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet
Yet merry it is, and quiet.

Anon.

386. *The Shepherd's Wife's Song*

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too;
For kings bethink then what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too;
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth a king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;
And blither too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

R. Greene

387. *An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford to Hasten Him into the Country*

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war —
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight Puisne of the Inns of Court.

Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure?

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show:
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street

But think upon
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate!
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed:
My Muse is she
My love shall be.

Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone
And the great bugbear, grisly Death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more!
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then, full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly:
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they choose;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain:
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

T. Randolph

388. *Epithalamium*

LET Mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
Which never may decrease,
But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well-united pair:
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

O Heaven! awake, show forth thy stately face;
Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
The honest Bridegroom and the bashful Bride;
Whose loves may ever bide,

Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine:
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

Ye Muses all! which chaste affects allow
And have to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow;
And so to him and her your gifts distill
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure:
Where that all bliss may reign,
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

Ye Nymphs which in the waters empire have!
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave:
Let one time — but long first — close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize;
And, like two rivers sweet
When they though divers do together meet,
One stream both streams contain!
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

Pan! father Pan, the god of silly sheep!
Whose care is cause that they in number grow, —
Have much more care of them that them do keep,
Since from these good the others' good doth flow;
And make their issue show
In number like the herd

Of younglings which thyself with love hast reared,
Or like the drops of rain!
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

Virtue, if not a God, yet God's chief part!
Be thou the knot of this their open vow:
That still he be her head, she be his heart;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow;
Each other still allow,
Like oak and mistletoe;
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow!
In which most lovely train,
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

But thou, foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust!
Be thou far hence with thy empoisoned dart,
Which, though of glittering gold, shall here take rust,
Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
Avoids thy hurtful art,
Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill:
Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbèd looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys and claiming master's right, —
Be hence aye put to flight;
All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbours good for womanish debate
Be fled, as things most vain!
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

But above all, away vile jealousy,
The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust!
How can he love, suspecting treachery?
How can she love, where love cannot win trust?
Go, snake! hide thee in dust;
Nor dare once show thy face
Where open hearts do hold so constant place
That they thy sting restrain!
O Hymen! long their coupled joys maintain!

The Earth is decked with flowers the Heavens displayed;
Muses grant gifts, Nymphs long and joinèd life;
Pan, store of babes, virtue their thoughts well stayed;
Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.
Happy man! happy wife!
No pride shall them oppress,
Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness;
And jealousy is slain,
For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain!

Sir P. Sidney

389. *Bridal Song*

CYNTHIA, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat;
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial!

J. Fletcher

390. *The Bridal Song*

PEACE and silence be the guide
To the man and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse
By keeping you asunder.

F. Beaumont

391. *A Bridal Song*

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver;
Merry spring-time's harbinger,

With hare-bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-heel trim;

All dear Nature's children sweet
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pye,
May on our bride house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

W. Shakespeare, or J. Fletcher

392. *Epithalamium*

YE learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,

And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:

Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed:
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keep the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,

With your steele darts doo chace from coming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:

But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare yourselves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good array,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.

Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie neck lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honours seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,

Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in one little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,

Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
The shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past;
Enough it is that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras coverlets,
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yong men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor doleful teares
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriech Oule nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels:
Nor dammèd ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But still let Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;

And eeke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genuis! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succor and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desirèd light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessèd Saints for to increase the count.

So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

E. Spenser

393. *Epithalamion Teratos*

COME, come, dear Night, Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapèd harvest of the light
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command
For torches to our nuptial grace.

Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way;
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere,
Hero, Alcmane, Myra, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

G. Chapman

394. *Epithalamium*

UP! youths and virgins! up, and praise
The God whose nights outshine his days!
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war;
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

What joys or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts;
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are
And long perfection see:
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state and more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war!
That what these are,
Who will perfection see
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

Love's Commonwealth consists of toys;
His Council are those antic boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And in that jar

Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made?
Good-night! whilst yet we may
Good-night to you a virgin say.
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is, and use a nobler name!
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see!
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept,
This night no bridegroom ever slept;
And if the fair bride do,
The married say 'tis his fault too.
Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too, for they'll tell nothing of your nights,
But that in Hymen's war
You perfect are;
And such perfection we
Do pray should be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

That, ere the rosy fingered Morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born
A babe to uphold the fame
Of Radcliffe's blood and Ramsay's name;

That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are;
And all perfection we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

B. Jonson

395. *Prothalamion*

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, (whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes' Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne)
Walked forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver-streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his River hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphs I chauncèd to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,

With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,

And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoons the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazèd still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver Teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore
Scattred with Flowers, through Thessaly they streeme,

That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber-flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithal they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! run softly, till I end my Song.

'Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
And Heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessèd Plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres. So they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kindly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame:
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode agèd back do ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd gifts and goodly grace

Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my friendles case;
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillars standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following:
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open viewing
With a great traine ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which deck the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde,
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

E. Spenser

396. *Helen's Epithalamium*

LIKE as the rising morning shows a grateful lightening,
When sacred night is past and winter now lets loose the spring,
So glittering Helen showed among the maids, lusty and tall,
As is the furrow in a field that far outstretcheth all,
Or in a garden is a Cypress tree, or in a trace
A steed of Thessaly, so she to Sparta was a grace,
No damsel with such works as she her baskets used to fill,
Nor in diverse coloured web a woof of greater skill
Doth cut from off the loom: nor hath such songs and lays
Unto her dainty harp, in Dian's and Minerva's praise,

As Helen hath, in whose bright eyes all Loves and Graces
be.
O fair, O lovely maid, a matron now is made of thee;
But we will every spring unto the leaves in meadows go
To gather garlands sweet, and there not with a little woe,
Will often think of thee, O Helen, as the suckling lambs
Desire the strouting bags and presence of their tender dams;
We all betimes for thee a wreath of Melitoe will knit,
And on a shady plane for thee will safely fasten it,
And all betimes for thee, under a shady plane below,
Out of a silver box the sweetest ointment will bestow,
And letters shall be written in the bark that men may see
And read, Do humble reverence, for I am Helen's tree.

Sir E. Dyer

397. *The Fay's Marriage*

Mertilla, Claia, Cloris

A NYMPH is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla

But will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claia

Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla

But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Claia

Why, by her smallness you may find
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides he's deft and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the Fairy,
Chief of the Crickets of much fame,
In Fairy a most ancient name.
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is wooed and won.

Cloris

If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla

I'll have a jewel for her ear
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear),

'Tshall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

Claia

Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And, to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx' piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phœnix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris

For jewels for her ears she's sped;
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I'll have a tire
That all the Fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,

Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' the rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mixed
With the other beauties, and so fixed,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And, to be sure they shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla

Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Claia

Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And, all embroidery to supply,
Powdered with flowers of rosemary;
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With the smallest of the spinner's clue:

And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train:
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which, quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

Cloris

And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mixed with the plume of, so high price,
The precious bird of Paradise;
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne, o'er her head, by our enquiry,
By elfs, the fittest of the Fairy.

Mertilla

But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

Claia

We had, for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow:
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strewed with spots of black;
Which as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris

But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

Mertilla

The nightingale of birds most choice
To do her best shall strain her voice;
And to this bird to make a set,
The marvis, merle, and robinet,
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And, like those upon ropes that walk,
On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding-day.

Claia

But, for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not been talked of yet.

Cloris

Of leaves of roses white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed,
The curtains, valence, tester, all,
Shall be the flower imperial:

And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung:
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuffed of the butterfly.

Mertilla

Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise, then, to sing it
Ere we before the assembly bring it;
We in dialogues must do it;
Then, my dainty girls, set to it.

Claia

This day must Tita married be;
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla

But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble Fay?

Cloris

Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies:

Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair.

Claia and Mertilla

For our Tita is this day
To be married to a Fay.

Claia

By whom, then, shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

Mertilla

Only by yourself and I;
Who that roomth should else supply?

Cloris

Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your offerings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

Whose lot will't be the way to strow,
On which to church our bride must go?

Mertilla

That I think as fit'st of all
To lively Lelipa will fall.

Cloris

Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair;
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
Strongly stifling one another;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla

By whom must Tita married be?
'Tis fit we all to that should see.

Claia

The priest he purposely doth come,
The Arch-Flamen of Elysium.

Cloris

With tapers let the temples shine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;
Load the altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice;
With your censers sling aloof
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla

But coming back when she is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head?

Claia

That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.

Cloris

Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
Till the swelling leather crack.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

Mertilla

The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

Cloris

Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
The respas, and Elysian cherry;
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers;
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl,
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

But when night comes, and she must go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

Mertilla

In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

Cloris

In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night;
Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble;
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

M. Drayton

398. *A Ballad Upon a Wedding*

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I, the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st!) do sell our hay,

There is a house with stairs;
And there, did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him!), 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the Maids i' th' town;
Though lusty Roger there had been
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the *Crown*.

But wot you what? The Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing.
The Parson for him stayed;
Yet, by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale!):
For such a Maid no Whitsun-Ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as She;
Nor half so full of juice!

Her Finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on; which they did bring.
  It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
  About our young colt's neck.

Her Feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
  As if they feared the light:
But O, She dances such a way!
No sun, upon an Easter Day,
  Is half so fine a sight.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on;
No daisy makes comparison;
  Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear
  (The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
  Some bee had stung it newly:
But, Dick! her Eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze,
  Than on the sun in July.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth, her words did break,
  That they might passage get:

But She so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better;
  And are not spent a whit! . . .

Just in the nick, the Cook knocked thrice,
And all the Waiters, in a trice,
  His summons did obey;
Each Serving Man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our Trained Band,
  Presented, and away!

When all the meat was on the table;
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
  To stay to be intreated!
And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
  The company was seated!

The business of the kitchen 's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
  Nor was it there denied.
(Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that, that would be thought upon,
  I trow, besides the Bride!)

Now, hats fly off; and Youths carouse!
Healths first go round; and then the house!
  The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's Health;
Perhaps, he made it hers by stealth;
  (And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
  Then dance again and kiss!
Thus, several ways, the time did pass;
Whilst every woman wished her place,
  And every man wished his! . . .

Sir J. Suckling

399. *Sephestia's Song to Her Child*

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
  When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
  Mother's wag, pretty boy,
  Father's sorrow, father's joy;
  When thy father first did see
  Such a boy by him and me,
  He was glad, I was woe;
  Fortune changèd made him so,
  When he left his pretty boy,
  Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
  Streaming tears that never stint,
  Like pearl-drops from a flint,
  Fell by course from his eyes,
  That one another's place supplies;
  Thus he grieved in every part,
  Tears of blood fell from his heart,
  When he left his pretty boy,
  Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

R. Greene

400. *A Sweet Lullaby*

COME little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief:
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
And know'st not yet what dost thou ail?

Come little wretch, — ah silly heart!
  Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
  That may the destinies implore:
    'Twas I, I say, against my will;
    I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
  Would God himself he might thee see! —
No doubt thou soon wouldst purchase grace,
  I know right well, for thee and me:
    But come to mother, babe, and play,
    For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
  Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
  Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
    If any ask thy mother's name,
    Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield:
  I know him of a noble mind:
Although a lion in the field,
  A lamb in town thou shalt him find;
    Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
    His sugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
  Although in woe I seem to moan;

Thy father is no rascal lad,
  A noble youth of blood and bone:
    His glancing looks, if he once smile,
    Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep;
  Sing lullaby and be thou still;
I, that can do naught else but weep,
  Will sit by thee and wail my fill:
    God bless my babe, and lullaby
    From this thy father's quality.

N. Breton

401. *A Child's Grace*

HERE a little child I stand
  Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Yet I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

R. Herrick

402. *When That I Was and a Little Tiny Boy*

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
  And we'll strive to please you every day.

W. Shakespeare

403. *Music*

WHEN whispering strains with weeping wind
  Distil soft passions through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
  Our pulses beat and bear a part
    When threads can make
    A heart-string ache,
      Philosophy
      Can scarce deny
  Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
  Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
  By music of the heavenly host;
    Whose lays we think
    Make stars to wink,
      Philosophy
      Can scarce deny
  Our souls consist of harmony.

O, lull me, lull me, charming air!
  My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
  Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!
    Grief who needs fear
    That hath an ear?
      Down let him lie,
      And slumbering die,
  And change his soul for harmony.

W. Strode

404. *Music to Hear, Why hear'st Thou Music Sadly?*

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
  Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove none."

W. Shakespeare

405. *Orpheus*

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

W. Shakespeare, or J. Fletcher

406. *To Music, to Becalm His Fever*

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravisht, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,

Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gently licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep;
And give me such reposes
That I, — poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like the silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains;
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven.

R. Herrick

407. *Let Rhymes No More Disgrace*

MUSIC, some think, no music is
Unless she sing of clip and kiss
And bring to wanton tunes "Fie, fie!"
Or "Tih-ha tah-ha!" or "I'll cry!"
But let such rhymes no more disgrace
Music sprung of heavenly race.

Anon.

408. *If Music and Sweet Poetry Agree*

IF music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
Whenas himself to singing he betakes:
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

R. Barnfield

409. *The Bower of Bliss*

THENCE passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:

In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was pourèd forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosèd rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framèd was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsèd fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,

To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

There, whence that Musick seemèd heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now laid aslombering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day.
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,

That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosome she doth broad display;
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre.
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre;
Gather the Rose of Love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes,
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady with her Lover lose,
Whose sleepee head she in her lap did soft dispose.

E. Spenser

410. Church Music

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
  Rising and falling with your wings;
We both together sweetly live and love,
  Yet say sometimes, *God help poor kings!*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me
  Sure I shall do so and much more;
But if I travel in your company,
  You know the way to Heaven's door.

G. Herbert

411. To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses

NOW is the time for mirth,
  Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For, with the flowery earth,
  The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
  For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
  Rich beads of amber here:

Now reigns the rose, and now
  Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrollèd brow
  And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee!
  — In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see
  Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth
  To pledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
  An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
  To Ovid, and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
  The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
  Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I'll quaff up
  To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat:
  O Bacchus, cool thy rays!
Or frantic I shall eat
  Thy thyrse and bite the bays.

Round, round the roof does run,
  And being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
  To my Propertius.

Now to Tibullus, next,
  This flood I'll drink to thee:
But stay, I see a text
  That this presents to me:—

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then:
They only will aspire
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd.

R. Herrick

412. Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson

Written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies, then not finished; which deferred their merry meetings at the "Mermaid."

THE sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent) is
Here our best haymaker (forgive me this;
It is our country's style): in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full *Mermaid* Wine.
O, we have Winter mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies

Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;
So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's *Iliads!*
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet:
Filled with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing *Psalms;*
And so must I do this: and yet I think
It is our potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make legs to Knights:
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states;
A medicine to obey our Magistrates;
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are equal every whit;
Of land that God gives men, here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest man will with his main-house-jest
Scarce please you: we want subtlety to do
The city-tricks; lie, Hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike, when you wince, and then lament the blow;
Who (like mills set the right way for to grind)
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse; and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost

Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the *Mermaid!* heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one (from whence they came)
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; — then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and, when we were gone,
We left an air behind us; which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty; though but downright fools) more wise!
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
'I see my days of ballating grow nigh!'
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains: and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines. But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the guard, have growing souls,
Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store

For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banished unto this home. Fate once again,
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I
(Who have no good, but in thy company,)
Protest it will my greatest comfort be,
To acknowledge all I have, to flow from thee!
Ben, when these Scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine!
I'll drink thy Muse's health! thou shalt quaff mine!

F. Beaumont

413. *His Prayer to Ben Jonson*

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me
When, I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee on my knee
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

R. Herrick

414. *London Taverns*

THE Gentry to the *King's Head*,
The Nobles to the *Crown*,
The Knights unto the *Golden Fleece*,
And to the *Plough*, the Clown.

The Churchman to the *Mitre*,
The Shepherd to the *Star*,
The Gardener hies him to the *Rose*,
To the *Drum*, the man of war.

To the *Feathers*, Ladies you! The *Globe*,
The Seaman doth not scorn!
The Usurer to the *Devil;* and
The Townsman to the *Horn*.

The Huntsman to the *White Hart*,
To the *Ship*, the Merchant goes;
But you that do the Muses love,
The *Swan*, called river Po.

The Bankrupt to the *World's End*,
The Fool to the *Fortune* hie;
Unto the *Mouth*, the Oyster Wife;
The Fidler to the *Pie*.

T. Heywood

415. *Let the Bells Ring, and Let the Boys Sing*

LET the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground;
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah!
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah!
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learnèd old vicar.

J. Fletcher

416. *Jolly Good Ale and Old*

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a maltworm should,

And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale and cold,
Whether it be new or old.

J. Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells

417. *Pedlar's Song*

FINE knacks for ladies! cheap, choice, brave and new,
Good pennyworths, — but money cannot move:
I keep a fair but for the Fair to view, —
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true,
The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again;
My trifles come as treasures from my mind:
It is a precious jewel to be plain;
Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we find: —
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain!
Of me a grain!

Within this pack pins, points, laces, and gloves,
  And divers toys fitting a country fair,
But my heart, wherein duty serves and loves,
  Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly pair —
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes!
                Of no removes!

Anon.

418. *Come Buy, Come Buy*

LAWN as white as driven snow;
  Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
  Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
  Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
  Come buy.

W. Shakespeare

419. *Come to the Pedlar*

WILL you buy any tape,
  Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
  Any silk, any thread,
  Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

W. Shakespeare

420. *Phœbus, Farewell!*

PHŒBUS, farewell! a sweeter Saint I serve:
The high conceits thy heavenly wisdoms breed,
My thoughts forget, my thoughts which never swerve
From her in whom is sown their freedom's seed,
And in whose eyes my daily doom I read.

Phœbus, farewell! a sweeter Saint I serve:
Thou art far off, thy kingdom is above;
She heaven on earth with beauties doth preserve;
Thy beams I like, but her clear rays I love;
Thy force I fear, her force I still do prove.

Phœbus, yield up thy title in my mind
She doth possess: thy image is defaced;
But, if thy rage some brave revenge will find
On her who hath in me thy temple raced,
Employ thy might that she my fires may taste;
And, how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
Make her as much more base by loving me.

Sir P. Sidney

421. *Constancy*

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:

That is the home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

W. Shakespeare

422. *Absence*

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
  When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the Rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
  Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,
  As with your shadow I with these did play.

W. Shakespeare

423. *How Like a Winter Hath My Absence Been*

HOW like a Winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase.
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their Lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter's near.

W. Shakespeare

424. *Ode*

That Time and Absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length:
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notion:
Like rich that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By Absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none doth watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

J. Donne

425. Be Your Words Made, Good Sir, of Indian Ware

BE your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phœnix Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God, think you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she or smiled;
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talk;
With what pastime time's journey she beguiled;
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name:
Say all; and, all well said, still say the same.

Sir P. Sidney

426. *To Lucasta, Going to the Wars*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

R. Lovelace

427. *Love and Debt*

THIS one request I make to Him
That sits the clouds above:
That I were freely out of debt,
As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
  I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss
  Nor ne'er knave a shilling.

'Tis only being in love, or debt,
  That breaks us of our rest,
And he that is quite out of both
  Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age, wherein
  All things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest —
  And fears nor man nor woman.

Sir J. Suckling

428. *Jealousy*

A SEEING friend, yet enemy to rest;
  A wrangling passion, yet a gladsome thought;
A bad companion, yet a welcome guest;
A knowledge wished, yet found too soon unsought:
  From heaven supposed, yet sure condemned to hell
  Is jealousy, and there forlorn doth dwell.

And thence doth send fond fear and false suspect
To haunt our thoughts, bewitchèd with mistrust;
Which breeds in us the issue and effect
Both of conceits and actions far unjust;
  The grief, the shame, the smart whereof doth prove
  That jealousy's both death and hell to love.

For what but hell moves in the jealous heart,
Where restless fear works out all wanton joys,
Which doth both quench and kill the loving part,
And cloys the mind with worse than known annoys,
Whose pressure far exceeds hell's deep extremes?
Such life leads Love, entangled with misdeems.

Anon.

429. *The Wanton Shepherdess*

COME, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces, that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

J. Fletcher

430. *A Woman Will Have Her Will*

Question

TELL me, what is that only thing
For which all women long;
Yet, having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

Answer

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair, —
Such gifts malice may impair —
Richly trimmed, to walk and ride,
Or to wanton unespied;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their will;
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

J. Fletcher

431. *Three Poor Mariners*

WE be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, the round,
Shall we go dance the round?
And he that is a bully boy
Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men
  That do our states disdain;
But we care for the merchant men
  Who do our states maintain:
To them we dance this round, around,
  To them we dance this round;
And he that is a bully boy
  Come pledge me on this ground.

T. Ravenscroft

432. *To the Virginian Voyage*

YOU brave heroic minds
    Worthy your country's name,
  That honour still pursue;
  Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
  Lurk here at home with shame:

Britons, you stay too long:
  Quickly aboard bestow you,
    And with a merry gale
    Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
  As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
  West and by south forth keep!
    Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
    When Eolus scowls
You need not fear;
  So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
  Success you still entice
    To get the pearl and gold,
    And ours to hold
Virginia,
  Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
  Fowl, venison, and fish,
    And the fruitfull'st soil
    Without your toil
Three harvests more,
  All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
  Crowns with his purple mass
    The cedar reaching high
    To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
  And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
  Still nature's laws doth give,
    No other cares attend,
    But them to defend
From winter's rage,
  That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
  Of that delicious land

Above the seas that flows
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere —
Apollo's sacred tree —
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

M. Drayton

433. *For Soldiers*

YE buds of Brutus' land, courageous youths, now play your parts;
Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant hearts.
For news is carried to and fro, that we must forth to warfare go·
Men muster now in every place, and soldiers are prest forth apace.
Faint not, spend blood, to do your Queen and country good;
Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away.

The time of war is come, prepare your corslet, spear and shield;
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful marches to the field;
Tantara, tantara, ye trumpets sound, which makes our hearts with joy abound.
The roaring guns are heard afar, and everything denounceth war.
Serve God; stand stout; bold courage brings this gear about;
Fear not; forth run; faint heart fair lady never won.

Ye curious carpet-knights, that spend the time in sport and play;
Abroad and see new sights, your country's cause calls you away;
Do not to make your ladies' game, bring blemish to your worthy name.

Away to field and win renown, with courage beat your enemies down.
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in Slander's seas:
Hap what hap shall, we sure shall die but once for all.

Alarm methinks they cry, Be packing, mates; begone with speed;
Our foes are very nigh; shame have that man that shrinks at need!
Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give Right the upper hand.
Our cause is good, we need not doubt, in sign of courage give a shout.
March forth, be strong, good hap will come ere it be long.
Shrink not, fight well, for lusty lads must bear the bell.

All you that will shun evil, must dwell in warfare every day;
The world, the flesh, and devil, always do seek our soul's decay.
Strive with these foes with all your might, so shall you fight a worthy fight.
That conquest doth deserve most praise, where vice do yield to virtue's ways.
Beat down foul sin, a worthy crown then shall ye win;
If ye live well, in heaven with Christ our souls shall dwell

H. Gifford

434. *Agincourt*

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance.
Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Coming toward Agincourt
In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power:

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending;

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd:
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

'And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum unto drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stong,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
No man was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went —
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel most bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.

O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

M. Drayton

435. *A Farewell to Arms*

[*To Queen Elizabeth*]

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song, —
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

G. Peele

436. *The Soldier Going to the Field*

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl!
  To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
  On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
  And wakes the louder drum,
Expense of grief gains no remorse,
  When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace
  Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
  The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
  Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft
  Can have no heart to fight?

Thou knowest the sacred laws of old,
  Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
  What he had stolen away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
  O then with speed resign
My own seducèd heart to me,
  Accompanied with thine.

Sir W. Davenant

437. *The Fairy Life*

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

W. Shakespeare

438. *Charms*

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

T. Campion

439. *The Charm*

SON of Erebus and Night,
Hie away; and aim thy flight,
Where consort none other fowl
Than the bat and sullen owl;
Where upon the limber grass
Poppy and mandragoras
With like simples not a few
Hang for ever drops of dew.
Where flows Lethe without coil
Softly like a stream of oil.
Hie thee thither, gentle Sleep:
With this Greek no longer keep.
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice with moly from my hand
Do I touch Ulysses' eyes,
And with the jaspis: then arise
Sagest Greek. . . .

W. Browne

440. *Cuckoo*

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; and thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo! — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo! — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

W. Shakespeare

441. *The Ousel-Cock, So Black of Hue*

THE ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.

W. Shakespeare

442. *You Spotted Snakes*

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

W. Shakespeare

443. *The Holy Well*

FROM thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell,
Filled with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipped. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined,
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be.
There stop. Fly away,
Everything that loves the day!
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,

Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee free from harm,
Up out of this blessèd lake:
Rise both like her and awake!

J. Fletcher

444. *Nymphidia*

The Court of Fairy

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruèl,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing;
Others the like have laboured at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they knew not what,
But what they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
For never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
    Which lie from others' reading,
My active Muse to light shall bring
The Court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
    Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
    Which now I am in telling;
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
    In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
    Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
    Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made
Well mortisèd and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
    It curiously that builded;

The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
    With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon him sport to make,
Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake,
    Descendeth for his pleasure;
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright
(In elder times, the mare that hight),
    Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
    As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-near consumèd be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
    Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe
    The house for cleanly sweeping;
And in their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the Fairy Ground,
    Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got
Which after proves an idiot
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
    The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doting, brainless calf
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this aulfe
    And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well
    In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his Queen that knew,
    His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
    He amorously observèd;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness had often checkt,
    And could have wished him stervèd.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend
    Were worthy of her wearing;

At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
    No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
    Of love, she would be pleasèd
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear
    And have their poor hearts easèd.

At midnight, the appointed hour:
"And for the Queen a fitting bower,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower
    On Hipcut hill that bloweth:
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it, in her way,
    The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage
    It secretly to carry;
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all:
She would go see her summer hall,
    She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
    For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion the charioteer
    Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
    So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterflee;
    I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
    With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
    He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
    To wait on her were fitted;

But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
    As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
    Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
    The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge and ditch they spared not,
    But after her they hie them;
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
    Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
    Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care
    And found his Queen was missing.

So first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
    Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he;
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
    Whereat the poor Wasp quaking

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing:
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"
    At which the Fairy started;
When soon away the Wasp doth go,
Poor wretch, was never frighted so;
He thought his wings were much too slow,
    O'erjoyed they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night),
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
    He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrashed her rough coat with his flail;
    The mad King feared no evil.

"Oh!" quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy-land!
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
    Hold, or of life despair I!"

Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole
She seemed as black as any coal;
    Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive:
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
    All likely to have spoilèd,
Which with their wax his face besmeared,
And with their honey daubed his beard:
It would have made a man afeared
    To see how he was moilèd.

A new adventure him betides;
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
    Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
    But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-slurrèd head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
    As here and there he rambles;
Half blind, against a molehole hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit
    Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on the other side doth chop,
    And to the foot came rumbling;
So that the grubs, therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil overhead,
Thought surely they had all been dead;
    So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake;
    He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note;
What was his club he made his boat.
And in his oaken cup doth float,
    As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishott, and of their change
Through which he armèd oft did range,
    Of Sancho Pancha's travel;
But should a man tell everything
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
    It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
    With words from frenzy spoken:

"Ho, ho," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace!
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face,
    I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
    Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
    Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone:
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
    With vengeance and pursue her;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief, Pigwiggen's head,
That villain hath my Queen misled;
    He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
    My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire;
    And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
    For first this business broaching;
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
    What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'st charm
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
    About the room was skipping;
A humble-bee, their minstrel, played
Upon his hautboy, every maid
Fit for this revel was arrayed,
    The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh;
    I posted to forewarn you:
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
    If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town
Before them everything went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
    'Gainst one another justling;

They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind;
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
    There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
    Lest Hob should hap to find them;
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolved, by flight,
    To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
In the end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
    There scattered by a squirrel
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be glad;
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
    I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in; be ruled by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
    For room ye need not wrastle:
Nor need ye be together heapt;"
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
    And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the Queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
    Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
    For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear,
But finding still the coast was clear;
    Nor creature had descried her;
Each circumstance and having scanned,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand;
    When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
    With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hindereth witches of their will,
    Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
    From lunary distilling:

The molewarp's brain mixed therewithal;
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
    The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends are rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap;
    Her magic much availing:
Then on Prosèrpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
    Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog,
    Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew bell
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
    Hob, hinder my surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans,
By the lubrican's sad moans,
By the noise of dead men's bones
    In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
    Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits underground,
    I charge thee not to fear us;
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
    With thorns, if thou come near us!"

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
    For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she marked his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
    In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
    For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbèd tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
    Alas! his brain was dizzy!

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
And as again he forwards sets,
    And through the bushes scrambles,

A stump doth trip him in his pace;
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
    Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he,
"And all her maids where'er they be:
I think the devil guided me,
    To seek her so provokèd!"
Where stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
    In danger to be chokèd.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore
    Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well near cracked her spleen
    With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
  With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
    And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,
" King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
    For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
    Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
    Yet could it not be percèd:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
    Whose sharpness nought reversèd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
    No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the King,
    It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
    Yet did it well become him;

And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossèd with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
    And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
    Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
    He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin;
    Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
    Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
    Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
    Nor we a King should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign villified;
But to the Fairy Court him hied,
    (Full furiously he posted),
With everything Pigwiggen said:
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was arrayed,
    As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quoint,
    For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did;
    The King which listened to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need;
    By thee I will be guided;
To straight account call thou thy wit;
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
    Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
    Betwixt those men so mighty:

Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew
The first occasion from her grew
    Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
    To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
    Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, armed to meet his foe, is gone,
    For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrivèd at the last,
    His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in everything
    To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
    Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
    That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way;
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
    Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
    No magic them supplièd;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
    To have their causes trièd.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their helmets span,
    So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
    They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
    The seconds could not judge yet;

Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
    These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw.
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
    They every stroke redoubled;
Which made Prosèrpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
    Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes,
And takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
    When well she had them blended.
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
    Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone,
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
    Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide
    The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
    So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post;
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
    Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease;
Prosèrpina commandeth peace;
And that a while they should release
    Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
    You let me hear the quarrel:

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;
Your grievous thirst and to assuage
    That first you drink this liquor,
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear;
Those things from me that you shall hear,
    Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
    Is all remembrance blotted;

Of it nor can you ever think;
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink
    Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
    And asked how they came thither:
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
    When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought
That e'er they each had other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
    But such a dream was loathing,
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure locked up,
    That they remembered nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
    With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy Court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
    And thus I left them feasting.

M. Drayton

445. *Hymn to Pan*

SING his praises that doth keep
  Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
  And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
  Thus do we sing!
Thou who keep'st us chaste and free
  As the young spring:
Ever by thy honour spoke
From that place the morn is broke
To that place day doth unyoke!

J. Fletcher

446. *Hymn to Pan*

1 *Nymph.* Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
  That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more airs than Phoebus can.
Chorus. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2 *Nymph.* Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,
  That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;
And to their dances more than Hermes can.
Chorus. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

3 *Nymph.* Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unusèd ways,
And in the chase more than Silvanus can.
Chorus. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2 *Nymph.* Of Pan, we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures than great Pales can.
Chorus. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound and all the rivers ring.

B. Jonson

447. *An Ode to Himself*

WHERE dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps, doth die
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and that destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings;
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
  As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
  Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
  Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
  They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre;
  Strike in thy proper strain;
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot, for new fire
  To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And, since our dainty age
  Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage;
  But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's
    hoof.

B. Jonson

448. *Who Grace for Zenith Had*

WHO grace for zenith had,
From which no shadows grow,
Who hath seen joy of all his hopes,
And end of all his woe;

Whose love beloved hath been
The crown of his desire;
Who hath seen sorrow's glories burnt
In sweet affection's fire;

If from this heavenly state,
Which souls with souls unites,
He be fallen down into the dark
Despairèd war of sprites,

Let him lament with me;
For none doth glory know,
That hath not been above himself,
And thence fallen down to woe.

But if there be one hope
Left in his anguished heart,
If fear of worse, if wish of ease,
If horror may depart.

He plays with his complaints;
He is no mate for me,
Whose love is lost, whose hopes are fled,
Whose fears for ever be;

Yet not those happy fears
Which show Desire her death,
Teaching with use a piece in woe,
And in despair a faith.

No, no; my fears kill not,
But make uncurèd wounds,
Where joy and peace do issue out,
And only pain abounds.

Unpossible are help,
Reward, and hope to me;
Yet while unpossible they are,
They easy seem to be.

Most easy seems remorse,
Despair, and death to me;
Yet while they passing easy seem,
Unpossible they be.

So neither can I leave
My hopes that do deceive,
Nor can I trust mine own despair
And nothing else receive.

Thus be unhappy men
Blest, to be more accurst;
Near to the glories of the sun
Clouds with most horror burst.

Like ghost raised out of graves,
Who live not, though they go;
Whose walking, fear to others is,
And to themselves a woe;

So is my life by her
Whose love to me is dead,
On whose worth my despair yet walks,
And my desire is fed.

I swallow down the bait
Which carries down my death;
I cannot put love from my heart
While life draws in my breath.

My winter is within,
Which witherèth my joy;
My knowledge, seat of civil war,
Where friends and foes destroy;

And my desires are wheels,
Whereon my heart is borne,
With endless turning of themselves,
Still living to be torn.

My thoughts are eagle's food,
Ordained to be a prey
To wrath, and being still consumed,
Yet never to decay.

My memory, where once
My heart laid up the store
Of help, of joy, of spirit's wealth
To multiply them more.

In Paradise I once
Did live, and taste the tree,
Which shadowed was from all the world,
In joy to shadow me:

The tree hath lost his fruit,
Or I have lost my seat;
My soul both black with shadow is,
And over-burnt with heat.

Truth here for triumph serves,
To show her power is great,
Whom no desert can overcome,
Nor no distress entreat.

Time past lays up my joy,
And time to come my grief;
She ever must be my desire,
And never my relief.

Wrong, her lieutenant is;
My wounded thoughts are they
Who have no power to keep the field,
Nor will to run away.

O rueful constancy!
And where is change so base,
As it may be compared with thee
In scorn and in disgrace?

Like as the kings forlorn,
Deposed from their estate,
Yet cannot choose but love the crown
Although new kings they hate;

If they do plead their right, —
Nay, if they only live, —
Offences to the crown alike
Their good and ill shall give.

So I would I were not,
Because I may complain,
And cannot choose but love my wrongs,
And joy to wish in vain.

This faith condemneth me;
My right doth rumour move;
I may not know the cause I fell,
Nor yet without cause love.

Then, love, where is reward, —
At least where is the fame
Of them that, being, bear thy cross,
And, being not, thy name?

The world's example I,
A fable everywhere,
A well from whence the springs are dried,
A tree that doth not bear;

I, like the bird in cage,
At first with cunning caught,
And in my bondage for delight
With greater cunning taught.

Now owner's humour dies;
I'm neither loved, nor fed,
Nor freed am I, till in the cage
Forgotten I be dead.

The ship of Greece, the stream,
And she, be not the same
They were, although ship, stream, and she
Still bear their antique name

The wood which was, is worn;
Those waves are run away;
Yet still a ship, and still a stream,
Still running to a sea.

She loved, and still she loves,
But doth not still love me;
To all except myself yet is
As she was wont to be.

O my once happy thoughts!
The heaven where grace did dwell!
My saint hath turned away her face;
And made that heaven my hell!

A hell, for so is that
From whence no souls return,
Where, while our spirits are sacrificed,
They waste not, though they burn.

Since then this is my state,
And nothing worse than this,
Behold the map of death-like life,
Exiled from lovely bliss:

Alone among the world,
Strange with my friends to be,
Showing my fall to them that scorn,
See not, or will not see;

My heart, a wilderness,
My studies only fear,
And, as in shadows of curst death,
A prospect of despair.

My exercise must be
My horrors to repeat;
My peace, joy, end, and sacrifice,
Her dead love to entreat;

My food, the time that was;
The time to come, my fast;
For drink, the barren thirst I feel
Of glories that are past;

Sighs and salt tears my bath;
Reason my looking-glass,
To show me, he most wretched is
That once most happy was.

Forlorn desires my clock,
To tell me every day
That Time hath stolen love, life and all
But my distress away.

For music, heavy sighs;
My walk an inward woe;
Which like a shadow ever shall
Before my body go.

And I myself am he
That doth with none compare,
Except in woes and lack of worth
Whose states more wretched are.

Let no man ask my name,
Nor what else I should be;
For *GRIEVE-ILL*, pain, forlorn estate
Do best decipher me.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

449. *Song*

VIRTUE'S branches wither, Virtue pines,
O pity, pity, and alack the time;
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.

Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity,
She in every land doth monarchize;
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.

O pity, pity, Virtue weeping dies,
Vice laughs to see her faint, alack the time.
This sinks, with painted wings the other flies:
Alack that best should fall, and bad should climb.

O pity, pity, pity, mourn, not sing,
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling;
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

T. Dekker

450. *Pari Jugo Dulcis Tractus*

SOUND is the knot that Chastity hath tied,
Sweet is the music Unity doth make,
Sure is the store that Plenty doth provide.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Where Chasteness fails there Concord will decay,
Where Concord fleets there Plenty will decease,
Where Plenty wants there Love will wear away.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

I, Chastity, restrain all strange desires;
I, Concord, keep the course of sound consent;
I, Plenty, spare and spend as cause requires.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Make much of us, all ye that married be;
Speak well of us, all ye that mind to be;
The time may come to want and wish all three.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Anon.

451. *Man*

I KNOW my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet she is blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.
I know my life's a pain and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man —
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Sir J. Davies

452. *The Life of Man*

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew.

Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night.

The winds blow out; the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew's dryed up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot.

H. King (?)

453. *The Pulley*

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by —
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

G. Herbert

454. *Integer Vitae*

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

T. Campion

455. *A Fancy*

HE that his mirth hath lost,
Whose comfort is dismayed,
Whose hope is vain, whose faith is scorned,
Whose trust is all betrayed,

If he have held them dear,
And cannot cease to moan,
Come, let him take his place by me;
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feel one lightening hour,

Then rest he by himself;
He is no mate for me,
Whose hope is fallen, whose succour void,
Whose hap his death must be.

Yet not the wished death,
Which hath no plaint nor lack,
Which, making free the better part,
Is only nature's wrack.

O no! that were too well;
My death is of the mind,
Which always yields extremest pains,
And leaves the worst behind.

As one that lives in show,
But inwardly doth die,
Whose knowledge is a bloody field
Where all hope slain doth lie;

Whose heart the altar is;
Whose spirit, the sacrifice
Unto the powers, whom to appease
No sorrow can suffice.

My fancies are like thorns,
On which I go by night;
Mine arguments are like an host
Which force hath put to flight.

My sense is passion's spy;
My thoughts like ruins old
Of famous Carthage, or the town
Which Sinon bought and sold;

Which still before mine eyes
My mortal fall do lay,
Whom love and fortune once advanced,
And now hath cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts, but wounds,
Sometime the seat of joy,
Sometime the seat of quiet rest,
But now of all annoy.

I sowed the soil of peace;
My bliss was in the spring;
And day by day I ate the fruit
Which my life's tree did bring.

To nettles now my corn,
My field is turned to flint,
Where, sitting in the cypress shade,
I read the hyacint.

The peace, the rest, the life,
That I enjoyed before
Came to my lot, that by the loss
My smart might sting the more.

So to unhappy men
The best frames to the worst;
O time, O place, O words, O looks,
Dear then, but now accurst:

In *was* stands my delight;
In *is* and *shall*, my woe;
My horror fastens on the *yea*,
My hope hangs on the *no*.

I look for no relief;
Relief would come too late;
Too late I find, I find too well,
Too well stood my estate.

Behold such is the end;
What thing may there be sure?
O, nothing else but plaints and moans
Do to the end endure.

Forsaken first was I,
Then utterly forgotten;
And he that came not to my faith,
Lo, my reward hath gotten.

Then, Love, where is the sauce
That makes thy torment sweet?
Where is the cause that some have thought
Their death through thee but meet?

The stately chaste disdain,
The secret shamefastness,
The grace reserved, the common light
Which shines in worthiness.

O would it were not so,
Or I it might excuse!
O would the wrath of jealousy
My judgment might abuse!

O frail inconstant kind,
O safe in trust to no man!
No women angels be, and lo!
My mistress is a woman!

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one,
Nor can I rid me of the bands
Wherein I lie alone.

Alone I lie, whose like
Was never seen as yet;
The prince, the poor, the old, the young,
The fond, the full of wit.

Hers still remain must I,
By wrong, by death, by shame;
I cannot blot out of my mind
The love wrought in her name.

I cannot set at nought
That once I held so dear;
I cannot make it seem so far
That is indeed so near.

Not that I mean henceforth
This strange will to profess,
As one that would betray such troth,
And build on fickleness.

But it shall never fail
That my faith bare in hand;
I gave my word, my word gave me;
Both word and gift must stand.

Sith then it must be thus,
And thus is all-to ill,
I yield me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary woods
My city shall become;
The darkest den shall be my lodge,
Wherein I'll rest or roam.

Of heben black my board;
The worms my feast shall be,
On which my carcass shall be fed
Till they do feed on me;

My wine of Niobe,
My bed of craggy rock,
The serpent's hiss my harmony,
The shrieking owl my clock.

My exercise nought else
But raging agonies;
My books of spiteful Fortune's foils
And dreary tragedies.

My walk the paths of plaint,
My prospect into hell,
Where wretched Sisyphe and his pheres
In endless pains do dwell.

And though I seem to use
The poet's feignèd style,
To figure forth my rueful plight,
My fall or my exile,

Yet is my grief not feigned,
In which I starve and pine;
Who feels it most shall find it least
If his compare with mine.

My Muse if any ask,
Whose grievous case was such?
DY ERE thou let his name be known;
His folly shows so much.

But best 'twere thee to hide,
And never come to light,
For on the earth may none but I
This action sound aright.
Miserum est fuisse.

Sir E. Dyer

456. *Epode*

NOT to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue, and not fate:
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many;
By many? scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,

That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep:
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first, as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamèd breasts:
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call Love is blind Desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 't is born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm;
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true Love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay, divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands nor darts,
To murther different hearts,
But in a calm and godlike unity
Preserves community.

O, who is he that in this peace enjoys
    Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
    And lasting as her flowers:
Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare:
    Sober, as saddest care;
A fixèd thought, an eye untaught to glance:
    Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
    Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But, soft, I hear
    Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
    As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
    Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
    No, Vice, we let thee know,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly,
    Turtles can chastely die.
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
    We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent
    Because lust's means are spent;
Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,
    And for their place and name
Cannot so safely sin. Their chastity
    Is mere necessity.
Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
    Have filled with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain
    Makes a most blessèd gain;

He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crown-worthy still
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears:
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our Dove,
Grac'd with a Phœnix' love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose od'rous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously composed,
As if nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous mind
To virtuous moods inclined,
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain;
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
'Man may securely sin, but safely never.'

B. Jonson

457. *Man's Medley*

HARK how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring:
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one
With th' one hand touching heaven, with t'other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies;
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimmed with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble;
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

G. Herbert.

458. *Scorn Not the Least*

WHERE wards are weak and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforcèd wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range the seely trench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.
There is a time even for the worm to creep,
And suck the dew while all her foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
  Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
  And fearful hare to run a quiet race:
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrumps leave to grow.

In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
  Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
The lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
  Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

R. Southwell

459. *Self-Trial*

LET not the sluggish sleep
  Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
  Thy daily deeds thou try:
He that one sin in conscience keeps
  When he to quiet goes,
More vent'rous is than he that sleeps
  With twenty mortal foes.

Anon.

460. *Amantium Irae*

IN going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
  I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;

She sighèd sore and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child,
She rockèd it and rated it, till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, Now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place whereas she sat:
And provèd plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

She said that neither king nor prince nor lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood and their might.
When manhood shall be matchèd so that fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,
And left their force that failèd them, which did consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time, their strength and nature out:

Then did she sing as one that thought no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play in pasture where they feed,
So noble nature can well end the work she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

I marvel much pardy (quoth she) for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to toss the world about:
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arm, and there think many a wile,
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they never friends in deed until they once fall out:
Thus ended she her song and said, before she did remove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

R. Edwardes

461. *O Sweet Woods*

O SWEET woods, the delight of solitariness,
O, how much do I love your solitariness!
From fame's desire, from love's delight retired,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I led;

And those false pleasures which I once admired,
  With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For she less secret and as senseless is.

Experience, which alone repentance brings,
  Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange:
Love is disdained when it doth look at kings,
  And love low placed is base and apt to change.
Their power doth take from him his liberty,
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness,
O, how much do I love your solitariness!

Sir P. Sidney

462 *Man's Civil War*

MY hovering thoughts would fly to heaven
  And quiet nestle in the sky,
Fain would my ship in Virtue's shore
  Without remove at anchor lie.

But mounting thoughts are halèd down
  With heavy poise of mortal load,
And blustring storms deny my ship
  In Virtue's haven secure abode.

When inward eye to heavenly sights
  Doth draw my longing heart's desire,
The world with jesses of delights
  Would to her perch my thoughts retire,

Fond Fancy trains to Pleasure's lure,
  Though Reason stiffly do repine;
Though Wisdom woo me to the saint,
  Yet Sense would win me to the shrine.

Where Reason loathes, there Fancy loves,
  And overrules the captive will;
Foes senses are to Virtue's lore,
  They draw the wit their wish to fill.

Need craves consent of soul to sense,
  Yet divers bents breed civil fray;
Hard hap where halves must disagree,
  Or truce of halves the whole betray!

O cruel fight! where fighting friend
  With love doth kill a favouring foe,
Where peace with sense is war with God,
  And self-delight the seed of woe!

Dame Pleasure's drugs are steeped in sin,
  Their sugared taste doth breed annoy;
O fickle sense! beware her gin,
  Sell not thy soul to brittle joy!

R. Southwell

463. *The World*

THE world's a bubble; and the life of Man
  Less than a span:
In his conception wretched — from the womb
  So to the tomb;

Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools;
The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:
These would have children; those that have them moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please,
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil;
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease
We're worse in peace:
— What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

Francis, Lord Bacon

464. *Go, Nightly Cares*

GO, nightly cares, the enemy to rest,
Forbear a while to vex my wearied sprite;
So long your weight hath lain upon my breast
That, lo! I live of life bereavèd quite:
O give me time to draw my wearied breath,
Or let me die as I desire the death.
Welcome, sweet Death! O life, no life, a hell!
Then thus and thus I bid the world farewell!

False world, farewell, the enemy to rest,
Now do thy worst, I do not weigh thy spite;
Free from thy cares I live forever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight:
Delight, whom woes nor sorrows shall amate,
Nor fears or tears disturb her happy state:
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue,
And thus, and thus, vain world, again adieu!

Anon.

465. *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seducèd) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t'appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to Earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distress'd Mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

S. Daniel

466. *Change and Fate*

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year,
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings!
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?

Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth, are but blossoms dying,
Wanton Pleasure, doating Love, are but shadows flying,
All our joys are but toys! idle thoughts deceiving:
None have power, of an hour, in their lives bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
  Is but a point to the world's compared centre!
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
  As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
All is hazard that we have, there is nothing biding;
Days of pleasure are like streams through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe, time doth go! time is never turning;
Secret fates guide our states, both in mirth and mourning.

T. Campion

467. *A Farewell to the Vanities of the World*

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
  Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty — th' eye's idol — but a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
But pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor,
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more;
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, poor I'll be rather.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike Justice dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs, be called great master
In the loose rimes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears,
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

Sir W. Raleigh

468. *A Farewell to the World*

FALSE world! good night! since thou hast brought
That hour upon my morn of age;
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas! I fear
As little as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst not show nor bear
More hatred than thou hast to me.

My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse and then betray;
Since stir'd'st up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me
  Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professèd be,
  And pride and ignorance the schools;

Where nothing is examined, weigh'd,
  But 'tis rumour'd, so believed;
Where every freedom is betray'd,
  And every goodness tax'd or grieved.

But what we're born for, we must bear
  Our frail condition it is such
That what to all may happen here,
  If 't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake
  To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind — that, for my sake,
  There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born
  To age, misfortune, sickness, grief;
But I will bear these with that scorn
  As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,
  As wanderers do, that still do roam;
But make my strengths, such as they are,
  Here in my bosom, and at home.

B. Jonson

469. *Care for Thyself*

CARE for thy soul as thing of greatest price,
Made to the end to taste of power divine,
Devoid of guilt, abhorring sin and vice,
Apt by God's grace to virtue to incline:
Care for it so that by thy reckless train
It be not brought to taste eternal pain.

Care for thy corps, but chiefly for soul's sake;
Cut off excess, sustaining food is best;
To vanquish pride, but comely clothing take;
Seek after skill, deep ignorance detest:
Care so (I say) the flesh to feed and clothe,
That thou harm not thy soul and body both.

Care for the world, to do thy body right;
Rack not thy wit to win by wicked ways;
Seek not to oppress the weak by wrongful might;
To pay thy due do banish all delays:
Care to dispend according to thy store,
And in like sort be mindful of the poor.

Care for thy soul as for thy chiefest stay;
Care for thy body for the soul's avail;
Care for the world for body's help alway;
Care yet but so as virtue may prevail:
Care in such sort as thou beware of this —
Care keep thee not from heaven and heavenly bliss.

Anon.

470. *Madrigal*

MY thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize.
But he grim grinning king,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

W. Drummond

471. *My Mind a Kingdom*

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
  I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
  A cloakèd craft their store of skill
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

Sir E. Dyer

472. *The Noble Balm*

HIGH-SPIRITED friend,
  I send nor balms nor cor'sives to your wound:
    Your fate hath found
A gentler and more agile hand to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal;
And doubtful days, which were named critical,
    Have made their fairest flight
    And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind
    Wrapp'd in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
    You are unkind.

    Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gain'd,
    Must now be rein'd.
True valour doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
    Think but how dear you bought
    This fame which you have caught:

Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth.
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

B. Jonson

473. *Wishes for Vin*

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well,
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part
As innocent as now thou art.

R. Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich

474. *The Means to Attain Happy Life*

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Contented with thine own estate
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

Earl of Surrey

475. *The Character of a Happy Life*

HOW happy is he born and taught
That severeth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton

476. *Risposta*

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,

The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught, — Content.

Anon.

477. *Content*

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crown,
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

R. Greene

478. *Sweet Content*

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

Can'st drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

T. Dekker

479. Thrice Happy He Who by Some Shady Grove

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
Or how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

W. Drummond

480. *Ah, Sweet Content, Where Is Thy Mild Abode?*

AH, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of him that made and rules at his behest
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches with religious men
Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbour here!

B. Barnes

481. *A Passion of My Lord of Essex*

HAPPY were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he sleep secure;

There wake again, and give God ever praise,
  Content with hips and haws and brambleberry,
In contemplation passing still his days,
  And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.
That when he dies, his tomb might be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

R. Devereux, Earl of Essex

482. *Truth Doth Truth Deserve*

WHO doth desire that chaste his wife should be,
  First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve:
Then such be he as she his worth may see,
And one man still credit with her preserve.
Not toying kind, nor causelessly unkind;
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
Not spying faults, nor in plain errors blind;
Never hard hand, nor ever reins too light.
As far from want as far from vain expense
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice);
Allow good company, but keep from thence
All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.
This done, thou hast no more, but leave the rest
To virtue, fortune, time and woman's breast.

Sir P. Sidney

483. *A Song for Priests*

O WEARISOME condition of humanity!
  Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity;
  Created sick, commanded to be sound:

— What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and Reason self-division cause.

Is it the mark or majesty of power
To make offences that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors she herself doth give.
But how should Man think that he may not do,
If Nature did not fail and punish too?

Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard.
Forbids us all things which it knows we lust;
Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.

We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To lead belief in good and 'stil devotion.
To preach of heaven's wonders and delights;
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

484. *Coronemus nos Rosis antequam marcescant*

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,

All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,
Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy:
Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady,
Was born of the sea:
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crown'd
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *Post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

T. Jordan

485. *Crabbèd Age and Youth*

CRABBÈD Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long!

W. Shakespeare (?)

486. *Times Go by Turns*

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances changê by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

R. Southwell

487. *Even Such Is Time*

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir W. Raleigh

488. *Time*

TIME is the feather'd thing,
And, whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks and call them rays,
Takes wing,
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.
His minutes, whilst they 're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire,
Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Since then the Night hath hurl'd
Darkness, Love's shade,
Over its enemy the Day, and made
The world
Just such a blind and shapeless thing
As 'twas before the light did from darkness spring.
Let us employ its treasure
And make shade pleasure:

Let's number out the hours by blisses,
And count the minutes by our kisses;
Let the heavens new motions feel
And by our embraces wheel;
And whilst we try the way
By which Love doth convey
Soul unto soul,
And mingling so
Makes them such raptures know
As makes them èntranced lie
In mutual ecstasy,
Let the harmonious spheres in music roll!

J. Mayne

489. *The Merry Heart*

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

W. Shakespeare

490. *Old Age*

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age decries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

E. Waller

491. *Questions and Answers*

DOTH sorrow fret thy soul? O direful sprite!
Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessèd man!
Hast thou been happy once? O heavy plight!
Are thy mishaps forepast? O happy than!
Or hast thou bliss in eld? O bliss too late!
But hast thou bliss in youth? O sweet estate!

Thomas, Lord Vaux

492. *No Medicine to Mirth*

'TIS mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease;
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;

Or meets with aches in his bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

F. Beaumont

493. *To Be Merry*

LET'S now take our time
While we're in our prime,
And old, old age, is afar off:
For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

R. Herrick

494. *Virtue Triumphant*

WHO, Virtue, can thy power forget
That sees these live and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks' glory and the Romans' died;
And who yet imitate
Their noises, tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays;
But so good fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are forever.

B. Jonson

495. *A Madrigal*

THE earth, late choked with showers,
  Is now array'd in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
  The air dissolves her teen,
The heavens laugh at her glory:
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are deckt with leaves,
  And trees are clothèd gay
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
  With oaken boughs doth play:
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
  Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
  Their loves and lucky choices:
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
  And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
  My walk on earth I have:
They free, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

T. Lodge

496. *Whilst Youthful Sports are Lasting*

PLUCK the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful lordings, of delight;
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Here on earth nothing is stable,
Fortune's changes well are known;
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Feast it freely with your lovers,
Blithe and wanton sports do fade,
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade:
Sport it freely one to one,
After death is pleasure none.

Now the pleasant spring allureth,
And both place and time invites:
But, alas, what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delights?
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

T. Lodge

497. *Content and Resolute*

AS when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself installs,
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so can not her all throw down
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combined
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind.
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

W. Drummond

498. *They That Have Power to Hurt and Will Do None*

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband Nature's riches from expense:
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

W. Shakespeare

499. *The Expense of Spirit in a Waste of Shame*

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

W. Shakespeare

500. *Loss in Delay*

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,

Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Linger'd labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thy hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is nakèd.
Works adjourn'd have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

R. Southwell

501. *Lines Written on a Garden Seat*

IF thou sit here to view this pleasant garden place,
Think thus — At last will come a frost and all these flowers deface:
But if thou sit at ease to rest thy weary bones,
Remember death brings final rest to all our grievous groans:
So whether for delight, or here thou sit for ease,
Think still upon the latter day: so shalt thou God best please.

G. Gascoigne

502. *To Daffodils*

FAIR daffodils we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

R. Herrick

503. *Vanitas Vanitatum*

ALL the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time:
Survey our progress from our birth —
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.

Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

J. Webster

504. *Whether Men Do Laugh or Weep*

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is underneath the sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst and none are best;
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants everywhere:
Vain Opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit,

That so lamely with such state
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

T. Campion (?)

505. *Life, a Bubble*

THIS Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height;
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erse was naught, it turns to naught.

W. Drummond

506. *O Fly, My Soul*

O FLY, my soul! What hangs upon
Thy drooping wings,
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things?

The Sun is now i' the east: each shade
As he doth rise
Is shorter made,
That earth may lessen to our eyes.

O be not careless then and play
Until the Star of Peace
Hide all his beams in dark recess!
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
When all the shadows do increase.

J. Shirley

507. *All is Naught*

I LIVE, and yet methinks I do not breathe;
I thirst and drink, I drink and thirst again;
I sleep and yet do dream I am awake;
I hope for that I have; I have and want:
I sing and sigh; I love and hate at once.
O, tell me, restless soul, what uncouth jar
Doth cause in store such want, in peace such war?

Anon.

508. *Poor Soul, the Centre of My Sinful Earth*

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Sport of these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store:
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;

Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

W. Shakespeare

509. *Happy He*

HAPPY he
Who, to sweet home retired,
Shuns glory so admired;
And to himself lives free!
Whilst he who strives, with pride, to climb the skies,
Falls down, with foul disgrace, before he rise!

Let who will
The Active Life commend;
And all his travails bend
Earth with his fame to fill!
Such fame, so forced, at last dies with his death;
Which life maintained by others' idle breath!

My delights
To dearest home confined,
Shall there make good my mind;
Not awed with Fortune's spites!
High trees, heaven blasts! Winds shake and honours fell;
When lowly plants, long time in safety dwell.

All I can,
My worldly strife shall be,
They, one day, say of me,
'He died a good old man!'
On his sad soul a heavy burden lies,
Who, known to all, unknown to himself, dies! *Anon.*

510. *Concerning the Honour of Books*

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve, that memorize
And leave in books, for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds;
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presènt̀ly dies,
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man heeds!
How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closèd rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of Books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived; the other where they lie!

J. Florio

511. *The Book of the World*

OF this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same:
But silly we, like foolish children, rest

Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

W. Drummond

512. *The World, a Hunting*

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

W. Drummond

513. *Virtue*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky, —
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. Herbert

514. *A Contrast*

WHENAS man's life, the light of human lust,
In socket of his earthly lanthorn burns,
That all his glory unto ashes must,
And generations to corruption turns,
Then fond desires that only fear their end,
Do vainly wish for life, but to amend.
But when this life is from the body fled,
To see itself in that eternal glass,
Where time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,
Where all to come is one with all that was;
Then living men ask how he left his breath,
That while he livèd never thought of death.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

515. *Eidola*

ARE they shadows that we see?
And can shadows pleasure give?
Pleasures only shadows be,

Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are expressed:
Pleasures are not, if they last,
In their passing, is their best:
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold;
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold:
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.

S. Daniel

516. *A Palinode*

I.

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.

The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanishèd for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we up-lay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

II.

For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heavens with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
Whenas the bubble, which did empty fly,
The dalliance of the undiscernèd wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Coloured the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdrawn, which longer time do tarry:
O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

E. Bolton

517. *Sic Transit*

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me;
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night:
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly,
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
  How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossest,
  By feignèd death life sweetly to renew!
Part of my life in that, you life deny:
So every day we live a day we die.

T. Campion

518. *Amiens' Song*

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
  Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
  Then heigh ho, the holly:
  This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
  Then heigh ho, the holly!
  This life is most jolly.

W. Shakespeare

519. *Embers*

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold —
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

W. Shakespeare

520. *Fidele*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee,
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

W. Shakespeare

521. *Sad Memorials*

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train;
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air,
Is gone — nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

W. Drummond

522. *A Religious Use of Taking Tobacco*

THE Indian weed witherèd quite;
Green at morn, cut down at night;
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff; gone with a puff:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

R. Wisdome

523. *If Thou Survive*

IF thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceasèd lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

W. Shakespeare

524. *On Sardanapalus' Dishonourable Life and Miserable Death*

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stained his regal heart;
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield, vanquished for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemèd strange,
And harder than his lady's side his targe;
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare a change;
His helmet far above a garland's charge:
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenchèd in sloth and womanish delight,
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honour and his right,
(Proud, time of wealth; in storms, appalled with dread,)
Murthered himself, to show some manful deed.

Earl of Surrey

525. *I Fear Not Henceforth Death*

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe;
Let rocks, and seas, and wind
Their highest treasons show;
Let sky and earth combined

Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe;
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow:
  Or if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
  It will be when I hear I am forgot.

W. Drummond

526. *Good Night*

THIS night is my departing night;
  For here nae langer must I stay!
There 's neither friend, nor foe, o' mine,
  But wishes me away!

What I have done, thro' lack of wit,
  I never, never, can recall!
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet;
  Good Night! and joy be with you all!

T. Armstrong

527. *Chidiock Tichborne's Lament*

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
  My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
  And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung:
  The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
  I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;
  I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;
  And now I die, and now I am but made;
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

C. Tichborne

528. *His Winding-Sheet*

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
  Of all I've writ:
The grace, the glory, and the best
    Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
    The all and end;
And what was made, was made to meet
    Thee, thee, my sheet.
Come then and be to my chaste side
    Both bed and bride:
We two, as reliques left, will have
    One rest, one grave:
And hugging close, we will not fear
    Lust entering here:
Where all desires are dead or cold
    As in the mould;
And all affections are forgot,
    Or trouble not.
Here, here, the slaves and prisoners be
    From shackles free:
And weeping widows long oppress'd
    Do here find rest.

The wrongèd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die:
And all Star-Chamber bills do cease
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown:
Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.
In this securer place we'll keep
As lull'd asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lie
As robes laid by;
To be another day reworn,
Turn'd, but not torn;
Or like old testaments engross'd,
Lock'd up, not lost.
And for a while lie here conceal'd,
To be reveal'd
Next at the great Platonick year,
And then meet here.

R. Herrick

529. *Miserrimus*

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
To lengthen my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of Love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advised,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak Love was with the poor despised;
For when the life with food is not sufficed,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasure can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want the murderer of my wit:
My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceits as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!

But I must die, of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

R. Greene

530. *To a Mistress Dying*

Lover. Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
As eastern summers are,
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

Philosopher. Whilst she yet lives, were stars decayed,
Their light by hers relief might find;
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

Lover. Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
Think every mistress, when she dies,
Is changed at least into a star:
And who dares doubt the poets wise?

Philosopher. But ask not bodies doomed to die
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

Sir W. Davenant

531. *Thy Bosom Is Endearèd with All Hearts*

THY bosom is endearèd with all hearts
Which I, by lacking, have supposèd dead:
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead! — which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
— That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

W. Shakespeare

532. *When to the Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought*

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

W. Shakespeare

533. *To His Lute*

MY lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before;
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

W. Drummond

534. *Alexis, Here She Stayed, Among These Pines*

ALEXIS, here she stayed; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines;
She set her by these muskèd eglantines, —
The happy place the print seems yet to bear; —
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear;

Me here she first perceived, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promised grace;
But ah! what served it to be happy so,
Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe?

W. Drummond

535. *Sweet Soul, Which in the April of Thy Years*

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now, with golden rays of glory crowned,
Most blest abid'st above the spheres of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice;
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My offerings take. Let this for me suffice:
My heart, a living pyramid, I raise;
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

W. Drummond

536. *Forget*

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
  Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
  And mock you with me after I am gone.

W. Shakespeare

537. *One Day I Wrote Her Name Upon the Strand*

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
  But came the waves and washèd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
Vain man (said she) that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalise;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.
Not so (quod I); let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious name:
Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

E. Spenser

538. *I Know That All Beneath the Moon Decays*

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to naught;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which is so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
And that naught lighter is than airy praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will invassall reason's power.
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, O me! I both must write and love.

W. Drummond

539. *Thou Window, Once Which Servèd for a Sphere*

THOU window, once which servèd for a sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning weeds, alas! now dost thou wear?
How loathsome to mine eyes is thy sad sight?
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since that sun set, which made thee shine so bright?

Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wast a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise;
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly see my murdered joys in thee.

W. Drummond

540. *Æglamour's Lament*

HERE she was wont to go, and here, and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk;
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
As she had sowed them with her odourous foot.

B. Jonson

541. *O Crudelis Amor*

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

T. Campion

542. *Her Autumn*

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

W. Shakespeare

543. *Like As the Culver, on the Barèd Bough*

LIKE as the Culver, on the barèd bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove.
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

E. Spenser

544. *To Me, Fair Friend, You Never Can Be Old*

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

W. Shakespeare

545. *Bright Soul of the Sad Year*

FAIR summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers, that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

T. Nashe

546. *Praise of Ceres*

WITH fair Ceres, Queen of Grain,
The reaped fields we roam,
Each country peasant, nymph and swain,
Sing their harvest home;
Whilst the Queen of Plenty hallows
Growing fields as well as fallows.

Echo, double all your lays,
Make the champians sound
To the Queen of Harvest's praise,
That sows and reaps our ground:
Ceres, Queen of Plenty, hallows
Growing fields as well as fallows.

T. Heywood

547. *Winter*

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit!
Tu-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
Tu-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. Shakespeare

548. *Now Winter Nights Enlarge*

NOW winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.

Now yellow waxen lights
  Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights
  Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
  With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
  Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
  Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
  Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys
  And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
  They shorten tedious nights.

T. Campion

549. *A Round*

SHAKE off your heavy trance!
  And leap into a dance
Such as no mortal use to tread;
  Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
  And all the stars to follow!

F. Beaumont

550. *Come, Sorrow, Come*

COME, Sorrow, come, sit down and mourn with me;
Hang down thy head upon thy baleful breast,
That God and man and all the world may see
Our heavy hearts do live in quiet rest:
Enfold thine arms and wring thy wretched hands
To shew the State wherein poor Sorrow stands.

Cry not outright, for that were children's guise,
But let thy tears fall trickling down thy face,
And weep so long until thy blubbered eyes
May see in sum the depth of thy disgrace.
Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mum;
The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumb.

And let our fare be dishes of despite
To break our hearts and not our fasts withal;
Then let us sup with sorrow-sops at night,
And bitter sauce all of a broken gall:
Thus let us live till heavens may rue to see
The doleful doom ordained for thee and me.

Anon.

551. *Come, Ye Heavy States of Night*

COME, ye heavy states of night,
Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow.
Come, Sorrow, come! her eyes that sings
By thee are turnèd into springs.

Come, you virgins of the night,
That in dirges sad delight,
Choir my anthems: I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.
Come, Sorrow, come! her eyes that sings
By thee are turnèd into springs.

Anon.

552. *O, Sorrow, Sorrow*

O, SORROW, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of hell.
Art thou born of human race?
No, no, I have a furier face.
Art thou in city, town, or court?
I to every place resort.
O, why into the world is Sorrow sent?
Men afflicted best repent.
What dost thou feed on?
Broken sleep.
What takest thou pleasure in?
To weep,
To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.
O when, O when shall Sorrow quiet have?
Never, never, never, never,
Never till she finds a grave.

T. Dekker

553. *Urns and Odours Bring Away*

URNS and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms and gums and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes!
We convènt naught else but woes.

Shakespeare or Fletcher

554. *Melancholy*

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon,
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

J. Fletcher

555. *Disconsolate*

THE gentle season of the year
Hath made my blooming branch appear,
And beautified the land with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augments their showers.

The meads are mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treen,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul! when wrong doth wrack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amid his spring!

And, as you see the scarlet rose
In his sweet prime his buds disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revivèd;
So, in the April of mine age,
My lively colours do assuage,
Because my sunshine is deprivèd.

My heart, that wonted was of yore
Light as the winds abroad to soar,
  Amongst the buds, when beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you;
As doth the bird that's taken new
  And mourns when all her neighbours sings.

When every man is bent to sport,
Then pensive I alone resort
  Into some solitary walk;
As doth the doleful turtle-dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
  Sits mourning on some withered stalk.

There to myself I do recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,
  How Love requiteth me with hate;
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hate doth say my hope is vain,
  How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charged with despair,
With vapoured sighs I dim the air,
  And to the gods make this request:—
That, by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
  And bring my soul to better rest.

Anon.

556. *Of Misery*

CORPSE, clad with carefulness;
Heart, heaped with heaviness;
Purse, poor and penniless;
Back bare in bitterness;
O get my grave in readiness;
Fain would I die to end this stress.

T. Howell

557. *The Weeper*

THE dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes Sorrow half so rich
As the drops distill'd from thee:
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
— For she is a Queen —
Then is she drest by none but thee:
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls — I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
  When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
  Sits Sorrow with a face so fair:
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

When some new bright guest
  Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
  Angels with their bottles come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

Does the night arise?
  Still thy tears do fall and fall.
Does night lose her eyes?
  Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

R. Crashaw

558. *Idle Tears*

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
  Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;

Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

J. Fletcher

559. *I Saw My Lady Weep*

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe:
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels;
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anon.

560. *Weep You No More, Sad Fountains*

WEEP you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Anon.

561. *To Daisies, Not to Shut So Soon*

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are, —
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
  Her life-begetting eye,
And let the whole world then dispose
  Itself to live or die.

R. Herrick

562. *The Evening Knell*

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
  Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.

To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell!

J. Fletcher

563. *Pan's Sentinel*

NOW, whilst the moon doth rule the sky
And the stars whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.

Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal sound. —
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fouled with his blood:
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

J. Fletcher

564. *Song of Woe*

PARDON, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered
Heavily, heavily.

W. Shakespeare

565. *Country Nights*

THE damask meadows and the crawling streams
Sweeten and make soft thy dreams:
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weaved bowers,
With fields enamellèd with flowers,
Present thee shapes, while phantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mixt with roses.
Then dream thou hearest the lamb with many a bleat
Wooed to come suck the milky teat;
Whilst Faunus in the vision vows to keep
From ravenous wolf the woolly sheep;
With thousand such enchanting dreams, which meet
To make sleep not so sound as sweet.
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear
As not to up when chanticleer
Speaks the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice:
Making thy peace with heaven for some late fault,
With holy meat and crackling salt.

R. Herrick

566. *Sweet Suffolk Owl*

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!

T. Vautor

567. *Love Hath Eyes by Night*

O NIGHT, O jealous Night, repugnant to my measures:
O Night so long desired, yet cross to my content!
There's none but only thou that can perform my pleasures,
Yet none but only thou that hindereth my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps that burn too brightly,
Discover all my trains and naked lay my drifts,
That night by night I hope, yet fail my purpose nightly;
Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so my shifts.

Sweet Night, withhold thy beams, withhold them till tomorrow!
Whose joy's in lack so long a hell of torment breeds.
Sweet Night, sweet gentle Night, do not prolong my sorrow:
Desire is guide to me, and Love no lodestar needs.

Let sailors gaze on Stars, and Moon so freshly shining;
  Let them that miss the way be guided by the light;
I know my Lady's bower, there needs no more divining;
  Affection sees in dark, and Love hath eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile! hold in thy horns for shining,
  And glad not low'ring Night with thy too glorious rays;
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous and repining,
  That in her spite my sport may work thy endless praise.

And when my will is wrought, then, Cynthia, shine, good lady,
  All other nights and days in honour of that night,
That happy, heavenly night, that night so dark and shady,
  Wherein my Love had eyes that lighted my delight!

Anon.

568. *The Night-Piece: To Julia*

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
  The shooting stars attend thee;
  And the elves also,
  Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
  But on, on thy way
  Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvr'y feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

R. Herrick

569. *Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam*

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere;
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour:

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute: —

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth:
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

W. Habington

570. *Song*

WHO is it that, this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changèd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die:
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.

What if you new beauties see?
  Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be
  (Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
  Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite!
  Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
  Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it do shake
  In a ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace! I think that some give ear!
  Come no more! lest I get anger.
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear;
  Fearing, Sweet, you to endanger!
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well begone, begone I say!
  Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.
O unjust Fortune's sway,
  Which can make me thus to leave you:
And from louts to run away.

Sir P. Sidney

571. *Now the Hungry Lion Roars*

PUCK *sings:*

NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

W. Shakespeare

572. *To a Nightingale*

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

W. Drummond

573. *To the Nightingale*

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends —
Become all ear — stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er — not in a dream — did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me, — so may thou fortune milder try
And long, long sing — for what thou thus complains,
Sith winter's gone and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sighed forth, 'I love, I love!'

W. Drummond

574. *Hymn to Diana*

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close.
Bless us then with wishèd sight
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

B. Jonson

575. *To Cynthia*

CYNTHIA, because your horns look divers ways,
Now darkened to the east, now to the west,
Then at full glory once in thirty days,
Sense doth believe that change is nature's rest.

Poor earth, that dare presume to judge the sky:
  Cynthia is ever round, and never varies;
Shadows and distance do abuse the eye,
  And in abusèd sense truth oft miscarries:
Yet who this language to the people speaks,
Opinion's empire sense's idol breaks.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

576. *The Moon*

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
  How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call 'virtue' there — ungratefulness?

Sir P. Sidney

577. *To Cynthia*

CYNTHIA, whose glories are at full forever,
  Whose beauties draw forth tears, and kindle fires,
Fires, which kindled once are quenchèd never:
So beyond hope your worth bears up desires.

Why cast you clouds on your sweet-looking eyes?
Are you afraid, they show me too much pleasure?
Strong Nature decks the grave wherein it lies,
Excellence can never be expressed in measure.
Are you afraid because my heart adores you,
The world will think I hold Endymion's place?
Hippolytus, sweet Cynthia, kneeled before you;
Yet did you not come down to kiss his face.
Angels enjoy the Heaven's inward choirs:
Star-gazers only multiply desires.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

578. *The Moon*

LOOK how the pale queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour;
But when the silver waggon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will,
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart —
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill
So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

C. Best

579. *Lullaby*

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

T. Dekker

580. *Come, Sleep*

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding!

J. Fletcher (?)

581. *Invocation to Sleep*

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
In to this prince gently, O gently, slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

J. Fletcher

582. *Care-Charmer Sleep, Son of the Sable Night*

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwrack of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

S. Daniel

583. *Hark, All You Ladies*

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep:
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill;
No plaints or groans may move
Their holy vigil. *T. Campion*

584. *Sleep, Angry Beauty, Sleep*

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear not me!
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see
Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke:
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps,
  Though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
And in her slumber, see! she close-eyed weeps:
  Dreams often more than waking passions move.
Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That she in peace may wake and pity me.

T. Campion

585. *To Sleep*

COME, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
  The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Sir P. Sidney

586. *Sleep*

BY him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
  Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frownèd on,

Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown: but as a living death,
So, dead live, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life on earth the better part:
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be:
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

T. Sackville, Lord Buckhurst

587. *Two Carols*

I.

Bringing in the Boar's Head

Caput Apri Defero,
Reddens Laudes Domino!

THE Boar's Head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary!
I pray you all, sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The Boar's Head, I understand,
Is the chief Service in this land!
Look, wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico!

Be glad, Lordes, both more and less!
For this hath ordained our Steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas,
The Boar's Head with mustard!

Anon.

II.

588. *In Die Nativitatis*

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Tidings good I think to tell!

THE Boar's Head, that we bring here,
Betokeneth a Prince without peer
Is born this day, to buy us dear!
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! etc.

A Boar is a sovereign beast,
And acceptable in every feast;
So mote this Lord be to most and least!
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! etc.

This Boar's head we bring with song,
In worship of Him that thus sprang
Of a Virgin, to redress all wrong.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! etc.

Anon.

589. *A Christmas Carol*

WHAT sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our Heavenly King?

Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song

1. Dark and dull night fly hence away!
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year.

3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus on a sudden?

4. Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chorus

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with his sunshine and his showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him.

2. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,

Chorus

Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath
To do Him honour, who's our King
And Lord of all this revelling.

R. Herrick

590. *Ceremonies for Christmas*

COME, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here;
The while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

R. Herrick

591. *Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby*

UPON my lap, my Sovereign sits,
And sucks upon my breast;
Meanwhile his love sustains my life,
And gives my body rest.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy.
Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me.
So may thy mother and thy nurse,
Thy cradle also be.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Yet as I am and as I may,
  I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
  Vouchsafing to be mine.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

My wits, my words, my deeds, my thoughts,
  And else what is in me,
I rather will not wish to use,
  If not in serving thee.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,
  My fruit, my flower, and bud,
My Jesus, and my only joy,
  The sum of all my good.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

My sweetness, and the sweetest most
  That heaven could earth deliver,
Soul of my love, spirit of my life,
  Abide with me for ever.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Live still with me, and be my love,
  And death will me refrain,
Unless thou let me die with thee,
  To live with thee again.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Leave now to wail, thou luckless wight
  That wrought'st thy race's woe,
Redress is found, and foilèd is
  Thy fruit-alluring foe.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

The fruit of death from Paradise
  Made the exiled mourn;
My fruit of life to Paradise
  Makes joyful thy return.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Grow up, good fruit be nourished by
  These fountains two of me,
That only flow with maiden's milk,
  The only meat for thee.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

The earth has now a heaven become,
  And this base bower of mine,
A princely palace unto me,
  My son doth make to shine.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

His sight gives clearness to my sight,
  When waking I him see,
And sleeping, his mild countenance
  Gives favour unto me.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

When I him in mine arms embrace,
  I feel my heart embraced,
Even by the inward grace of his,
  Which he in me hath placed.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

And when I kiss his loving lips,
  Then his sweet-smelling breath
Doth yield a savour to my soul,
  That feeds love, hope, and faith.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

The shepherds left their keeping sheep,
  For joy to see my lamb;
How may I more rejoice to see
  Myself to be the dam.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Three kings their treasures hither brought
  Of incense, myrrh, and gold;
The heaven's treasure, and the king
  That here they might behold.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

One sort an angel did direct,
  A star did guide the other,
And all the fairest son to see
  That ever had a mother.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

This sight I see, this child I have,
  This infant I embrace,
O endless comfort of the earth,
  And heaven's eternal grace.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Thee sanctity herself doth serve,
  Thee goodness doth attend,
Thee blessedness doth wait upon,
  And virtues all commend.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Great kings and prophets wishèd have
  To see that I possess,
Yet wish I never thee to see,
  If not in thankfulness.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Let heaven and earth, and saints and men,
  Assistance give to me,
That all their most concurring aid
  Augment my thanks to thee.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

And let the ensuing blessèd race,
  Thou wilt succeeding raise,
Join all their praises unto mine,
  To multiply thy praise.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

And take my service well in worth,
  And Joseph's here with me,
Who of my husband bears the name,
  Thy servant for to be.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
    Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

R. Rowlands

592. To His Saviour, a Child: A Present By a Child

GO, pretty child, and bear this flower
  Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher;
And tell Him for good handsel, too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charm His cries at time of need.
Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, He should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second one,
To spoil the first impression.

R. Herrick

593. *The Burning Babe*

AS I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow
Surprised was I with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorchèd with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed
As though His floods should quench His flames,
Which with His tears were fed:
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I!

'My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defilèd souls:
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'

With this He vanish'd out of sight
  And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
  That it was Christmas Day.

R. Southwell

594. *Verses from the Shepherds' Hymn*

WE saw thee in Thy balmy nest,
  Young dawn of our eternal day;
We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
  And chase the trembling shades away;
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
  To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow —
  A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
  And let the mighty babe alone,
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
  Love's architecture is His own.
The babe, whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
  Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
  To furnish the fair infant's bed.
Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
  Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
  Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
  Where to repose His royal head;
See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
  'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we, no way but so,
Not to lie cold, but sleep in snow!

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
  Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
  That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome — tho' not to those gay flies,
  Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,

Slippery souls in smiling eyes —
  But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs
  Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
  To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
  Of simple graces and sweet loves!
Each of us his lamb will bring,
  Each his pair of silver doves!
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

R. Crashaw

595. *The New Year's Gift*

LET others look for pearl and gold,
  Tissues and tabbies manifold:
One only lock of that sweet hay
Whereon the blessèd baby lay,
Or one poor swaddling-clout, shall be
The richest New Year's gift to me.

R. Herrick

596. *Saint John Baptist*

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found, and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: 'All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!'
— Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, '*Repent! Repent!*'

W. Drummond

597. *Upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa*

LIVE in these conquering leaves: live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame;
Live here, great heart; and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,

Upon this carcase of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combin'd against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!);
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

R. Crashaw

598. *To Saint Katherine*

BECAUSE thou wast the daughter of a king,
Whose beauty did all Nature's works exceed,
And wisdom wonder to the world did breed,
A muse might rouse itself on Cupid's wing;

But, sith the graces which from nature spring
Were graced by those which from grace did proceed,
And glory have deserved, my Muse doth need
An angel's feathers when thy praise I sing.
For all in thee became angelical:
An angel's face had angels' purity,
And thou an angel's tongue didst speak withal;
Lo! why thy soul, set free from martyrdom,
Was crowned by God in angels' company,
And angels' hands thy body did entomb.

H. Constable

599. *For the Magdalene*

'THESE eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These locks, of blushing deeds the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wrackful shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedding souls to sin's lethargic sleep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O let me not be Ruin's aim'd-at mark!
My faults confessed, Lord, say they are forgiven.'
Thus sighed to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

W. Drummond

600. *A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa*

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life and death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud, unto the face of death,
Their great Lord's glorious name; to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For love at large to fill. Spare blood and sweat:
We'll see Him take a private seat,
And make His mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do.
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.
Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love. . . .

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her, confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in 't, in change for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In Him; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.
Farewell then, all the world, adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
Never till now esteemèd toys!
Farewell whatever dear may be —
Mother's arms, or father's knee!
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast; lo! thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T' embrace a milder martyrdom. . . .

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain!
Of intolerable joys!

Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain;
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may die!
How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart!
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus,
When these thy deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at once die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then, —
O what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell; suffice,
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there.
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room;
Where, 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when she shall stand
And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses!
What joy shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessèd eyes on thee,
Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King, thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.

Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,
Thy virgin-births with which thy spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now,
And with them all about thee bow
To Him; put on, He'll say, put on,
My rosy Love, that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heaven keeps upon thy score: thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light
That kindled them to stars; and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.
And, wheresoe'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

R. Crashaw

601. The Talent

GRACIOUS, Divine, and most Omnipotent!
Receive thy servant's talent in good part,
Which hid it not, but willing did convart
It to best use he could, when it was lent:

The sum — though slender, yet not all misspent —
Receive, dear God of grace, from cheerful heart
Of him that knows how merciful thou art,
And with what grace to contrite sinners bent.
I know my fault, I did not as I should;
My sinful flesh against my soul rebelled;
But since I did endeavour what I could,
Let not my little nothing be withheld
From thy rich treasuries of endless grace;
But, for thy sake, let it procure a place.

B. Barnes

602. *To His Ever-Loving God*

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these
So very-many-meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes, rids, in the end, his way.
Clear Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the bars, or lift me o'er the stiles;
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up; or else prevent the fall.
I ken my home, and it affords some ease
To see far off the smoking villages.
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die
For fear of future biting penury:
No, no, my God, — Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life not loving it, but Thee.

R. Herrick

603. *A Hymn to God the Father*

WILT Thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done:
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore:
And having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

J. Donne

604. *The Soul's Haven*

THE worldly prince doth in his sceptre hold
A kind of heaven in his authorities;
The wealthy miser in his mass of gold
Makes to his soul a kind of Paradise;

The epicure that eats and drinks all day,
Accounts no heaven but in his hellish routs;
And she whose beauty seems a sunny day,
Makes up her heaven but in her baby's clouts.
But, my sweet God, I seek no prince's power,
No miser's wealth, nor beauty's fading gloss,
Which pamper sin, whose sweets are inward sour,
And sorry gain that breed the spirit's loss:
No, my dear Lord, let my heaven only be
In my love's service, but to live to thee.

N. Breton

605. *A Litany*

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

P. Fletcher

606. *His Pilgrimage*

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;

Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou givest salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

Sir W. Raleigh

607. *Litany to the Holy Spirit*

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half-damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

R. Herrick

608. *Forsake Thyself, to Heaven Turn Thee*

THE earth, with thunder torn, with fire blasted,
With waters drowned, with windy palsy shaken,
Cannot for this with heaven be distasted,
Since thunder, rain, and winds from earth are taken.
Man, torn with love, with inward furies blasted,
Drowned with despair, with fleshly lustings shaken,
Cannot for this with heaven be distasted:
Love, fury, lustings out of man are taken.

Then man, endure thyself, those clouds will vanish.
  Life is a top which whipping Sorrow driveth,
Wisdom must bear what our flesh cannot banish,
  The humble lead, the stubborn bootless striveth:
Or, man, forsake thyself, to heaven turn thee,
Her flames enlighten nature, never burn thee.

F. Greville, Lord Brooke

609. *To Music Bent Is My Retired Mind*

TO music bent is my retired mind
  And fain would I some song of pleasure sing,
But in vain joys no comfort now I find;
From heavenly thoughts all true delight doth spring:
Thy power, O God, Thy mercies to record,
Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express
Is but to carve in snow, in waves to write;
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

T. Campion

610. *A Dialogue*

Man. SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
  Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
  Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To Thy wretch so full of stains,
What delight or hope remains?

Saviour. What, child, is the balance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, 'Thou shalt be Mine,'
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only He
Who for man was sold can see;
That transferred th' accounts to Me.

Man. But as I can see no merit
Leading to this favour,
So the way to fit me for it
Is beyond my savour!
As the reason, then, is Thine,
So the way is none of mine;
I disclaim the whole design;
Sin disclaims and I resign.

Saviour. That is all: if that I could
Get without repining;
And My clay, My creature, would
Follow My resigning;
That as I did freely part
With My glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart —

Man. Ah, no more! Thou break'st my heart!

G. Herbert

611. *Discipline*

THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away Thy wrath!

G. Herbert

612 *An Ecstasy*

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we joined; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and He was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my Belovèd's mine.

F. Quarles

613. *O Come Quickly*

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tirèd pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the Blessèd only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

T. Campion

614. *The White Island*

IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terror are our themes
Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity
Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

— There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of Hell an horror call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

R. Herrick

615. If I Could Shut the Gate Against My Thoughts

IF I could shut the gate against my thoughts
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
That I might not their clam'rous crying hear;
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress!

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
  Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,
And be the wall to separate my heart
  So that I may at length repose me free;
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
And I remain divided from my sin.

J. Daniel

616. *Praise and Prayer*

PRAISE is devotion fit for mighty minds,
  The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds:
  But Prayer in various discord upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
  Men steer their course, each to a several coast;
Where all our interests so discordant be
  That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

By Penitence when we ourselves forsake,
  'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In Praise we nobly give what God may take,
  And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

Sir W. Davenant

617. *The Collar*

I STRUCK the board and cried, No more;
  I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasure: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away: take heed,
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling '*Child!*'
And I replied '*My Lord!*'

G. Herbert

618. *The Flower*

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! Ev'n as the flowers in Spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring;
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss
This or that is;
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise where no flower can wither!
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at Heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline;
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only Light!
— It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

G. Herbert

619. *Guests*

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand.

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

'Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!'

Thus, if the king were coming, would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

Christ Church MS.

620. *In Time of Plague*

ADIEU! farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave:
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.

Come! come! the bells do cry:
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky:
I am sick, I must die —
Lord have mercy on us!

T. Nashe

621. *Most Glorious Lord of Life, That On This Day*

MOST glorious Lord of Life, that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,

Being with Thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
— Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

E. Spenser

622. *Christ Crucified*

THY restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont. What though
They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,
Yet will Thy hand still giving be;
It gives, but O, itself's the gift!
It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

R. Crashaw

623. *Easter Song*

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the East,
Though he give light and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
  Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
  There is but one, and that one ever.

G. Herbert

624. *Beyond*

O NO, Belov'd: I am most sure
  These virtuous habits we acquire
  As being with the soul entire
Must with it ever more endure.

Else should our souls in vain elect;
  And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
  When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
  These hands again thine hand enfold,
  And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain
  When bodies once this life forsake,
  Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And if ev'ry imperfect mind
  Make love the end of knowledge here,
  How perfect will our love be where
All imperfection is refined!

So when from hence we shall be gone,
  And be no more nor you nor I;
  As one another's mystery
Each shall be both, yet both but one.

Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury

625. *The New Jerusalem*

HIERUSALEM, my happy home,
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
  Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints!
  O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
  No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
  There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
  But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
  Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
  Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
  The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
  The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
  And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
  With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
  Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

Anon.

626. *Epigram*

Respice Finem

MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

F. Quarles

627. *What Doth It Serve to See Sun's Burning Face*

WHAT doth it serve to see Sun's burning face,
And skies enamelled with both Indies' gold?
Or moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold, —
The mountains' pride, the meadows' flowery grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs? —
For what doth serve all that this world contains? —
Sith she for whom those once to me were dear
No part of them can have now with me here!

W. Drummond

628. *Aspatia's Song*

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

J. Fletcher

629. *Ophelia's Song*

HOW should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

W. Shakespeare

630. *Valediction, Forbidding Mourning*

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls to go;
While some of their sad friends do say,
  Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
  No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
  To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
  Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidations of the spheres,
  Though greater far, are innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
  Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Absence; for that it doth remove
  Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refined,
  That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
  Careless, eyes, lips and hands to miss,

— Our two souls therefore, which are one,
  Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
  As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
  To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
  Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
  And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
  Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
  And makes me end where I begun.

J. Donne

631. *Death's Emissaries*

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
  Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind on every shore
  And your triumphs reach as far
    As night or day,
  Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
  Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
  Nor to these alone confined,

He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley

632. *Death the Leveller*

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley

633. *Death, Be Not Proud*

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

J. Donne

634. *Echo's Dirge for Narcissus*

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

B. Jonson

635. *A Lover's Dirge*

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

W. Shakespeare

636. *Robin Hood's Dirge*

WEEP, weep, ye woodmen, wail,
Your hands with sorrow wring;
Your master Robin Hood lies dead,
Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lies his primer and his beads,
His bent bow and his arrows keen,
His good sword and his holy cross:
Now cast on flowers fresh and green.

And, as they fall, shed tears and say
Well-a, well-a-day, well-a, well-a-day:
Thus cast ye flowers fresh and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way.

A. Munday and H. Chettle

637. *A Land Dirge*

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. Webster

638. *A Sea Dirge*

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, —
Ding-dong, bell!

W. Shakespeare

639. *The Shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi*

HARK! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And — the foul fiend more to check —
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.

J. Webster

640. *The Funeral*

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these reliques came.

As 'twas humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

J. Donne

641. *On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones!
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands:
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
'Though gods they were, as men they died!'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from ruin'd sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont

642. *The Phœnix and the Turtle*

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou giv'st and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence;
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, 'How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

W. Shakespeare

643. On the Death of Sir Philip Sidney

GIVE pardon, blessèd soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importunate, interrupt the song
Which now, with joyful notes, thou sing'st among

The angel-choristers of heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow eyes,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain;
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

H. Constable

644. *From 'Daphnaïda'*

An Elegy

SHE fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her branch fair blossoms forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong:
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

Yet fell she not as one enforc'd to die,
Ne died with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toil'd with travail down doth lie,
So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
And closed her eyes with careless quietness;
The whiles soft death away her spirit sent,
And soul assoyld from sinful fleshliness.

How happy was I when I saw her lead
The Shepherd's daughters dancing in a round!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grass, with rosy garland crown'd!
And when she list advance her heavenly voice,
Both Nymphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd
And flocks and shepherds causèd to rejoice.

But now, ye Shepherd lasses! who shall lead
Your wandering troops, or sing your virelays?
Or who shall dight your bow'rs, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy days?
Let now your bliss be turnèd into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

But I will walk this wandering pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the tears which fro' mine eyes do rain
My bed the ground that hardest I may find;
So will I wilfully increase my pain.

Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philomene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philomene, the partner of my plight.

And ever as I see the stars to fall,
And underground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair Star, (that shined on me so bright,)
Fell suddenly and faded underground;
Since whose departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus star is found.

And she, — my Love that was, my Saint that is, —
When she beholds from her celestial throne,
(In which she joyeth in eternal bliss)
My bitter penance, will my case bemoan,
And pity me that living thus do die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortal men, and rue their misery.

So when I have with sorrow satisfied
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me seek,
And th' heavens with long languor pacified,
She, for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
Will send for me: for which I daily long:
And will till then my painful penance eeke.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong!

E. Spenser

645. *To His Paternal Country*

O EARTH! earth! earth! hear thou my voice, and be
Loving, and gentle for to cover me;
Banish'd from thee I live: ne'er to return,
Unless thou giv'st my small remains an urn.

R. Herrick

646. *Three Epitaphs Upon the Death of a Rare Child of Six Years Old*

I

WIT'S perfection, Beauty's wonder,
Nature's pride, the Graces' treasure,
Virtue's hope, his friends' sole pleasure,
This small marble stone lies under;
Which is often moist with tears
For such loss in such young years.

II

Lovely boy! thou art not dead,
But from earth to heaven fled;
For base earth was far unfit
For thy beauty, grace, and wit.

III

Thou alive on earth, sweet boy
Hadst an angel's wit and face;
And now dead thou dost enjoy,
In high Heaven, an angel's place.

F. Davison

647. *Upon a Child That Died*

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

648. *Another*

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

R. Herrick

649. *Exequy on His Wife*

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy herse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.
Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee! Thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day. . . .
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (tho' overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past):
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear

Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is. . . .
  I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then,
And all that space my mirth adjourn —
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And putting off thy ashy shroud
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.
  But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world — like thine,
My little world! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.
  Meantime thou hast her, earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all

My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent —
Not gave — thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.
  Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in that tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee. . . .
  'Tis true — with shame and grief I yield —
Thou, like the van, first tookst the field;
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.
  The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear — forgive
The crime — I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

H. King

650. On a Virtuous Young Gentlewoman That Died Suddenly

SHE who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex,
  Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,
Accounted nothing death but t' be reprieved,
And died as free from sickness as she lived.
Others are dragged away, or must be driven,
She only saw her time and stept to Heaven;
Where seraphims view all her glories o'er,
As one returned that had been there before.
For while she did this lower world adorn,
Her body seemed rather assumed than born;
So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,
That body might have been another's soul;
And equally a miracle it were
That she could die, or that she could live here.

W. Cartwright

651. *Of His Dear Son, Gervase*

DEAR Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage:
Let his pure soul, ordained seven years to be
In that frail body which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

Sir J. Beaumont

652. *A Part of An Ode*

To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think — nay, know — thy *Morison's* not dead.

He leap'd the present age,
Possest with holy rage
To see that bright eternal Day
Of which we Priests and Poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men;
And there he lives with memory — and *Ben*

Jonson: who sung this of him, ere he went
Himself to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest
In this bright Asterism
Where it were friendship's schism —
Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry —
To separate these twy
Lights, the Dioscuri,
And keep the one half from his *Harry.*
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in Heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

And shine as you exalted are!
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union: and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out to advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime
Of rimes or riots at your feasts,
Orgies of drink or feign'd protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knit brave minds and manners more than blood.

This made you first to know the *Why*
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking, and approach so one the t'other
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stylèd by his end
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great surnames
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue — nothing perfect done
But as a *CARY* or a *MORISON*.

And such the force the fair example had
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind,
Where they might read and find
FRIENDSHIP indeed was written, not in words,
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rules were and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

B. Jonson

653. *On the Lady Mary Villiers*

THE Lady *Mary Villiers* lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.

If any of them, Reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee, as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case:
  For thou perhaps at thy return
  Mayst find thy Darling in an urn.

T. Carew

654. *Hero's Epitaph*

DONE to death by slanderous tongues
  Was the Hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

W. Shakespeare

655. *Epitaph*

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
  Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name: in after days,
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

W. Browne or B. Jonson

656. *Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.*

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other, let it sleep with death,
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

B. Jonson

657. *An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy*

A Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel

WEEP with me all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that so did thrive
  In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
  Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
  When Fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
  The stage's jewel;
And did act, (what now we moan)
  Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
  He played so truly.
So, by error to his fate,
  They all consented;
But, viewing him since, alas too late!
  They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
  In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
  Heaven vows to keep him.

B. Jonson

658. *Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife*

HE first deceased; she for a little tried
  To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Sir H. Wotton

659. *In Obitum M S, X. Maij*, 1614

MAY! Be thou never graced with birds that sing,
Nor Flora's pride!
In thee all flowers and roses spring,
Mine only died.

W. Browne

660. *The Widow*

HOW near me came the hand of Death,
When at my side he struck my Dear,
And took away the precious breath
What quicken'd my belovèd peer!
How helpless am I thereby made!
By day how grieved, by night how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
— Alas! how I am left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me, as they have been
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoy'd in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Lord! keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performèd be!

For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.

G. Wither

661. An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife

Who Died and Were Buried Together

'TO those whom death again did wed
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It would not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.'

R. Crashaw

662. *Troll the Bowl*

COLD'S the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here's, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

T. Dekker

663. *The Bonny Earl of Murray*

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands!
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the EARL OF MURRAY:
And hae laid him on the green!

Now wae be to thee, HUNTLEY!
And whairfore did ye sae?
I bade you, bring him wi' you:
But forbade you him to slay!

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny EARL OF MURRAY,
O, he might hae been a King!

He was a braw gallant,
  And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny EARL OF MURRAY
  Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
  And he played at the gluve!
And the bonny EARL OF MURRAY,
  O, he was the Queen's Luve!

O lang will his Lady
  Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the EARL OF MURRAY
  Come sounding through the town!

Anon.

664. *An Elegy of a Woman's Heart*

O FAITHLESS World! and thy more faithless part,
  A Woman's Heart!
The true Shop of Variety! where sits
  Nothing but fits
And fevers of Desire, and pangs of Love;
  Which toys remove!
Why was She born to please! or I, to trust
  Words writ in dust!
Suff'ring her eyes to govern my despair;
  My pain, for air!
And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
  The food of Youth!
Untrue She was: yet I believed her eyes,
  (Instructed spies!)

Till I was taught, that Love was but a School
To breed a Fool!
Or sought She more, by triumphs of denial,
To make a trial,
How far her smiles commanded my weakness!
Yield, and confess!
Excuse no more thy folly! but, for cure,
Blush, and endure
As well thy shame, as Passions that were vain!
And think, 'tis gain
To know, — That Love, lodged in a Woman's Breast,
Is but a guest!

Sir H. Wotton

665. *Comfort to a Youth That Had Lost His Love*

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?

In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In Earth.

She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears;

Nor does she mind
Or think on 't now
That ever thou
Wast kind;

But changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.

Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

R. Herrick

666. *Let No Bird Sing*

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
Be seen to couple with her love;
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But of great Thetis' train,
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,

As ye in trammels knit your locks,
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murdering winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he Arion-like
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sown,
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strove to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
For pity make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where every calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I'll tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

W. Browne

667. *Calantha's Dirge*

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please.
Outward senses, when the mind
Is troubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away;
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

J. Ford

668. *Luce's Dirge*

COME, you whose loves are dead,
And, whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;

Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

F. Beaumont

669. *Penthea's Dying Song*

OH no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies,
Now Love dies — implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

J. Ford

670. *An Elegy upon the Death of Doctor Donne*

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegy
To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
Though with unkneaded, dough-bak'd prose, thy dust;
Such as the unsizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,

Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
Have we nor tune, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
As burnt our Earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hearts distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach
As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd forever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic quire,
Which kindled first by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possest, or with Anacreon's ecstasy
Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd words; or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line

Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page;
Till verse, refined by thee, in this last age

Turn ballad-rhime, or those old idols be
Adorn'd again with new apostasy.

Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse
The reverent silence that attends thy hearse;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than these rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short-time retain a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And this too great to be express'd by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I on thy grave this epitaph incise:
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lies two flamens, and both those the best;
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

T. Carew

671. *The Soul's Errand*

GO, Soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant,
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the World the lie!

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice, only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Like nothing but commending:
    And if they make reply,
    Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
  Tell Flesh it is but dust:
    And wish them not reply,
    For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
  Tell Honour how it alters;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell Favour how it falters;
    And as they shall reply,
    Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
  Herself in overwiseness:
    And when they do reply,
    Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
  Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
  Tell Law it is contention:

And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
Tell Justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand so much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the City;
Tell how the Country erreth;
Tell Manhood shakes off pity;
Tell Virtue least preferrèth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,—
Yet stab at thee that will,
No stab my soul can kill!

Sir W. Raleigh

672. *No Trust in Time*

LOOK how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day!
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

W. Drummond

673. *To Time*

ETERNAL Time, that wasteth without waste!
That art, and art not! diest, and livest still;
Most slow of all; and yet of greatest haste;
Both ill and good; and neither good, nor ill;
How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise:
Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy days!

Both free and scarce, thou giv'st and tak'st again;
Thy womb, that all doth breed, is tomb to all;
Whatso by thee hath life, by thee is slain;
From thee, do all things rise: by thee they fall!

Constant, inconstant, moving, standing still;
Was, *Is*, *Shall Be*, do thee both breed and kill!

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out;
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt.
Was, *Is*, *I know:* but *Shall*, I cannot see.
All things by thee are measured; thou, by none:
All are in thee. Thou, in thyself alone!

A. W.

THE END.

Sonnet

Prefixed to His Majesty's Instructions to His Dearest Son, Henry the Prince

GOD gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on His Throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of your Heavenly King,
And from His Law make all your laws to spring,
Since His lieutenant here ye should remain:
Reward the just; be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane,
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty king divine.

King James I.

NOTES

PAGE 1, POEM No. 1 — *The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest.* This beautiful lyric under the simple title *Song* appeared in the first collected edition of Davenant's *Poems,* London, 1673.

PAGE 1, No. 2 — *Fly hence, shadows.* From *The Lover's Melancholy,* act v. sc. 1; acted 1628. Printed 1629.

PAGE 2, No. 3 — *Pack clouds, and away, and welcome day.* Sung by Valerino in act iv. sc. 6 of the *Rape of Lucrece,* presented about 1605. The play was first printed in 1608, and reprinted in *Dialogues and Dramas,* 1637.

"Thomas Heywood was by far the most voluminous of the dramatists of his age, and belonged to the class that wrote for bread and dealt with Henslowe. Besides his dramas, Heywood wrote many pageants and considerable prose of the pamphlet class. The loss of his *Lives of All the Poets,* if indeed it was ever published, is much to be deplored. Charles Lamb, in delight at Heywood's exquisite sense of pathos and delicate insight into the human heart, dubbed him 'a prose Shakespeare.' But even Heywood is not all prose, as this musical song is sufficient to attest." (Schelling: *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*)

Line 15, *Stare:* starling.

PAGE 3, No. 2 — *Sing to Apollo, god of day.* This song closes the Comedy of *Midas,* being sung at its first presentation before the "*Queenes Maiestie upon Twelfe Day at Night, by the Children of Paules.*" January 6, 1590. It did not appear in the first printed ed. of 1592, but was restored with six additional songs in the second ed. of the play by Edward Blunt in 1632.

PAGE 3, No. 5 — *Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.* From act ii. sc. 3 of *Cymbeline,* 1609. Line 7, *Bin:* is.

PAGE 3, No. 6 — *Corydon, arise, my Corydon!* From *England's Helicon,* 1600, where it bears the signature "Ignoto." Like most of the pieces thus signed it has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, "without," says Mr. Bullen, "the slightest reason." Line 28, *Say:* from *soie,* silk.

PAGE 6, No. 7 — *Phœbus, arise.* The text here followed is that of the Maitland Club reprint (1832) of the last edition (1616) of the poems published during Drummond's life. Line 4, *Rouse Memnon's mother:* Awaken the dawn from the dark earth and the clouds

when she is resting. This is one of that limited class of early myths which may be reasonably interpreted as representations of natural phenomena. Aurora in the old mythology is the mother of Memnon (the east) and wife of Tithonus (the appearances of Earth and Sky during the last hours of Night). She leaves him every morning in renewed youth, to prepare the way for Phœbus (the sun), whilst Tithonus remains in perpetual old age and grayness. (F. T. Palgrave: *Golden Treasury.*) Line 5, *Carriere:* course. Line 27, *By Penèus' streams:* Phœbus met his love Daphne, daughter of the river-god, by the river Penèus, in the vale of Tempe. Line 30, *When two thou did to Rome appear:* Cf. Livy xxviii. 11 (of the Second Punic War, B. C. 206. "*In civitate tanto discrimine belli sollicita . . . multa prodigia nuntiabantur . . . et Albæ duos soles visos referebant.*" A like phenomenon is mentioned again in xxxix. 14. B. C. 204). Cf. also Pliny, *Natural History,* II. 31; thus translated by Philemon Holland: "Over and besides, many sunnes are seen at once, neither above nor beneath the bodie of the true sunne indeed, but crosswise and overthwart; never neere, nor directly against the earthe, neither in the night season, but when the sunne either riseth or setteth. Once they are reported to have been seene at noone day in Bosphorus and continued from morne to even." (This from Aristotle, *Meteor.,* III. 2. 6.) "Three sunnes together our Auncitors in old time have often beheld, as namely when Sp. Posthumius and Q. Mutius, Q. Martius with M. Porcius, M. Antonius with P. Dolabella, and Mar. Lepidus with L. Plancus, were consuls. Yea and we in our daies have seen the like, in the time of Cl. Cæsar of famous memorie, his Consulship, together with Cornelius Orsitus, his colleague. More than three we never to this day find to have been seene together." Drummond's reference is perhaps to the famous instance italicized. (A. T. Quiller-Couch, *The Golden Pomp.*) Line 37, *Purple ports of death:* (*ports:* gates). Drummond elsewhere speaks of lips as "coral ports of bliss," and the "double port of love." Line 42, *Night like a drunkard reels:* Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 3:

> And flecked darkness *like a drunkard reels*
> From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Line 45, *The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:* Mr. Palgrave in *The Golden Treasury* for the last three lines follows the variant which reads:

> The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue
> Here is the pleasant place —
> And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

Mr. Quiller-Couch in *The Golden Pomp* follows Mr. Palgrave's example, and expresses his opinion that the ending in the 1616 text "seems comparatively weak." I note, however, that in his later published *Oxford Book of English Verse* he restores the original ending of the text as it is printed here.

PAGE 7, No. 8 — *On a fair morning, as I came by the way.* From Thomas Morley's *Madrigals to Four Voices,* 1600.

PAGE 9, No. 10 — *Hey! now the day dawis.* "This lovely poem," says Crantoun, "is one of the happiest efforts of Montgomerie's

Muse, and shows his lyric genius at its best. It is perhaps the oldest set of words extant, to the air, '*Hey tuttie taittie*' — the war-note sounded for the Bruce on the field of Bannockburn and familiarized to every one by Burns's '*Scots wha hae.*' From allusions to the tune, Dunbar and other poets prior to Montgomerie, we conclude that it enjoyed a rare popularity. Gavin Douglas bears testimony to the favour in which it was held by the 'menstralis' of his day in the following lines of '*The Prologu of the Threttene Buik of Eneados:*'

> The dewy grene, pulderit with daseis gay,
> Schew on the sward a cullout dapill gray;
> The mysty vapouris springand up full sweit,
> Waist confortabill to glaid all mannis spreit;
> Tharto, thir byrdis singis in the schawis,
> As menstrallis playing, *The joly day now dawis.*"

Line 13, *The turtle that true is.* Compare, "*As doth the turtle for her make,*" in Montgomerie's poem *He Bids Adieu to His Mistress.* The turtle-dove became celebrated for the constancy of its affection. Indeed, the "billing and cooing" of the pigeon has passed into a proverb. Compare Catullus:

> Nec tantum niveo gavisa est ulla columbo
> Compar.
> — Carm. lxviii., 125, 126.

Propertius:

> Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in amore columbæ
> Masculus et totum femina conjugium.
> Errat qui finem vesani quærit amoris:
> Verus amor nullum novit habere modum.
> — Eleg. II. xv. 27-30.

And Martial:

> Basia me capiunt blandas imitata columbas.
> — Epigr. Bk. xi. civ. 9.

> Amplexa collum basioque tam longo
> Blandita, quam sunt nuptiæ columbarum.
> — Epigr. Bk. xii. lxv. 7.

Line 36, *Fone:* foes. The form is also found as singular. See Roland's *Court of Venus:*

> Fra that they knew that he wa Venus *fone.*
> — Bk. ii. l. 331.

Page 11, No. 11 — *What bird so sings, yet so does wail.* From *Alexander and Campaspe,* act v. sc. 1, first produced at the Court New Year's Eve or Day of Christmas, 1581-2. Line 5, *Brave prick-song.* "The nightingale's song, being full of rich variety, is often termed prick-song by old writers. So they speak of the cuckoo's plain-song." (Bullen.) "Harmony written or pricked down in opposition to plain-song, where descant rested with the will of the singer." (Chappell.) Line 7, *Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings.* The comparison has been made of this line to the opening words of Shakespeare's song in *Cymbeline,* ii. 3. 21. (See p. 3, No. 5.)

"A different, but inferior and I think later version of Lyly's song altering the fourth line and also substituting the sparrow for

the robin is given, with *Cupid and My Campaspe,* but without source or author specified in Thomas Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs,* 1827." (R. Warwick Bond.)

PAGE 11, No. 12 — *Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King.* From *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* 1600. Line 5, *The palm and May,* etc. See note to Herrick's *Corinna's Maying* (p. 24, No. *28*) for this old custom of May Day.

PAGE 11, No. 13 — *Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty King.* From the *Amoretti,* 1595, Sonnet lxx. (See note to No. *352.*)

PAGE 12, No. 14 — *The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings.* Line 1, *Soote:* sweet. Line 10, *Smale:* small. Line 11, *Mings:* mingles.

PAGE 13, No. 15 — *Full many a glorious morning have I seen.* Sonnet xxxiii. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Line 6, *Rack:* vapours. Malone here explains *rack* to be the fleeting motion of the clouds: it more properly means the clouds themselves moving before the wind. Cf. Kipling in *The Bell Buoy:*

> When the smoking scud is blown
> And the greasy wind-*rack* lowers.

PAGE 14, No. 16 — *Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew.* In Dr. Grosart's ed. of Daniel's *Works,* this sonnet is numbered l., though in earlier editions it is assigned xlvii. in *Delia,* 1592. The date of publication of these sonnets one year after those of Sidney's, classes their author with the latter poet as a pioneer in the experiment of a literary fashion which shares with the drama the glories of the Age that left them unexcelled. Line 2, *Refresh:* refreshing. Line 5, *Flourish:* flourishing, *i. e.* to blossom. Line 11, *And that, in Beauty's Lease:* In the ed. of 1594 appears a later version of these concluding lines:

> When time has made a passport of thy fears,
> Dated in Age, the Kalends of our death,
> But ah! no more! This hath been often told,
> And women grieve to think they must grow old.

PAGE 14, No. 17 — *When daffodils begin to peer.* Autolycus' song in *The Winter's Tale,* 1611; act iv. sc. 3. In the text of the play an interjected sentence and two more stanzas follow the three verses here given:

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile [velvet]; but now I am out of service:

> But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
> The pale moon shines by night:
> And when I wander here and there,
> I then do most go right.

> If tinkers may have leave to live,
> And bear the sow-skin budget,
> Then my account I well may give,
> And in the stocks avouch it.

Line 2, *Doxy:* a loose wench. Line 7, *pugging:* thieving, from the old word *"puggard,"* a thief.

PAGE 15, No. 18 — *Fair is my love for April's in her face.* From *Perimedes the Blacksmith,* 1588. In Morley's *First Book of Madrigals* (1594) there is a madrigal with the stanza:

> April is in my mistress' face,
> And July in her eyes hath place;
> Within her bosom is September,
> But in her heart a cold December.

Oliphant surmises, in the *Musa Madrigalesca,* p. 74, that both are translated from a foreign original. Lines 17, 18, *My harvest in the grass bears grain,* and, *The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain,* are proverbs. Compare the opening lines of Greene's *Doralicia's Ditty:*

> In time we see that silver drops
> The craggy stones make soft, etc.

and also the stanza in a poem to which Prof. Schelling calls attention, signed "M. T.," published in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises,* beginning:

> The sturdy rock for all his strength,
> By raging seas is rent in twain;
> The marble stone is pierced, at length,
> With little drops of drizzling rain.

PAGE 16, No. 19 — *O if thou knew'st how there thyself dost harm.* Sonnet xxxiii. in *Aurora,* from the first collected Ed. of Stirling *Poems,* Glasgow, 1870.

PAGE 16, No. 20 — *O happy Tithon! if thou know'st thy hap.* Song ix., in *Aurora, Poems,* 1870. Six stanzas have been omitted. Line 4, *Leman:* from French *l'aimant,* a sweetheart.

PAGE 18, No. 22 — *Ask me why I send you here.* This song has been attributed to both Carew and Herrick, but is claimed unreservedly for Herrick in Grosart's, Palgrave's, and Pollard's editions of the poet. Quiller-Couch in his *Golden Pomp* says, "I have used Carew's text which appears to me superior;" but on examining the same editor's *"Oxford Book of English Verse"* there is discovered his use of the accepted text from the *Hesperides,* 1648, which seems to leave no doubt as to his final opinion of the authorship. I append the reading of the first stanza of Carew's text, in which the variants are mostly contained:

> Ask me why I send you here
> This firstling of the infant year?
> Ask me why I send to you
> This Primrose, all bepearl'd with dew?
> I straight whisper to your ears:
> The sweets of love are washed with tears.

PAGE 19, No. 24 — *It fell upon a holly eve.* From *The Shepherd's Calender: August* (1579). "Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his love, to whom Willy answereth every under verse." (E. K.'s

Glosse upon the *Calendar.*) In the original edition the names of Perigot and Willy were printed alternately throughout the poem. Line 8, *Spill:* perish. Line 9, *Bellibone: Belle et bonne,* a compound, the reverse of the more usual Bonibell of the next verse (Schelling). Line 15, *Saye:* skirt of coarse material. Line 14, *Gray is greete:* gray denotes weeping or mourning. Line 23, *Wood:* mad. Line 27, *Rovde:* Took a glance or roving shot at; cf. "*At marks full forty score they used to prick and rove,*" Drayton's *Polyolbion,* Song xxvi. Line 35, *Lightsome levin:* brilliant lightning. Line 43, *Gryde:* pierced. Line 45, *Raunch:* wrench. Line 55, *Thilk:* the ilk, *i. e.,* the same. Line 56, *You may bye gold:* a proverb. Line 61, *Gracelesse griefe:* a grief that comes from not obtaining her grace or favour. Line 67, *Priefe:* proof.

Page 21, No. 25 — *On a day — alack the day.* From *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iv. sc. 3. This sonnet of Dumain's was also published in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599, and *England's Helicon,* 1600. Line 3, *Passing fair:* Fairholt calls attention to the use of this phrase in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao,* 1584; "*I fear me, fair be a word too foul for a face so passing fair,*" act ii. sc. 1. Line 6, *'Gan passage find:* in Dr. Furness' *Variorum ed. of Shakespeare* the reading is "*can* passage find." The early English poets used *can* for *'gan* or *began.* "*Gan,*" says Dr. Furness, "is surely out of place in the present line." (Ibid., vol. xiv., p. 171.)

Page 23, No. 27 — *Little think'st thou, poor flower.* Line 18, *Wilt:* Ed. of 1669, reads *Will.*

Page 24, No. 28 — *Get up, get up for shame!* Line 2, *The god unshorn:* Apollo. Line 4, *Fresh-quilted colours through the air:* Dr. Grosart points out the similarity of this figure with Milton's "*tissued clouds*" in the *Nativity,* line 146. Line 28, *Beads:* prayers. Line 32, "*Devotion gives each house a bough,*" etc. It is an ancient custom in Devon and Cornwall to deck the porches of houses with boughs of sycamore on a May-day. For a full account of the May-day customs alluded to in this poem see *Brand's Popular Antiquities,* vol. i., p. 212. The last stanza is in the same spirit with Catullus' Fifth *Carmen.*

Page 27, No. 29 — *This day Dame Nature seemed in love.* "This piece," says Dr. Hannah, in his edition of the *Poems* of Sir Henry Wotton, "is inserted in Walton's *Angler* (pp. 60, 61, ed. 1655), with some introductory remarks which I shall quote at some length. 'My next and last example shall be that under-valuer of money, the late Provost of *Eton Colledg,* Sir Henry *Wotton,* (a man with whom I have often fished and convers'd), a man whose foraign Imployments in the service of this *Nation,* and whose *experience, learning, wit,* and *cheerfulnesse* made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, — whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest Censurer of it, — this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the Art of Angling; of which he would say, *'Twas an Imployment for his idle time, which was (then) not idly spent;* for angling was, after tedious Study, *A rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a devotion of sadnesse, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentednesse;* and, *that it begot habits of* peace *and* patience *in those that profest*

and practis'd it. — Sir, this was the saying of that Learned man; and I do easily believe that *peace* and *patience,* and a calme *content* did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir *Henry Wotton,* because I know, that when hee was beyond seventy yeares of age, hee made this discription of a part of the present pleasure that possest him, as he sate quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing; it is a description of the Spring, which, because it glides as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that River does now by which it was then made, I shall repeat unto you.' "

There are three extant texts of the poem: i., as in the Complete Angler; ii., MS. Rawl. poet. 147, p. 47; iii., Archbishop Sancroft's MS. Tam. 465, fol. 61 vâ. The title given is "On the Spring," in both MSS., and signed Sr. H. Wotton. The text here followed is collated from the various readings. Line 7, *There stood my friend:* Dr. Hannah says, "the biographers of Izaak are doubtless right in treating this as a reference to him. Zouch, p. xiii, ed. 1796. Nicholas, pp. xxxv, 79."

Page 28, No. 30 — *In the merry month of May.* This song was first given in the *Honourable Entertainment Given to the Queen's Majesty in Progress at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Hertford in 1591.* It was then entitled *The Ploughman's Song,* but when published in *England's Helicon,* 1600, it was called *Phillida and Corydon,* which was retained by Dr. Grosart in his ed. of Breton. The text here used is the reading of the *Cosens MS.* In Prof. Schelling's *Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* the following couplet is included, beginning line 3:

With a troop of damsels playing
Forth the wood, forsooth a-Maying.

Page 29, No. 31 — *Sister, awake! close not your eyes!* From Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals,* 1604.

Page 29, No. 32 — *See where my Love a Maying goes.* From Francis Pilkington's *First Set of Madrigals,* 1614.

Page 30, No. 33 — *Is not thilke the merry month of May.* From the *Shepherd's Calendar: May:* sung by Palinode and Piers. Mr. Quiller-Couch, in his *Golden Pomp,* says: "This is one of the few instances in which I have ventured to make a short extract from a long poem and present it as a separate lyric." Mr. Couch's action has proved so successful for his purpose I have followed his example here.

Page 31, No. 35 — *Now the lusty spring,* etc. From Fletcher's *Tragedy of Valentinian,* produced 1618-19.

Page 33, No. 37 — *London, to thee I do present.* From *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* played 1610-11; printed 1613. Line 56, *Hey for our town!* On May-day it was the custom for one village to contend with another in dancing matches. "*Hey for our town*" was the cry raised on such occasions. Cf. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books,* ed. 1887, p. 68:

Then all at once for our town cries!
Pipe on, for we will have the prize.

Line 59, *To Hogsdon or to Newington:* Hogsdon and Newington were favourite resorts of pleasure-seekers, particularly 'prentices and their sweethearts. They were noted for cakes and cream:

> For Hodgsdon, Islington, and Tot'nam Court
> For cakes and cream had then no small resort.

PAGE 35, No. 38 — *Now each creature joys the other.* Printed in the first authorized ed. of *Delia,* 1592. I quote Prof. Schelling's comment (*Book of Elizabethan Lyrics,* p. 235), from his note to this *Ode:* "Lowell instances 'well-languaged Daniel,' as he was called by William Browne, to show 'that the artistic value of choice and noble diction was quite as well understood in his day as in ours.' He adds of Daniel: 'His poetic style is mainly as modern as that of Tennyson.' *Shakespeare Once More, Prose Works,* III., ii., and *ibid.,* IV., 280." Line 11, *Bereaven:* taken away by violence, a by-form of bereaved formed on the analogy of strong verbs. (Schelling.) Line 23, *One bird reports:* "Samuel Daniel . . . has beautifully applied the word *report* — which was a technical term to denote this answering and echoing of voices in a madrigal — to the piping of birds in the woods." (Sidney Lanier, *Shakespeare and His Forerunners,* vol. II., p. 45.)

PAGE 36, No. 39 — *Under the greenwood-tree.* From act ii. sc. 5 of *As You Like It.* Line 3, *And turn his merry note:* There has been much controversy among Shakespearian editors over the reading of *turn* instead of *tune* in this one of the best of the great poet's lyrics. Malone supports *tune,* citing *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act v. sc. 4, "*And to the nightingale's complaining note tune my distresses.*" "*To turn a tune or note,*" says Steevens, "is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians," and White corroborates him from observation in the counties of York and Durham, where he says the phrase is appropriate and familiar. "To '*turn a note*' means only to '*change a note;*' compare *Locrine,* 1595: 'When he sees that needs he must be prest, Heele *turne his note* and sing another tune.' Wright, after quoting this last note of Dyce's, adds: 'Even granting this, there appears to be no absolute necessity for change in the present passage, for *turn his merry note* may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet bird's song, following its changes.'" (Furness, *Variorum ed. Shak.,* vol. viii., p. 94.) Line 10, *And loves to live i' the sun:* to "*live i' the sun,*" is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phœbus," or *vitam agere sub dio;* for by *lying* in the sun how could they get the food they eat? (Tollet.) Line 21, *Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: duc ad me,* that is, *bring him to me.* (Hanmer.) "If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with a '*Greek invocation.*' It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler says, 'One for *sense,* and one for *rhyme.*' Indeed, we must have a *double rhyme,* or the stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read, *Ducdamè, Ducdamè,* Here he shall see Gross fools as he, An' if he will come to *Ami.* That is, to Amiens. (*Ami — me.* B.) Jacques did not mean to ridicule himself." (Farmer.) "I have recently met with a passage in an uncollated MS. of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that *Ducdamè* is the burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of Jacques. The passage is as follows: 'Thomee Set ther some, And *sunge* at the

ale, And helpen to erye that half akre with *Dusadam-me-me.' — MS.* Rawl. Poet, 137, f. 6. To show that this is evidently intended for the burden of a song, we need only compare it with the corresponding passage in the printed edition: 'And holpen ere this half acre with *How, trolly lolly.' Piers Ploughman,* ed. Wright, p. 124. Making allowances for two centuries which elapsed between the appearance of *Piers Ploughman* and *As You Like It,* is there too great a difference between *Dusadam-me-me* and *Duc-da-me* to warrant my belief that the latter is a legitimate descendant of the more ancient refrain? At all events, it must be borne in mind that the commentators have not produced any old word equally near it in their dissertations on its meaning." (Halliwell, in Shakespeare Society Papers, 1844, vol. i., p. 109.) For these opinions I am indebted to Dr. Furness, *Variorum Shakespeare,* vol. viii., pp. 97-98.

PAGE 37, No. 40 — *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.* Printed in *Witt's Recreation,* 1650. Set to music by William Lawes in *Playford's Second Book of Ayres,* 1652. Like many other poets of the period, Herrick's opening lines are taken direct from Ausonius, 361, lines 49, 50:

> Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes,
> Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.

and again —

> Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum.

PAGE 38, No. 41 — *As it fell upon a day.* From *Poems: In Divers Humours,* 1598. Perhaps no poet of this great period is considered with so regretful a recollection as the author of this immortal lyric. "Our first-born Keats," Mr. Swinburne names him, which Prof. Schelling explains as "probably in allusion to his proficiency in the heptasyllabic trochaics of this poem, a favorite measure with Keats." There is something I think more internal and personal than the mere technique of his verses which makes him the literary father of Crashaw, and literary grandfather of Keats; for there are, perhaps, no three English poets, who, in a certain intense personal quality, clothed in the rich garments of an abundant vocabulary, soared so high in the same realms of melodious diction as these three. A longer version was included in the *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music,* appended to *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599. A collection, made by the piratical publisher, William Jaggard, of some genuine sonnets, etc., by Shakespeare, and other writers, all credited, by the title page, to Shakespeare. The present poem was "conveyed" with *Poems in Divers Humours* and appended to *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia: or the Praise of Money,* the last book of verses written by Barnfield. Line 14, *Tereu, Tereu:* for the meaning of this cry see the note to Sidney's *The Nightingale* (No. 79). Line 23, *Pandion:* Philomela's father.

PAGE 40, No. 43 — *Thus, thus begin the yearly rites.* This is the opening hymn in the Masque, *Pan's Anniversary: or, The Shepherd's Holyday.* The date and place of performance are uncertain. Mr. Fleay suggests it was written for King James' birthday, June 19. In the *Folio* of 1640 the month is not dated,

but the year assigned is 1625; on March 27 of which year James died. In 1623 he kept his birthday at Greenwich or at Wansted; in 1624, at Wansted.

PAGE 41, No. 44 — *My Phyllis hath the morning sun.* This is sonnet xv., in *Phyllis: Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies and Amourous Delights,* 1593. I shall quote here Prof. Schelling's note on this poem, which is full of interest: "This poem has been assigned to Sir Edward Dyer with a steady perversity which is surprising. Ward prints it as Dyer's (*Engl. Poets,* I., 378), and Mr. Andrew Lang more recently says: 'The young English Muse is like Sir Edward Dyer's *Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess,*' quoting the first four lines of this poem immediately after. (*Introduction to Elizabethan Songs in Honour of Love and Beauty,* 1893, p. xxx.) The mistake has arisen from the fact that when this poem was reprinted in *England's Helicon,* seven years after its appearance *in Phyllis Honered with Pastoral Sonnets,* the initials "S. E. D." were ignorantly subscribed to it. The poem is in the best style of Lodge, and it may be suspected that not a little of the reputation of Sir Edward has depended upon this mistake." (*Book of Elizabethan Lyrics,* p. 238.) "*Dead one:* Not an unusual verb in this age; cf. *And in my tears doth firm the same*" (p. 79, No. 85), and Chapman, *Ody.* xviii.: "*With many an ill hath numbed and deaded me.*" (Schelling.)

PAGE 42, No. 45 — *Cast our caps and cares away.* From *Beggars' Bush,* act ii. sc. 1, 1622. This song is the key-note of exuberant outlawry and adventure to which the play holds.

PAGE 43, No. 46 — *Tell me where is Fancy bred.* From the *Merchant of Venice,* 1594, act iii. sc. 2. Compare the following in the *Euphues,* 1580, of Lyly: "For as by Basill the Scorpion is engendred, and by means of the same pest destroyed: so love, which by time and fancy is bred in an idle head, is by time and fancie banished from the heart: or as the Salamander which being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quencheth it, so affection, having taking hold of the fancie, and living as it were in the mind of the lover, in tract of time altereth and changeth the heat, and turneth it to chilliness."

PAGE 43, No. 47 — *God Lyæus, ever young.* From *The Tragedy of Valentinian,* act. v. sc. 8, acted about 1616; printed 1647. *Lyæus,* an epithet of Bacchus.

PAGE 44, No. 48 — *Tell me, dearest, what is love?* From *The Captain,* 1647, act ii. sc. 2. This lyrical dialogue, with its refrain for both voices, has been adapted from the less beautiful form in act iii., of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* 1613.

PAGE 44, No. 49 — *Never love unless you can.* From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617.

PAGE 45, No. 50 — *Ye bubbling springs that gentle music makes.* From Thomas Greaves's *Songs of Sundry Kinds,* 1604.

PAGE 46, No. 51 — *There is a garden in her face.* From Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs,* 1617. Also set to music in Alison's *Hour's Recreation in Music,* 1606, and Robert Jones's *Ultimum*

Vale, 1608. "Cherry Ripe" was a popular street cry of the age. Compare Herrick's poem of the same title, and Jonson's *The New Cry.* Mr. Erskine, in his study of *The Elizabethan Lyric* (2d. ed., 1905), says of this poem: "The unity of the poem is secured by the refrain describing her lips — 'cherry ripe.' Each stanza pictures some feature of the lady's beauty, but always in relation to her lips. In some respects the song represents the highest skill of the madrigal writers; its theme is extremely slight, but its effect is one of richness without superfluity and of sweetness without lack of force."

PAGE 46, No. 52 — *Come live with me and be my Love.* This charming song was originally printed (with the exception of the fourth and sixth stanzas) in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599, a Miscellany of poems written by different persons, although fraudulently ascribed on the title-page to Shakespeare. In the following year, 1600, the song as it is here given, appeared under Marlowe's name in *England's Helicon.* In 1653, Isaak Walton reprinted it, with an additional stanza not given here, in the second edition of the *Complete Angler.* "Few compositions of this kind," says Bell, "have enjoyed a wider or more enduring popularity, or suggested more remarkable imitations. The music to which it was sung was discovered by Sir John Hawkins in a *MS.* of the age of Elizabeth, and will be found in Boswell's edition of *Malone's Shakespeare,* and in Chappell's collection of *National English Airs.* Numerous ballads and songs were composed to the air of '*Come live with me and be my Love,*' and there is some ground for believing that Marlowe's words had displaced a still earlier song, '*Adieu, my dear*' to the same tune. (See Chappell's *National Songs,* ii., 139.) Shakespeare quotes *The Passionate Pilgrim* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* act iii. sc. 1, and Raleigh, Herrick, and Donne have either written answers to it, or constructed poems on the plan of which it may be regarded as the model. Sir John Hawkins, who considers the song to be 'a beautiful one,' nevertheless objects to the want of truthfulness in its pastoral images. '*Buckles of gold,*' he observes, '*coral clasps* and *amber studs, silver dishes* and *ivory tables* are luxurious, and consist not with parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.' This criticism would be more just if it were not quite so literal. Allowance should be made for the fanciful treatment of the subject; nor is it at all certain that the *silver dishes* and *ivory tables,* which carry the luxuries of the shepherd's life to the excess of inconsistency, are really chargeable to Marlowe. The rest of the poem breathes the pure air of the country, even to the *coral clasps* and *amber studs,* which Sir John Hawkins takes to be veritable jewelry, but which, being found in association with a *girdle of straw* and *ivy buds,* were apparently intended to typify the blossoms of flowers. For a passage in one of the plays attributed to Marlowe, closely resembling the stanza objected to by Hawkins, see Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens,* i., 18."

PAGE 47, No. 53 — *If all the world and Love were young.* This *Reply* to Marlowe's ditty appeared in *England's Helicon,* 1600, signed "Ignoto," and the evidence that Raleigh wrote it is contained in a famous passage in the *Complete Angler:* "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any

fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." In the second edition of the *Angler* Walton inserted — probably from a broad-sheet — an extra penultimate stanza in both *Song* and *Reply*.

PAGE 48, No. 54 — *Ye little birds that sit and sing.* From *The Fair Maid of the Exchange,* 1607. The authorship of this play is unknown. In Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp* he attributes it to Heywood, without question, though the consensus of critical opinion is against the claim. Mr. Fleay has alternately claimed it for Lewis Machin and Jervais Markham. (*Biographical Chronicle of The English Drama,* II., 219, 329.)

PAGE 50, No. 55 — *A blithe and bonny country lass.* From *Rosalind,* 1590. "About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid there a fit of mirth to which he sung this pleasant song: *A blithe,*" etc.

PAGE 51, No. 56 — *My true-love hath my heart,* etc. This ditty first appeared in Puttenham's *Art of English Poetry,* 1589, to illustrate the *Epimone, or the love burden.* The following year it was inserted in the *Arcadia,* with the six additional lines quoted below:

His heart his wound received from my sight,
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart:
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true-love hath my heart and I have his.

In this sonnet form the refrain is transferred to the close. Dr. Grosart, in his *Introduction* to the *Shepherd's Calendar,* in his ed. of Spenser's *Works,* vol. iv., p. xxxvi., says of this ditty: "Outside the magical circle of Shakespeare, I cannot find the truth and tenderness of this song anywhere equalled among our Elizabethan amourists."

PAGE 52, No. 57 — *Faint Amorist, what! dost thou think.* Dr. Grosart, in his ed. of Sidney's *Complete Poems,* vol. II., in a note to the Third Division, p. 26, says: "I give the heading of *Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton* (pansies for thoughts — *Hamlet,* iv. 5) to such of the *Verse* of Sidney's as has not been hitherto brought under the other divisions, etc." The sixth in this division is *Wooing-Stuffe,* which he states is from *MS. Cottoni Posthuma,* p. 327.

PAGE 53, No. 58 — *Fain to content, I bend myself to write.* From the *Phœnix' Nest,* 1593.

PAGE 54, No. 59 — *In time of yore when shepherds dwelt.* This poem was copied from the *Cosens MS.* by Dr. Grosart, and printed in his ed. of Breton, in *Chertsey Worthies' Library,* on p. 19, of *Daffodils and Primroses.* As the *MS.* contains poems on the death

of Sidney, it is surmised that the date of writing must be shortly after 1586. Mr. Bullen quotes this poem in the *Introduction* to his *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances,* and says: "There can be no harm in quoting here one little poem, a description of love-making in the happy days of pastoral simplicity, when girls did not look for costly presents (rings, chains, etc.) from their lovers, but were content with a row of pins or an empty purse, — the days when truth was on every shepherd's tongue and maids had not learned to dissemble. Whether there was ever such a time, since our first parents were driven out of Paradise, we need not stop to enquire. The old poets loved to talk about it." Line 6, *Sweetinge:* sweet one. Line 19, *Sunny beam:* Prof. Schelling thinks that here the text is apparently corrupt.

PAGE 56, No. 60 — *Turn all thy thoughts to eyes.* From Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs,* 1617.

PAGE 57, No. 62 — *If I freely can discover.* From Jonson's *The Poetaster,* 1601. Bell, in his *Songs of the Dramatists,* p. 113, suggests the germ of this song to be in the following quotation from Martial's *Epigrams,* i., 58:

> Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puellam?
> Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemque nimis.
> Illud, quod medium est, atque inter utrumque, probamus.
> Nec volo, quod cruciat; nec volo, quod satiat.

Line 11, *She should be allowed her passions:* "Professor Winchester reminds me of the wonderful realization of the ideal of this stanza by Shakespeare in the 'infinite variety' of his *Cleopatra.*" (Prof. Schelling in *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*) Line 13, *Froward:* in sense of wilful. Line 19, *Delicates:* charms.

PAGE 58, No. 63 — *Maid, will you love me, yea or no?* From *A handful of Pleasant Delights,* a miscellany edited by Clement Robinson in 1584. The full title given in the *Miscellany* is: *A Proper Wooing-Song, intituled, Maid, will ye love me, yea or no?* to the tune of *The Merchant's Daughter went over the Field.* I have followed Mr. Quiller-Couch's text and omitted the four concluding stanzas.

PAGE 59, No. 64 — *Love in my bosom, like a bee.* From *Rosalind,* 1590. "A charming picture in the purest style of the later Italian Renaissance." (Palgrave, in *The Golden Treasury,* First Series.) Line 34, *I like of thee:* I am pleased with thee. Compare: "You have been bolder in my house than I could well like of." — Middleton, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside,* Bullen's Ed., vol. v.

PAGE 60, No. 65 — *Shall I tell you whom I love?* From *Britannia's Pastorals,* Bk. ii., song 2, lines 193-222. "That this charming song was rightly appreciated as it circulated in MS. among the poet's friends is clear from allusions to it by John Olney in his verses prefixed to Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe,* 1614. It has been set to music by Dr. S. S. Wesley." (Gordon Goodwin.)

PAGE 61, No. 66 — *It was a lover and his lass.* From *As You Like It,* 1600, act v. sc. 3.

NOTES

PAGE 62, No. 67 — *Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain.* From Drayton's *Pastorals,* the *Ninth Eclogue.* The roundelay is a dialogue between two shepherds, Motto and Perkin; the first speaking in the Roman letters and the second in Italics. In earlier editions the last line of the sixth stanza reads, *To crown thy Syl.:* Sylvia, in whose praise the song is made.

PAGE 63, No. 68 — *"Hey, down a down!" did Dian sing.* From *England's Helicon,* 1600, where it was signed "Ignoto."

PAGE 64, No. 69 — *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?* From *Twelfth Night,* 1601, act ii. sc. 3. Chappell (l. 209) says this song was printed in both editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons,* 1599 and 1611. It also appeared in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book,* 1603, arranged by William Byrd. On this assumption Dyce says: "As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song introduced into the play." Line 11, *Sweet-and-twenty:* a phrase of endearment. For commentaries of this phrase see Dr. Furness' *Variorum Ed. Shakespeare,* vol. xiii., pp. 114-15-16.

PAGE 65, No. 70 — *Brown is my love but graceful.* From the *Second Book of Musica Transalpina,* 1597. Prof. Schelling says: "The titles of Yonge's two collections show that the words as well as the music were originally Italian."

PAGE 66, No. 72 — *O that joy so soon should waste.* From *Cynthia's Revels,* 1601.

PAGE 67, No. 74 — *Faustina hath the fairer face.* From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602.

PAGE 67, No. 75 — *Fair and fair, and twice so fair.* From *The Arraignment of Paris,* 1584, act i. sc. 2. I think the context in which this ditty is set so full of beauty, I quote it:

Paris. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning wit compares with thine.
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.
Œnone. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it Cupid's Curse,
"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse."
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.
Par. No better thing; begin it then: Œnone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.
They sing; and while Œnone singeth, he pipeth. — Fair and fair, etc.

This old and passionate ditty — the very flower of an old forgotten pastoral — which, had it been in all parts equal, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher had been but a second name, in this sort of writing. — (Charles Lamb.)

PAGE 68, No. 76 — *On a hill there grows a flower.* This poem of Breton's was first printed in *England's Helicon,* 1600. The original is with the *Cosens MS.,* which varies slightly in the spelling

and contains one additional closing stanza, "which certainly rounds the poem well." (Grosart.) It reads:

Make him live that dying long
Never durst for comfort seek;
Thou shalt hear so sweet a song
Never shepherd sang the like.

"A stronger and finer piece of work than any known to be his," is Mr. Palgrave's opinion of this poem, and Prof. Schelling's statement that "the charming particularity of these two stanzas (first and second) as to trifles might teach the lesser pre-Raphaelites somewhat," is an interesting comment.

PAGE 70, No. 77 — *It was a valley gaudy-green.* From *Francesco's Fortunes:* or *the Second Part of Never Too Late,* 1590. Line 62, *Love's braid:* Prof. Churton-Collins, in his exhaustive edition of the *Plays and Poems* of Greene, says: "This is not easy to explain. Dyce suggests that it means crafts, deceits, and quotes *All's Well that Ends Well,* iv. 2. 13, '*Since Frenchmen are so braid.*' The N. E. D., which connects it with the Old Norse *bregdask,* to change unexpectedly, to deceive, gives some instances of the word being apparently used in this sense, as in *Robert of Brunne, Chronicle, "Full still away he went, that was a theue's braid."* Its more obvious meaning, about which there can be no ambiguity, is in the sense of assaults and attacks, as in Golding's *Translation* of Ovid's *Met.* xiii., '*To have Ulysses ever a companion of the braid.*' The original meaning of the word indicated a sudden movement (A. S. bregdan), and from this have been deduced the various meanings attached to it." The text here followed is from Prof. Churton Collins' edition of *Plays and Poems* of Greene, collated from the Second and Third Quartos of 1615 and 1631. Line 21, *Folded:* interlocked.

PAGE 73, No. 79 — *The Nightingale, as soon as April bringeth.* Dr. Grosart says, "*The Nightingale* is certainly a song of the *Stella* series. It is taken from the folio *Arcadia,* ed. 1598. It is given to the tune of "*Non credo giàche piu infelice amante.*" Line 9, *O Philomela fair,* etc. Though Sidney here makes Philomela the victim of Tereus' force, the myth in transmission differs, and Procne (the swallow) is alternately made to suffer his violence. The legend, however, is one that is made much of by the Elizabethan poets in allusion of the sisters' tragedy; while Philomela has been a favorite figure in the entire range of our poetry. I quote the myth as given in Bulfinch's *Age of Fable:* "Pandion had two daughters, Procne and Philomela, the former of whom became queen to Tereus, King of Thrace. After the birth of their son Itylus, the king cut out his wife's tongue, and gave out that she was dead. He then married Philomela. Procne wove her story in a web, by which means Philomela was informed of the terrible fact. The sisters then slew the child Itylus, and served his flesh upon his father's table. The gods were angry, and in vengeance transformed Procne into a swallow and Philomela into a nightingale, ever lamenting the tragedy, and Tereus a hawk, ever pursuing the two."

PAGE 74, No. 80 — *My bonny lass, thine eye.* From *The Phœnix' Nest,* 1593. "For the first time in miscellany literature," Mr.

Erskine writes in his *Study* of *The Elizabethan Lyric* (Ed. 1905): "complicated forms are used without disturbing the lightness of the song, as in the lyric by Thomas Lodge, beginning: "*My bonnie Lass,*" etc. It is easy to recognize the theme of the love-plaint in this opening stanza, but the manner is quite new; the song-quality, lightness of word and imagery, has become more important than the subject-matter. This is the first example in the miscellanies of this Elizabethan trait — a joyous treatment of ostensibly unhappy themes, often practised by Shakespeare, as in '*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!*' The trait defies analysis, and later becomes familiar in the Cavalier lyrics."

PAGE 76, No. 81 — *Now what is Love, I pray thee, tell?* Mr. Bullen says: "This poem originally appeared in *The Phœnix' Nest,* 1593; it is also printed (in form of a dialogue) in *England's Helicon,* 1600, and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602. It is ascribed to Raleigh in a MS. list of Davison's." (*Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-Books.*) As with Prof. Schelling, *The Phœnix' Nest* has been inaccessible to me; I quote his note from *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics:* "I can find this poem in neither Mr. Bullen's ed. of *England's Helicon,* nor in Nicholas' ed. of the *Rhapsody,* moreover neither the older nor the newer ed. of Hannah's *Raleigh* mentions it so far as I can discover. The poem does occur in Robert Jones' *Second Book,* 1601 (see Bullen, *ibid.,* p. 89), and also in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1609. I notice that Mr. Gosse appears recently to have accepted it as Heywood's. (*The Jacobean Poets,* p. 121.) This seems highly improbable. In the absence of proofs I have no opinion to offer. The somewhat antiquated language, especially the *sauncing bell,* seems to suggest an early date, however." Line 4, *Sauncing bell:* saints'-bell *(quod ad sancta vocat);* the little bell that called to prayers. Another form is "sacring bell," the bell that is sounded at the elevation of the Host. (Bullen.) Line 18, *Sain:* p.p. of say.

PAGE 79, No. 84 — *Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting.* From John Wilbye's *Madrigals,* 1598. It is a translation from the Italian. There is another and poorer translation made by Lodge and printed earlier, in his *The Life and Death of William Longbeard.*

PAGE 79, No. 85 — *Love guards the Roses of thy lips.* From Lodge's *Phillis. Love guides the roses,* is the reading of the old editions. Mr. Bullen thinks *guides* a misprint for *guildes; guards,* however, is "even more obvious" (Quiller-Couch), and is generally given, though Prof. Schelling has *gilds.*

PAGE 80, No. 86 — *Love for such a cherry lip.* From *Blurt, Master Constable,* 1602. Line 7, *Owe:* own. Line 10, *Wait:* attend as cup-bearer. Line 11, *Phœbe here one night did lie: i. e.,* should Phœbe lie here one night.

PAGE 81, No. 88 — *Who hath his fancy pleasèd.* To the tune of '*Wilhelmus van Nassau,*' etc. From *Certaine Sonets,* 1598. In

Dr. Grosart's ed. of Sidney's *Poems,* it is given in the division of *Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton,* vol. ii., p. 56.

PAGE 82, No. 89 — *Pretty twinkling starry eyes.* Sonnet 11, in *The Passionate Shepherd,* 1604. Two stanzas have been omitted from the text, which the editor regrets, and they are inserted here:

Sure ye were not made at first,
For such mischief to be curst:
As to kill affection's care,
That doth only truth declare.
Where worth's wonders never wither,
Love and Beauty live together.

Blessed eyes then give your blessing,
That in passion's best expressing:
Love that only lives to grace ye,
May not suffer pride deface ye.
But in gentle thought's directions,
Show the praise of your perfections.

PAGE 83, No. 91 — *Those eyes that set my fancy on a fire.* From William Barley's *New Book of Tabliture,* 1596. Prof. Schelling's note on this sonnet is so very interesting and instructive that I quote it entire: "It will be noticed that the construction of this sonnet is quite a piece of artifice. The four words, *eyes, hairs, hands,* and *wit,* are spread out, as it were, successively, each briefly characterized, and then gathered back into one in the question: *Then Love be judge,* etc. These words are again spread forth in the same order, with a characterization, and lastly each is apostrophized." *(A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.)* Mr. Bullen, in the *Introduction* to his *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books,* says: "One sonnet (*Those eyes,* etc.) is from William Barley's very rare *New Book of Tabliture,* 1596: it had previously appeared in *The Phœnix' Nest,* 1593. The concluding lines are in the great Elizabethan style — '*O eyes that pierce,*' etc. This sonnet is freely translated from Philippe Desportes; but the anonymous translator has surpassed the French poet." Line 12, *That wear a royal crown:* The suggestion in the Percy Society Publications, xiii., 37, is that this sonnet was originally addressed to Queen Elizabeth. Prof. Schelling's "but assuredly the Queen's auburn locks could not be designated '*hairs of night,*'" leads to doubtful conclusions. Line 5, *What heart may there withstand: May therewith stand.* (Bullen.)

PAGE 83, No. 92 — *Drink to me only with thine eyes.* From *The Forest,* 1616. Mr. Quiller-Couch says: "It is one of Ben Jonson's distinctions among English poets that he contrives to be most spontaneous when most imitative. This immortally careless rapture is meticulously pieced together from scraps of the *Love Letters of Philostratus,* a Greek rhetorician of the second century A. D." *(The Golden Pomp.)* Compare *Herrick's Upon a Virgin Kissing a Rose, Hesperides,* 144.

PAGE 84, No. 93 — *Behold a wonder here.* From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs and Airs,* 1603.

PAGE 85, No. 94 — *Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart.* First printed in *The Arbor of Amorous Devises.* In Dr. Grosart's edition of Breton he gives the date, 1597. Lines 1-2, *Those eyes,* etc.: Prof. Schelling marks the similarity of these lines to Hood's:

> We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died.

and adds, "It seems to me the perfection of the light, fantastic rapture of an Elizabethan lover." (*A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*)

PAGE 86, No. 96 — *Bright Star of Beauty, on whose eye-lids sit.* Line 4, *Which in due order:* then in order. Line 8, *Forsook his mother's:* and leaves his mother's. Line 10, *Of another temper made:* of braver mettle made. Line 12, *Devouring time my faith:* in me's that faith. Line 13, *Still let my praise be honoured thus by you:* let what I praise, be still be made good by you. *On whose eye-lids sit,* etc. "Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene,* ii., 3, 25: '*Upon her eye-lids many graces sat. . . . working belgards and amorous retrate.*'" Cf. also Ford and Dekker's *The Sun's Darling,* act iii. sc. 2. "I am indebted for these parallels to Professor Kittredge." (Prof. Schelling, *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*)

PAGE 87, No. 97 — *What poor astronomers are they.* Like many another good piece unaccessible elsewhere, I have taken this lyric from Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books* (revised ed., 1888). "This poem has been ascribed, without evidence, to Nicholas Breton." (Bullen.)

PAGE 88, No. 98 — *Her hair the net of golden wire.* From Thomas Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals,* 1618.

PAGE 89, No. 102 — *Thou more than most sweet glove.* From *Cynthia's Revels,* 1601.

PAGE 90, No. 103 — *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not.* From *Love's Labour's Lost,* 1592, act iv. sc. 3. Sung by the King of Navarre. Line 4, *The night of dew:* "It is not the dew," says Brae, "that is the object of the verb, but the night; metaphorically predicated in the dew upon the lover's cheek. And it is not until after the *night* has been *smoote* and driven away by the sunny rays of his mistress's eyes, that the dew upon the lover's cheek becomes assimilated to the morning dew upon the rose."

PAGE 90, No. 104 — *Still to be neat, still to be drest.* From *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman,* 1609, act i. sc. 1.

Clerimont: "A pox of her autumnal face, her pie'd beauty: there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and washt, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song I pr'ythee hear it, o' the subject. '*Still to be neat,*'" etc.

This elegant little madrigal is a happy imitation from the following Latin poem:

> Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores,
> Semper compositas arte recente comas,

Et comptos semper cultus, unguentaque semper,
  Omnia sollicitâ compta videre manu,
Non amo. Neglectim mihi se quæ comit amica
  Se det; et ornatus simplicitate valet.
Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,
  Nec ceram in faciem: mel habet illa suum.
Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;
  Quid quod sæpe decor, cum prohibetur, adest?

The learned may find these verses amongst those which are printed at the end of the variorum edition of Petronius. Mr. Upton imagines there are some passages faulty in this poem. I have given it as I find it in the notes of Colomesius on some passages of Quintilian, printed in his Opuscula; he tells us, *Hi versus sic legendi sunt, licet aliò abeat ingeniossimus Nicolaus Heinsius ad Ovidium.* Tom. 1., p. 394. (Whalley, *The Dramatic Works of Ben Jonson,* 1811, vol. i., p. 285.)

PAGE 91, No. 106 — *A sweet disorder in the dress.* Compare Ben Jonson's song in *The Silent Woman* (note above), *Still to be neat, still to be drest,* imitated from one of the *Basia* of Johannes Boniforius. Line 12, *Wild civility:* Good manners, easiness. Milton has "civil-suited morn" (*Il Penseroso,* line 122); later Dryden, the "Sweet civilities of life." (Grosart.)

PAGE 93, No. 109 — *In petticoat of green.* "I am not certain," says Prof. Schelling, "that this little trifle may not have appeared in print in its author's life-time. Prof. Kittredge calls my attention to the fact that it is taken from Marino, Madrigal xxxi." Line 2, This line is used again by Drummond in Madrigal xl., of *Poems,* Turnbull's ed., p. 25:

Like the Idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne.

PAGE 93, No. 110 — *Art thou that she than whom no fairer is?* This poem was discovered by Mr. Bullen in MS. I., 5, 49, in the Library of Christ Church College, Oxford, and first printed in his *More Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-Books,* 1888. Prof. Schelling thinks that the MS. belongs to the early seventeenth century.

PAGE 94, No. 112 — *O words, which fall like summer dew on me!* From the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,* 1590. Line 14, *So smooth as sleek-stone:* a smoothing-stone for smoothing or dressing linen or butter.

PAGE 95, No. 113 — *See, see mine own sweet jewel.* From Thomas Morley's *Canzonets,* 1593.

PAGE 95, No. 114 — *I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head.* There is a stanza in the original edition of Lord Brooke's *Works,* 1633, between the third and fourth stanzas, which is omitted here, because the poem gains immensely by the omission, and it possesses allusions which have been impossible for any editor to make clear. Prof. Schelling prints the deleted stanza with his text of the poem in *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics,* p. 221. Line 3, *In the chimneys: cheminées,* chimney-screens of

tapestry work, *i. e.,* Myra having embroidered his name upon the screen.

PAGE 96, No. 115 — *The forward violet thus did I chide.* Sonnet xcix., *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Line 6, *The lily I condemnèd for thy hand: i. e.,* condemns the lily for having stolen the whiteness of thy hand. Line 7, *And buds of marjoram:* cf. Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt,* act iv. sc. 1:

> Hair curling, and cover'd like *buds of marjoram;*
> Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing.

"Mr. H. C. Hart tells me," writes Prof. Dowden (*The Sonnets of Shakespeare,* p. 214), "that buds of marjoram are dark purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn, I suppose, would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour, but *perfume* from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells,' and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters.' Cole (*Adam in Eden,* ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up.'" Line 8, *On thorns did stand:* an old proverbial phrase — to *stand on thorns.* Line 12, *A vengeful canker eat him:* cf. *Venus and Adonis,* line 1,656:

> This *canker that eats up* Love's tender spring.

Line 14, *But sweet or colour:* scents. (Walker.)

PAGE 97, No. 117 — *Like to Diana in her Summer weed.* From Greene's romance, *Menaphon,* 1589, "What manner of woman is she?" quoth Melicertus. "As well as I can," answered Doron, "I will make description of her: *Like to Diana,*" etc. "Thou hast," quoth Melicertus, "made such a description as if Priamus' young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish paramour." Line 5, *Arethusa Fount:* Walker's reading in the original edition is *Arethusa faint.*

PAGE 98, No. 117 — *There is a Lady sweet and kind.* From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds,* 1607. Also printed in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights,* 1620.

PAGE 98, No. 118 — *Sweet Love, mine only pleasure.* This is one of the many poems published in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1620, signed "A. W.," whose identity has never been revealed. It was set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale,* 1608.

PAGE 104, No. 104 — *You meaner beauties of the night.* This poem first appeared, with music, in 1624, in Michael *Este's Sixt Set of Books,* and was numerously reprinted in divers collections for fifty years afterwards. Sir Henry Wotton, its author, was not the amorous man that his poem paints him. At the time of its writing he was a staid diplomatist of 52. The lady it praises was Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine Frederick V., unhappily chosen King of Bohemia, September 19, 1619. Sir Henry, says Quiller-Couch, was employed on

several embassies on behalf of this unhappy Queen, whose reign in Prague lasted but one winter. Howell reports in *Familiar Letters* that in "the Low Countries and some parts of Germany she is called the Queen of Boheme, and for her winning princely comportment the Queen of Hearts." "Her later life," says Prof. Schelling (*A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics,* p. 294), "was one of much trial and vicissitude, through which she appears to have preserved the amiability and something of the levity of the Stuarts." This poem has been ascribed to Montrose, and even by Robert Chambers, in his *Scottish Songs,* to "Darnly in praise of Queen Mary before their marriage." Hannah, quoting *Rel. Wotton,* records many variations in the words; and Quiller-Couch adds that the poem invited many imitators to add to it stanzas of their own manufacture. Line 1, *You meaner beauties:* cf. Carew's line:

> O think not . . .
> Can stoop to common beauties of the sky.

PAGE 105, No. 121 — *Give place, you ladies and begone,* appeared originally in the first English anthology, *Tottel's Miscellany,* 1557. There it is given place among the poems by "Uncertaine Authors;" but in the *Harleian MSS.* it is ascribed to John Heywood, with two additional and dreadful stanzas to adapt it to Queen Mary.

PAGE 108, No. 123 — *See where she sits upon the grassy green.* An extract from the *Shepherd's Calendar: April.* The same being "purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gratious soveraigne, queene Elizabeth . . . whom abruptly he termeth Eliza." The original song is of fourteen stanzas. "The opulence of Spenser's muse will always be the despair of the anthologist, and I commend my extracts to the reader with much diffidence," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the *Golden Pomp;* I have followed the reading of his extract to which he has given the qualities of a lyric poem. Line 15, *Depeinten:* depicts. Line 23, *Bin:* are.

PAGE 109, No. 124 — *Whoe'er she be.* This, perhaps, the best known of Crashaw's poems, though it ill-deserves to be, in comparison with two among the other of his pieces included in this volume; it originally appeared in *The Delights of the Muses,* 1646. The volume was reprinted in 1648 and 1670. The text here followed is that of Dr. Grosart (*Complete Works of Richard Crashaw,* Fuller Worthies' Library) from the 1648 ed., with the omission of one stanza between the eighth and ninth, two stanzas between twenty-three and twenty-four, and two stanzas between the thirtieth and thirty-first. "His *Wishes to his (supposed) Mistresse* has things in it vivid and subtle as anything in Shelley at his best; and I affirm this deliberately." (Dr. Grosart, in *Essay on the Life and Poetry of Crashaw,* p. lxxiv. *Complete Works.*) Line 37, *Eyes that displace:* "Here, as in the poem, *On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord* where we read, '*The thorns that Thy flesh brows encloses,*' and elsewhere, we have an example of the Elizabethan use of 'that' as a singular (referring to and thus made a collective plural) taken as the governing nominative to the rest." (Grosart.) Line 64, *Fears, fond and slight:* Dr. Grosart reads *flight,* and says, "I think 'flight' is correct, and not a misprint for

'slight.'" Line 79, *Sydneian showers:* "Either in allusion to the conversation in the *Arcadia,* or to Sidney himself, as a model of gentleness in spirit and demeanor." (F. T. Palgrave, *Golden Treasury, First Series.*)

PAGE 114, No. 125 — *Like to the clear in highest sphere.* From *Rosalind,* 1590. "Readers who have visited Italy will be reminded of more than one picture by this gorgeous Vision of Beauty, equally sublime and pure in its Paradisaical naturalness. Lodge wrote it on a voyage to 'the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries;' and he seems to have caught, in those southern seas, no small portion of the qualities which marked the almost contemporary Art of Venice, — the glory and the glow of Veronese, or Titian, or Tintoret, when he most resembles Titian, and all but surpasses him." (F. T. Palgrave, *Golden Treasury, First Series.*) Line 1, *Like to the clear . . . is her hair.* "*The clear* (clearness) *in highest sphere* is the empyrean or sphere of pure fire, which was outermost and next to the *primum mobile* in the old cosmography, not the crystalline sphere as explained by Mr. Palgrave. This passage then means: Her hair is of the self same color as the brightness (the clear) of the empyrean. The difficulty of the passage consists in the tautology, or possibly the double construction, involved in saying *like to* and *of self same,* of the same color like to the empyreal brightness. I am indebted to Professor Kittredge for this note." (Schelling, *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*)

PAGE 116, No. 126 — *Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly.* Printed in *England's Helicon,* 1600; and set to music in Francis Pilkington's *First Book of Songs and Airs,* 1605.

PAGE 121, No. 130 — *Since first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye.* From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds,* 1607.

PAGE 122, No. 131 — *When in the chronicle of wasted time.* Sonnet cvi. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. The poet gazes backward on the famous persons of former ages, men and women, his friend being possessor of the united perfections of both man and woman. (Dowden.) Line 8, *Master:* possess, own as a master. So *King Henry V.,* act ii. sc. 4, 137:

> You'll find a difference
> . . . . . .
> Between the promise of his greener days
> And these he *masters* now.
>
> (Dowden.)

Line 9, *So all their praises are:* Compare Constable's *Sonnets from Todd's MS.,* vii. (not *Diana* as Prof. Dowden has it). — Schelling.

> Miracle of the world I never will deny
> That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
> But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
> And all those poets did of thee but prophecy.

PAGE 124, No. 134 — *Beauty clear and fair.* From *The Elder Brother,* 1637, act iii. sc. 5. Line 5, *Their blue veins and:* the reading of *and* here instead of *in,* as retained by Dyce, is from

the *MS.*, which "happily puts an end to the nonsense which has been written concerning this passage." (W. W. Greg. *Variorum Ed. Beaumont and Fletcher,* Vol. II.) Line 11, *More than light:* the emendation here is by Dyce, the *MS.* reads *life.* Line 13, *Back recall: recite* (meaning call back). Fleay. (W. W. Greg.) Line 17, *Shall be yours . . . and your thrall:* The *MS.* reads: *Shall be yours still, and the glory, I your servant,* etc. "Here again the divergence points clearly to an intentional alteration." (W. W. Greg.)

PAGE 125, No. 135 — *Like two proud armies marching in the field.* From Thomas Weelkes' *Madrigals of Five and Six Parts,* 1600.

PAGE 125, No. 136 — *He that loves a rosy cheek.* Under the less attractive title, *Disdain Returned,* this poem is to be found in the editions of Carew, with a closing third stanza. The poem as here given was set to music and printed in Porter's *Madrigals and Airs,* 1632, and later in Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues,* 1653.

PAGE 125, No. 137 — *It was a beauty that I saw.* From *The New Inn,* 1631, act iv. sc. 4.

PAGE 126, No. 138 — *Why should this a desert be?* From *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 2. Line 1, *Why should this a desert be:* Tyrwhitt thinks *desert be* is defective. He suggests *a* desert, and adds: "For how will the 'hanging of tongues on every tree' make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read: 'Why should this desert *silent* be.'" Line 16, *In little:* The allusion to a miniature portrait. The current phrase in Shakespeare's time was "*painted in little.*" Line 23, *Atalanta's better part.* This is obscure; for a discussion see Furness' *Variorum Ed. Shakespeare,* pp. 149-153.

PAGE 127, No. 139 — *On a time the amorous Silvy.* From John Attye's *First Book of Airs,* 1622. "Gracefully rendered from the French of Pierre Guedron:

> "Un jour l'amoureuse Silvie
> Disoit, baise moy, je te prie,
> Au berger qui seul est sa vie
> Et son amour:
> Baise moy, pasteur, je te prie,
> Et te lève, car il est jour," etc.
> (Bullen. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books.*)

PAGE 128, No. 140 — *My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love.* From Campion's *Book of Airs,* 1601. This poem was suggested by and partly translated from Catullus' *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.* "Campion was steeped in classical feeling; his rendering of *Vivamus, mea Lesbia,* etc. is, so far as it goes, delightful." (Bullen. *Introduction* to *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books.*) Compare Jonson's *Vivamus,* p. 128, No. *141.*

PAGE 130, No. 143 — *Dildido, dildido.* From *Francesco's Fortunes, or the Second Part of Never Too Late,* 1590. "The French verses may . . . be expected to be Greene's own composition; such an hiatus as *je serai un jeune roi* would scarcely

have been possible in a French poet." (Churton-Collins.) Line 6, *Stoned-horse;* a stallion. Cf. s. v. *entier,* cheval entier, a stone-horse.

PAGE 131, No. 144 — *Of Neptune's empire let us sing.* This poem of Campion's was printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602, with the explanation: "This Hymn was sung by Amphitrite, Thamesis, and other Sea-Nymphs, in *Gray's Inn Masque,* at the Court, 1594." See Bullen's ed. of *Rhapsody,* Vol. II., pp. 107-8.

PAGE 131, No. 145 — *Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.* This, perhaps, is the most famous and the best of all the prefatory poems to the *Faerie Queene.*

PAGE 132, No. 146 — *If all the pens that ever poets held.* This is the only instance where I have made an extract from the body of a play of the period. But as there is little of Marlowe's outside his dramatic works, and as his genius is worthy of more representation than is given to lesser men, I took this opportunity of going beyond the scope of verse I had conceived for my purpose. The lines are from Tamburlaine's speech, in act v. sc. 1 of *The First Part of Tamburlaine the Great.*

PAGE 135, No. 150 — *Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing.* From *The Captain,* 1647.

PAGE 136, No. 151 — *I love, and he loves me again.* From *Underwoods,* 1640. "*A Nymph's Passion* is not only pretty and ingenious, but in the structure of its peculiar stanza may remind a modern reader of some among the many metrical experiments or inventions of a more exquisite and spontaneous lyric poet, Miss Christina Rossetti." (A. C. Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson.*) Prof. Schelling points out the influence of Donne in this poem of Jonson's, and cites his *Witchcraft by a Picture* and *Confined Love. (A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.)*

PAGE 137, No. 152 — *When in her face mine eyes I fix.* From *Aurora,* Madrigal I.

PAGE 139, No. 154 — *Phillis kept sheep along the western plains.* From *Perimedes, the Blacksmith,* 1588.

PAGE 140, No. 155 — *See the Chariot at hand here of Love.* This song is numbered iv., in *A Celebration of Charis,* in *Underwoods.* It appears with the first stanza omitted in *The Devil is an Ass,* acted in 1616. There is an interesting note to this poem by Mr. Quiller-Couch in his *Golden Pomp,* whose point, I think, is one demanding serious critical attention, though no one, to my knowledge, has taken it up. "I am not aware," he says, "if any critic has noted how constantly and curiously Jonson, especially in the *Underwoods,* seems to anticipate the best, and something more than the best, manner of Browning. The difficult rapture of Charis' *Triumph,* here is a striking instance. Of the lines:

> 'Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
> Than words that soothe her,
> And from her arched brows such a grace
> Sheds itself through the face,

As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.'

it may be fairly said that England has taken two and a half centuries to produce another poet who could conceivably have written them." I think Mr. Quiller-Couch's judgment in this criticism comes far nearer the just fitness of literary value in temperament and expression than the general critical opinion which pronounces in Donne's works the antecedents of those peculiar qualities which have set Browning apart from his contemporaries. The last stanza of this poem was imitated by Suckling in a poem of much weakness, beginning: "*Hast thou seen the down in the air,*" etc.; but in Carew's *Song,* given below, I believe we find a successful copy of the model:

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring to you the down, or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright;
Nor to snow, to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense, bring forth
Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one?
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.
(*Poems and Masque,* Ebsworth Ed., 1893.)

PAGE 142, No. 157 — *Cupid and my Campaspe play'd.* From *Alexander and Campaspe,* acted, it is surmised, at Court, 1581.

PAGE 143, No. 158 — *Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory.* From John Wilbye's *Madrigals,* 1598.

PAGE 143, No. 159 — *Hear, ye ladies that despise.* From *The Tragedy of Valentinian,* 1647.

PAGE 145, No. 161 — *Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint.* From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs,* 1597.

PAGE 146, No. 162 — *All ye that lovely lovers be.* From the *Old Wives' Tale,* 1595. "Contains a harvest-song, one of the first examples of what seems a favorite type with the dramatists. Usually it is taken almost directly from life; by the rudeness of phrases and the simplicity of ideas the poet attempts realism. Here, however, Peele carries over the images into another sphere:

Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love."

(Erskine: *The Elizabethan Lyric,* Ed. 1905, p. 264.)

PAGE 147, No. 164 — *High-Way, since you my chief Parnassus be.* Sonnet number lxxxiv., in *Astrophel and Stella,* ed. of 1598. Line 1, *High-way . . . Parnassus be:* "Because it leads him to Stella, the inspiration of his song and the cause of his fame."

(Schelling.) Line 2, *Unsweet:* in the second quarto the reading is *unmeet.* "As he is speaking of his Muse, and as we have the rhythm *meet,* in line six, I think '*unsweet*' the right word . . . or at all events the later and better one." (Grosart.) Line 6, *Safe-left:* (Ed. 1613) is prettier than "safe-best" (quarto edit., 1598) = with Stella." (Grosart.) I take this sonnet of Sidney's to be one of the finest in the language. Perhaps no single line in all poetry, except Shakespeare's "*Bare-ruined Choirs where late the sweet birds sang,*" has contained in its meaning and music so much, as "*Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet.*"

Of Sidney's Sonnets, Charles Lamb says: "Sidney's Sonnets — I speak of the best of them — are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high, yet modest, spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are, in truth, what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia,* says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application), 'Vain and amatorious' enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be 'full of worth and wit.' They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the *Masque* at Ludlow Castle, and still more a Courtier when he composed the *Arcades.* When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which proceeded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him to the scaffold. . . . But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocalised feelings — the failing too much of some poetry of the present day — they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion prevailing and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgement of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; mark the *when* and *where* they were written." [*Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, Works of Charles and Mary Lamb. E. V. Lucas.* Ed. 1903, pp. 213 and 218.]

PAGE 150, No. 169 — *Love, if a God thou art.* Mr. Bullen says this is a translation from the Italian of Groto:

> Amor, se pur sei Dio,
> Dei esser giusto parimente e pio:
> Se giusto, perche sol contra me scocchi,
> E madonna non tocchi?
> Se pio, perche perdoni
> A lei, e a mi ti opponi?
> Horsù se nome vuoi fra i veri Dei,
> Lei meco impiaga, o me sana con lei."
>
> (Bullen's ed. of the *Rhapsody,* vol. ii., 185.)

PAGE 151, No. 170 — *Thus saith my Chloris bright.* From John Wilbye's *Madrigals,* 1598. It is a rendering of an Italian madrigal of Guarini, says Bullen; of Luca Marenzio, says Quiller-Couch.

In *Musica Transalpina; The Second Book of Madrigals,* 1597, is another version which reads:

So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,
When now and then she talketh
With me of love:
"Love is a spirit that walketh,
That soars and flies,
And none alive can hold him,
Nor touch him, nor behold him."

Yet when her eye she turneth,
I spy where he sojourneth:
In her eyes there he flies,
But none can catch him
Till from her lips he fetch him.

PAGE 151, No. 171 — *How many new years have grown old.* From Robert Jones' *The Muses' Garden of Delights,* 1610.

PAGE 152, No. 172 — *If love be life, I long to die.* I find this "Ode" in Davison's Poetical *Rhapsody,* 1602 (Bullen's ed.), signed, "A. W." Prof. Schelling says, "This 'ode' was subsequently reprinted in *England's Helicon,* ed. 1614, and there subscribed 'Ignoto.' I see no reason for depriving Davison of the authorship of it; as it is not only in his manner, but occurs . . . in a section of the *Poetical Rhapsody,* entitled *Sonnets, Odes, Elegies and Epigrams,* by Francis and Walter Davison." *(A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.)*

PAGE 153, No. 173 — *If women could be fair and yet not fond.* From the text of Dr. Grosart in his *Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies,* IV. In Rawl. MS. 85, fol. 16, the poem is ascribed to Oxford.

PAGE 154, No. 174 — *Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul.* Sonnet cvii. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. This sonnet continues the celebration of his friend, according to Prof. Dowden's interpretation, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massey explains it as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. "I interpret, as Mr. Simpson does" (*Philosophy of Shakespeare's Sonnets,* p. 79), writes Prof. Dowden; "not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane, Sonnet civ., 9-4 — see No. *545,* p. 561) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (Sonnet civ. — see No. *122,* p. 131), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darkness and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions falsified, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; love in my heart is fresh and young (see Sonnet cviii., line 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both shall find life in the memories of men." Line 10, *My love looks fresh:* Prof. Dowden queries whether this means *the love in my heart,* or *my love = my friend.* Line 11, *Death to me subscribes:* submits. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew,* act i. sc. 1, 81. Line 12, *Insults o'er:* triumphs over. Cf. *King Henry VI.,* act i. sc. 3, 14.

PAGE 155, No. 175 — *Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love.*

From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs,* 1597. The words of this song have been attributed to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, and are printed in his *Works,* 1630.

PAGE 156, No. 177 — *Whenas the rye reached to the chin.* From *The Old Wives' Tale,* 1595.

PAGE 156, No. 178 — *Calling to mind, my eyes went long about.* In Oldys and Birch's Ed. of Sir Walter Raleigh's *Works,* vol. viii., this poem is given from the *Ashmolean MSS.* Puttenham gave it in *The Art of English Poesey,* 1589, as "a most excellent ditty, written by Sir Walter Raleigh." It was printed in *The Phœnix' Nest,* 1593, as anonymous.

PAGE 158, No. 181 — *Thou divinest, fairest, brightest.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10, act v. sc. 5.

PAGE 159, No. 182 — *Through yon same bending plain.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10, act i. sc. 1.

PAGE 161, No. 183 — *Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth.* This first song in *Astrophel and Stella* is given with but few variants with the text of the 1598 and 1613 *Arcadia.* I have preferred to retain this reading in preference to Dr. Grosart's (*Complete Works,* 3 vols., 1877), who reads in line 2, "*surcharged,*" for *o'ercharged;* and in line 17, "*patience*" for *passions.*

PAGE 162, No. 184 — *Turn back, you wanton flyer.* From Campion and Rosseter's *A Book of Airs,* 1601. Line 19, *Times' or seasons' swerving:* Old ed. changing. *Swerving* is Mr. Bullen's emendation. In the original, and in Mr. Bullen's edition of Campion (1889 and 1891), lines 10-11 read:

> Then what we sow with our lips,
> Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

I have preferred, however, to follow Mr. Quiller-Couch's arrangement. (*Golden Pomp,* p. 91.)

PAGE 167, No. 188 — *What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see.* From *Tottel's Miscellany* (Collier's Reprint, 1867). Mr. Erskine says in his *Study of the Elizabethan Lyrics* (ed. 1905, p. 79), "Grimald is a much less ambitious figure than these two lyrists (Wyat and Surrey), but his pieces in *Tottel's Miscellany* have their own interest. He stands for the type of minor poet, who, though hidden by the larger names, is present throughout the period, and emerges fully developed in Marvell." Line 3, *As fresh and lusty Ver:* The Spring. Compare:

> Averil, whan clothed is the mede
> With new grene, of lusty *Veer the prime.*
> (Chaucer, *Troilus,* i., 157.)

PAGE 169, No. 190 — *Crowned with flowers I saw fair Amaryliss.* From William Byrd's *Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets,* 1611.

PAGE 170, No. 192 — *As ye came from the holy land.* In Oldys and Birch's *Life and Works of Raleigh,* vol. viii., p. 733, with

the title, *False Love and True Love,* this poem is credited to W. Rive, *The Bodleian MSS.* The poem occurs in several versions. The first stanza is quoted in act ii. sc. 2 of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* 1610; and in *Hans Beer-pot, his Invisible Comedy.* The second stanza may have suggested Ophelia's "*How should I your true love know.*" (Schelling, *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*) Most of the versions read, *As you come,* instead of *as ye came,* which I have followed, and which, as far as I am able to ascertain, is an emendation by Mr. Quiller-Couch. For other variants let the reader compare Hannah's *Raleigh* in the *Courtly Poets,* 1870, p. 80. Line 1, *From the holy land:* "The shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Walsingham, in Norfolk, was famous throughout Europe: and in Norfolk the Milky Way, being supposed to point the pilgrims to this shrine, was called the 'Walsingham Way,' just as it was called 'St. Jago's Way' in Italy, and 'Jacobstrasse' in Germany, as pointing to Compostella. In 1538, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the great image of the Virgin was carried off to Chelsea, and there burnt. It had been, perhaps, a more famous shrine of pilgrimage than even the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Cf. Erasmus. Colloq. *Peregrinatio religionis ergo.* Ascham, visiting Cologne in 1550, says: 'The Three Kings be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady of Walsingham,' the wealth of the shrine at Cologne being then valued at about six millions of francs. (£240,000.)" (Quiller-Couch.)

Page 171, No. 193 — *We saw and wooed each other's eyes.* "The amatory poetry of Habington is that of a man who regards woman as a highly intellectual being; not as the mere slave and instrument of sensual pleasure; and the correctness of his mind, in this particular, is equally apparent in his prose and verse." (*Habington's Castara,* edit. by Charles A. Elton, *The Prefatory Essay,* p. 7.) I think, in this poem, Mr. Elton's particular critical virtue of the *Castara* poems is perhaps shown at its best from a moral, and highest from a poetical point of view. But Prof. Saintsbury (*History of Elizabethan Literature,* 1887, p. 382) has this to say: "*Castara* is a real instance of what some foreign critics very unjustly charge on English literature as a whole — a foolish and almost canting prudery. The poet dins the chastity of his mistress into his readers' heads until the readers in self-defence are driven to say, 'Sir, did any one doubt it?' He protests the freedom of his own passion from any admixture of fleshly influence, till half a suspicion of hypocrisy and more than half a feeling of contempt force themselves on the hearer. . . . To tell the truth, it is, though, as has been said, an estimable, yet a rather irritating work. That Habington was a true lover every line of it shows; that he had a strong infusion of the abundant poetical inspiration then abroad is shown by line after line, though hardly by poem after poem, among its pieces."

Page 172, No. 194 — *Turn I my looks unto the skies.* From *Rosalind,* 1590. Mr. Bullen says this was doubtless suggested by Desportes' sonnet:

> Si je me siez à l'ombre, assui soudainement
> Amour, laissant son arc, s'assied et se repose;
> Si je pense à des vers, je le voy qui compose;
> Si je plains mes douleurs, il se plaint hautement.

Si je me plains au mal, il accroist mon tourment;
Si je respans des pleurs, son visage il arrose;
Si je monstre ma playe, en ma poitrine enclose,
Il défait son bandeau, l'essuyant doucement.
Si je vais par les bois, aux bois il m'accompagne;
Si je me suis cruel, dans mon sang il se bagne;
Si je vais à la guerre, il devient mon soldat.
Si je passe la mer, il conduit ma nacelle;
Bref, jamais l'importun de moy ne se départ,
Pour rendre mon désir et ma peine eternelle.

"Lodge was fond of this sonnet of Desportes," says Mr. Bullen. He gives a literal translation of it in *Scylla's Metamorphosis,* 1589:

"If so I seek the shades I suddenly do see
The god of love forsake his bow and sit by me;
If that I think to write his muses pliant be,
If so I plain my grief the wanton boy will cry.
If I lament his pride he doth increase my pain;
If tears my cheeks attaint, his cheeks are moist with moan;
If I disclose the wounds the which my heart hath slain,
He takes his fascia off and wipes them dry anon.
If so I walk the woods, the woods are his delight;
If I myself torment, he bathes him in my blood;
If seas delight, he steers my bark amid the flood:
He will my soldier be if once I went to fight;
In brief the cruel god doth never from here go,
But makes my lasting love eternal with my woe."

Lodge reprinted this with alterations in *Phillis: Honoured with Sundry Sonnets,* 1593. *Elizabethan Sonnets,* in *An English Garner,* Seccombe ed., 1904, number xxxvi., p. 19.

Page 174, No. 196 — *My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming.* Sonnet cii. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. An apology for having ceased to sing. (See Sonnet ci., Dowden ed., p. 101.) Line 3, *That love is merchandised:* cf. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act ii. sc. 1:

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapman's tongues.

Line 7, *In summer's front:* cf. *Winter's Tale,* act iv. sc. 4:

No shepherdess, but Flora
Peering *in April's front.*

Page 175, No. 197 — *Love me or not, love her I must or die.* From Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs,* 1617.

Page 176, No. 199 — *Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams.* This, and the following poem, *Silence in Love* (No. *200*), are given in Hannah's *Raleigh,* p. 20, with the title, *The Silent Love.* Five stanzas have been omitted in number *200.* In the Oxford Ed. of Raleigh's *Works* a note says: "This (*The Silent Love*) has been much improved from a MS. copy in a very curious collection of contemporary poetry, among Dr. Rawlinson's

MSS. in the Bodleian. It is there entitled, *Sir Walter Raleigh to Queene Elizabeth.*" Line 5, *Silence in love,* etc.: "This stanza was," says a note in the Oxford Ed. of Raleigh's *Works,* "by some strange anachronism, current about seventy years ago (1759), among the circles of fashions, as the production of the late celebrated Earl of Chesterfield." This stanza is also quoted in the dedication to one of Fletcher's plays, 1652, as written by "an ingenious person of quality." (Dyce's Edition, vol. viii., p. 106.)

PAGE 177, No. 202 — *Fain would I change that note.* "A book may be very rare and very worthless: that I admit. But an examination of the present volume will show that some choice lyrics have lain hidden out of sight for nearly three centuries. How many readers have heard of Captain Tobias Hume? He published, in 1605, *The First Part of Airs, French, Polish and others together.* Among these *Airs* I found the flawless *verses* that I have placed at the beginning of my anthology. *Fain would I change that note.* Surely few, even among the very elect, have sung Love's praises in happier accents of heartful devotion. Captain Hume wrote the music, but I know not who wrote the verses." (Bullen, *Introduction* to *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-Books,* pp. vii, viii.)

PAGE 178, No. 203 — *Being your slave, what should I do but tend.* Sonnet lvii. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakespeare's friend. Line 5, *World-without-end hour:* the tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. (Dowden.) Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act v. sc. 2. "*A world-without-end bargain.*" Line 13, *That in your Will:* Prof. Dowden says of this phrase: "The Quarto has Will (capital 'W,' but not italics). If a play on words is intended, it must be 'Love in your Will (*i. e.,* your Will Shakespeare) can think no evil of you, do what you please;' and also 'Love can discover no evil in your will.'"

PAGE 179, No. 204 — *Were my heart as some men's are, thy errors,* etc. From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617.

PAGE 179, No. 205 — *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love.* From *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iv. sc. 2. Line 1, *How shall I swear to love:* How shall love credit me? by what oath shall I gain love's belief? Line 5, *Study his bias leaves:* I suspect there should be a comma after *bias,* to read, *Study his bias, leaves,* etc. *Leaves,* here is a *verb.* Line 13, *Pardon love this:* The meaning plainly is: "Celestial as thou art, O, pardon the wrong love does in singing heaven's praise (that is thine) with such an earthly tongue." (Dyce.) Yet the modern editors alter the punctuation to "pardon, love, this." (Furness.)

PAGE 182, No. 207 — *As careful merchants do expecting stand.* From *Britannia's Pastorals,* lines 1029-1058, Song 3, Book 2. Compare Spenser's Sonnet, *Amoretti,* xv.:

> Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil, etc.

Line 5: *Upon a great adventure is it bound:* Spenser's Red Cross Knight too: "*Upon a great adventure he was bond,*" *Faerie Queene,* Bk. 1, ci., st. 3.

PAGE 184, No. 210 — *Ye blushing virgins happy are.* Mr. Elton, in his ed. of Habington's *Castara,* says: "The cast of this ode reminds me of some pretty stanzas by Bernard, the author of *L'Art d'Aimer.* The reader will pardon my presenting him with a translation only, as I have mislaid the original:"

"Nursed by the zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of morn;
Ah, Queen of flowers! awake! arise!
Oh, haste, delicious rose, be born!

Unheeding wish! no — yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour, that sees thee smile
In Orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Themira thus, an opening flower,
Must withering droop at fate's decree;
Like her thou bloomest thy little hour,
And she, alas, must fade like thee.

Yet go, and on her bosom die;
At once, blest rose! thy throne and tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing, trem'lous leaves reveal;
Go, bright, yet hurtless, charm her eyes;
Go deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
Oh, Rose! a lover's vengeance bear;
And let my rival feel thy thorn."

Line 2, *In the chaste nunnery of her breasts:* This figure was very common with the poets of the time. Herrick, "not with the most elegant choice of expression" (Elton), speaking of the roses in a lady's bosom, observes:

And snugging there they seem'd to lie
As in a *flowery nunnery.*

Compare the first stanza in Lovelace' famous lyric, number *426,* p. 426. Line 5, *Transplanted thus how bright ye grow:* Compare Carew's lines from: *On a Damask Rose, sticking upon a Lady's breast:*

Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou! that in that garden rest'st,
That paradise between that lady's breasts.
(*Poems,* p. 150, Edit. by Arthur Vincent.)

Line 16, *Your glorious sepulcher shall be:* Compare Herrick, *Upon the Roses in Julia's bosom:*

Thrice happy roses! So much grac'd to have
Within the bosom of my love your grave;
Die when you will, your sepulchre is known,
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

NOTES

PAGE 186, No. 212 — *When Love with unconfinèd wings.* Dr. John Wilson, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, 1660, set the first stanza of this famous song to music, in *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads: First composed for one single voice, and since set for three voices,* 1569. Hazlitt, in his ed. of *Lucasta,* 1864, says: "I have sometimes thought that, when Lovelace composed this production, he had in his recollection some of the sentiments of Wither's *Shepherds Hunting,* 1615. See, more particularly, the sonnet (at p. 248 of Mr. Gutch's Bristol Edition) commencing: 'I that erst while the world's sweet air did draw.'" Line 5, *When I lie tangled in her hair:* Compare Peele's:

> Now comes my lover tripping like a roe
> *And brings my longings tangled in her hair.*
> (*David and Bethsade,* 1599, Scene i.)

Line 7, *And fettered to her eye:* Compare Middleton:

> . . . Fond man,
> That can forget his excellence and honour,
> His serious meditations, being the end
> Of his creation, to learn well to die,
> And live a *prisoner to a woman's eye.*"
> (*More Dissemblers besides Women,* 1657.)

Line 7, *The birds, that wanton in the air:* the *gods,* is the original reading. On this point Hazlitt says: "The present word is substituted in accordance with a MS. copy of the song printed by the late Dr. Bliss, in his edition of Wood's *Athenæ.* If Dr. Bliss had been aware of the extraordinary corruptions under which the text of *Lucasta* laboured, he would have had less hesitation in adopting *birds* as the true reading." (*Lucasta,* p. 118.) Line 17, *When, like committed linnets I:* In Percy's *Reliques,* ii., 247, this is changed to *linnet-like confined,* which Ellis (*Specimens of Early English Poetry,* ed. 1801, iii., 252) considers the "more intelligible." Hazlitt's comment on such matters in general, and on this in particular, while displaying somewhat of that rancorous spirit which he has put into other critical opinions with less influence of conviction, seems here quite final. "It is not, however," he says, "either what Lovelace wrote, or what (it may be presumed) he intended to write, and nothing, it would seem, can be clearer than the passage as it stands, *committed* signifying, in fact, nothing more than *confined.* It is fortunate for the lovers of early English literature that Bp. Percy had comparatively little to do with it. Emendation of a text is well enough; but the wholesale and arbitrary slaughter of it is quite another matter." Prof. Saintsbury seems to carry out Hazlitt's championing of Lovelace in this respect when he says: "It is not quite true that Lovelace left nothing worth reading but the two immortal songs, *To Lucasta on going to the Wars* and *To Althea from Prison;* and it is only fair to say that the corrupt condition of his text is evidently due, at least in part, to incompetent printing and the absence of revision." (*History of Elizabethan Literature,* p. 376.)

PAGE 188, No. 214 — *Come hither, shepherd's swain!* Of this poem, Mr. Quiller-Couch says in *The Golden Pomp,* p. 337, it was "found entire in Deloney's *Garland of Goodwill* (whence Percy obtained the version in his *Reliques*) and in Breton's *Bower of*

Delights, 1597. A shorter copy is found in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy,* 1589, where it is attributed to 'Edward, Earl of Oxford, a most noble and learned gentleman.'" Line 6, *Prime of May:* v. l. times a day.

PAGE 191, No. 216 — *Alas! my love you do me wrong.* These words of the famous song *Green-sleeves* were composed before 1580.

PAGE 192, No. 217 — *Come, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come.* From Homer's *Odyssey,* xii., 184. "It is to be observed particularly," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch *(Golden Pomp),* "with what ease this song of 'well-languaged Daniel' runs upon the tongue. Such ease would be remarkable in a lyric of mere emotion or ecstasy: it is wonderful in lines that discuss a question of high morality."

PAGE 195, No. 219 — *My love in her attire doth show her wit.* From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602. Mr. Bullen (*Rhapsody* ii., p. 196) suggests the comparison of this poem to Clément Marot's graceful verses:

De Madame Ysabeau de Navarre

Qui cuyderoit desguiser Ysabeau
D'un simple habit, ce seroit grand' simplesse;
Car au visage a ne scay quoi de beau,
Qui faict juger tousjours qu'elle est princesse:
Soit en habit de chambriere ou maistresse,
Soit en drap d'or entier ou decouppé,
Soit son gent corps de toile enveloppé,
Tousjours sera sa beauté maintenue;
Mais il me semble (ou je suis bien trompé)
Qu'elle seroit plus belle toute nue.

"Mr. J. M. Thomson refers me to Aristænetus, Epistle I., and Plato's 'Charmides,' p. 154 D." (Bullen.)

PAGE 199, No. 226 — *Hey nonny no!* This little, and perfect, snatch of sentiment was discovered by Mr. Bullen, who rescued it from the collection of early MS. music-books in the library of Christ Church, Oxford. In the MS. the lines are subscribed, "Mr. Gyles." Nathaniel Giles was a chorister at Magdalen, and successively organist and master of the choristers at St. George's, Windsor, and master of the Children of the Chapel Royal. He died 24 January, 1633, and was buried at Windsor.

PAGE 202, No. 229 — *Ask me no more where Jove bestows.* This remarkable and beautiful poem of Carew's was one of the most imitated and parodied of its day. These appeared in the collections of verse, generally as "replies," published after the Civil War. For specimens, see *The Poems and Masque* of Thomas Carew, Ebsworth ed., 1893, pp. 232-7.

PAGE 206, No. 235 — *Dearest, do not you delay me.* From *The Spanish Curate,* act ii. sc. 2, 1622. Line 12, *serve me:* old form of starve, here retained for sake of rhyme.

PAGE 208, No. 238 — *Love winged my Hopes and taught me how to fly.* From Robert Jones' *Second Book of Songs and Airs,* 1601.

Line 18, *It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love they fell.* "I am reminded," says Mr. Bullen, "of a fine passage in Drayton's *Barons' Wars,* canto vi.:

> "Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapped in fire,
> The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
> But Mortimer commended his desire
> To lose one poor life or to govern all.
> 'What though,' quoth he, 'he madly did aspire
> And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
> Yet, in despight when she her worst had done,
> *He perished in the chariot of the sun.*'"

PAGE 210, No. 240 — *Toss not my soul, O Love, 'twixt hope and fear!* From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs and Airs,* 1600.

PAGE 212, No. 243 — *If waker care, — if sudden pale colour —.* The first part of this sonnet was suggested to Wyat by the sonnet of Petrarch, beginning:

> S' una feda amorosa, un cor non finto, etc.

of which the poet had elsewhere given an entire version. "If so," says Leigh Hunt (*English Sonnets,* p. 136), "the latter part may equally be supposed to have been suggested by some French song. I think I have a recollection of some such contrastment of a Phyllis and a Brunette in old French poetry. Yet these propositions and contrapositions are so common in love-poets, that the feeling may have originated with Sir Thomas himself; though he was a Petrarcist professed. In a court like that of Henry VIII. Wyat may well enough have met with a Brunette of his own, who revolted him with her ostentation and her love of wealth, — setting his mercer's and jeweller's bills *in a roar.* The names of Brunet (Brunetta) and Phyllis in conjunction are to be found nowhere else, I believe, in English literature, except in Steele's amusing story of the two rival beauties in the *Spectator,* No. 86. Did he get them from Wyat? Wyat was just the sort of man to be loved and admired by Steele."

PAGE 214, No. 247 — *At her fair hands how have I grace entreated.* First printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602, and set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale,* 1608.

PAGE 215, No. 248 — *I saw fair Chloris walk alone.* Copied from the *Ashmolean* MS. 38, Art. II. It is given in *Wit's Recreation,* 1645, and *Wit's Interpreter,* 1655, 1671. Set to music by Purcell in Henry Playford's *Theater of Musick,* Pt. 3, 1686.

PAGE 216, No. 249 — *Camella fair tripped o'er the plain.* From Thomas Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals,* 1618.

PAGE 219, No. 253 — *Beauty sat bathing by a spring.* This poem and the second following, No. 255, are undoubtedly by the same author. There are conflicting opinions, however, as to his identity. This song was published with six others in *England's Helicon,* 1600, and signed "Shepherd Tony." It is also found in Anthony Munday's *Primaleon,* 1619. "And though Anthony Munday," says

Mr. Quiller-Couch, "('our best plotter' according to Meres, and elsewhere less reverently, 'the Grub Street Patriarch'), could write poorly enough, as a rule, the evidence is sufficient that he was the 'Shepherd Tony' and author of this graceful lyric." "This charming lyric," writes Mr. Bullen, in his edition of *England's Helicon,* "was written by 'Shepherd Tony,' who contributed six other poems. It would be pleasant to be able to identify the Shepherd Tony; but I fear that he will remain a mere *nominis umbra.* The suggestion that the delightful lyrist was Anthony Copely, author of *A Fig for Fortune,* 1596, and *Wits, Fits, and Fancies,* 1614, is ridiculous; and equally ridiculous is the suggestion that he was Anthony Munday." This, however, was written before Mr. Bullen had become familiar with all of Munday's writings; and after the discovery of this poem in the *Primaleon,* he became convinced of the identity of Munday and the Shepherd Tony, recanting in an interesting note in the *Introduction* to the *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances.*

PAGE 220, No. 254 — *Follow a shadow, it still flies you.* From *The Forest.* Drummond of Hawthornden thus relates the origin of this song: "Pembroke and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, 'The women were men's shadows,' and she maintained them. Both appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true, for which my Lady gave a penance to prove it in verse; hence his epigram."

PAGE 220, No. 255 — *See note to* No. *253.

PAGE 224, No. 257 — *My hope a counsel with my heart.* From Michael Este's *Madrigals of Three, Four, and Five Parts,* 1604.

PAGE 225, No. 258 — *Dear if you change, I'll never choose again.* From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs,* 1597.

PAGE 227, No. 261 — *Out upon it I have loved.* This poem was found in an obscure volume of verse of the time of Charles I., by *A. D.,* whom Hazlitt conjectured to be Alexander Dyce. The poem has been attributed to Suckling because it possesses the internal evidence of his peculiar qualities, which one, once having read *The Careless Lover,* can have no two opinions about. An answer was written by Sir Toby Matthew, which read:

Say, but did you love so long?
  In troth, I needs must blame you:
Passion did your judgment wrong,
  Or want of reason shame you.

Truth, Time's fair and witty daughter,
  Shortly shall discover,
Y'are a subject fit for laughter,
  And more fool than lover.

But I grant you merit praise
  For your constant folly;
Since you doted three whole days,
  Were you not melancholy?

She to whom you prov'd so true,
  And that very, very face,
Puts each minute such as you
  A dozen, dozen to disgrace.

PAGE 234, No. 268 — *Steer hither, steer your wingèd pines.* The opening song from *The Inner Temple Masque, Presented by the Gentlemen there, January* 13, 1614. Printed in 1772, by Thomas Davies, in his ed. of *Browne* on the authority of a MS. in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

PAGE 236, No. 271 — *The sea hath many thousand sands.* From Robert Jones' *The Muses' Garden of Delights* 1610.

PAGE 237, No. 272 — *Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie.* From *The Mad Lover,* acted before 1618-19, act. iii. sc. 1.

PAGE 237, No. 273 — *Fra bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin.* Line 1, *Rin:* run. Line 2, *Ourhailit:* overspread. Line 7, *Ingenrit:* stir up. Line 8, *Dauphin:* dolphin. Line 12, *Feidis:* feeds. Line 13, *Throw:* through.

PAGE 238, No. 274 — *O waly, waly, up the bank.* There is some doubt about the date of this lament. It is believed by some to be a portion of the ballad *Lord Jamie Douglas,* and therefore as late as 1670. Professor Ayton believes that the verse belongs to the sixteenth century. Rev. S. Baring-Gould has discovered and printed in his *Songs of the West,* 1892, a traditional song of the *West-Counties,* which has the two stanzas:

I leaned my back against an oak,
But first it bent and then it broke;
Untrusty as I found that tree,
So did my false love prove to me.

I wish — I wish — but 'tis in vain
I wish I had my heart again!
With silver chain and diamond locks
I'd fasten it in a golden box.

Line 17, *Now Arthur Seat:* the hill by Edinburgh, near the foot of which is St. Anthony's Well.

PAGE 243, No. 279 — *They flee from me that sometime did me seek.* "Under the figure of a lady offering to him unsolicited the tenderest mark of affection, he describes, in a lively manner, his early good fortune and success in life when, as he expresses himself in the ode preceding, using the same metaphorical language adopted in the present ode, '*Methought, Fortune me kissed.*' Following the same figure he naturally refers his subsequent misfortunes to that constitutional levity, that '*strange fashion of forsaking,*' which is too common with the gentler sex. The ode is one of no considerable merit; it is original and full of feeling." (Nott, *Howard and Wyat.*) Line 2, *Stalking within my chamber:* to steal softly with noiseless step. Sometimes, to steal upon one as in the soft and imperceptible approach of sleep. Cf. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* l. 8400:

The lover is of colour dead and pale;
There will no sleep into his eyes *stalk.*

Line 13, *Sweetly she did me kiss:* The propriety of this image depends in great measure on a circumstance which grew out of the manners of the days of chivalry, and which is now forgotten. Whenever a lady accepted the service of a knight, or acknowledged a person as her servant, or lover, she gave him a kiss, voluntarily offered on her part; and this was considered to be an inviolable bond of obligation. The reverence with which women were approached in those days ensured that this simple mark of approbation was never misconceived or abused. Cf. Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida,* Bk. III., line 180, where Cressida, permitting Troilus to become her knight, advances modestly towards him, supported by her uncle, and gives him the formal kiss. For the prevalence of the custom in England, see *Erasmus' Letter to his friend Faustus Andrelinus.* Also, for the use of Erasmus' correspondence on this custom, see Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *The Duchess of Nona,* in *The Little Novels of Italy,* chap. I.

Page 245, No. 281 — *While that the sun with his beams hot.* From William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures,* 1589. Appeared also in *England's Helicon,* 1600.

Page 246, No. 282 — *Sly thief, if so you will believe.* From Michael Este's *Madrigals,* 1604.

Page 247, No. 283 — *Think'st thou to seduce me then with words that have no meaning?* From Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs,* 1617. There is another version of this song given in William Corkine's *Airs,* 1610, with only three stanzas; for this version see *Works of Thomas Campion,* Bullen ed., 1891, p. 286.

Page 248, No. 285 — *Thou send'st to me a heart was sound.* From *Oxford Music School MS.* F., 575. "I seem *to have met* [these verses]," says Mr. Bullen (*More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*), "in print somewhere, but cannot at the moment trace them. For neatness and elegance they are worthy of Ben Jonson." Dr. Grosart ascribed this poem to Donne, and printed it in his edition of the poet's *Works,* vol. ii., p. 254, adding the two following stanzas:

The heart I sent thee had no stain;
It was entire and sound;
But thou hast sent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

O Heavens, how wouldst thou use a heart
That should rebellious be,
Since thou hast slain mine with a dart
That so much honoured thee.

Page 252, No. 288 — *Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now.* Sonnet xc. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. See Sonnet lxxxix., of which this sonnet takes up the last word, pleading pathetically for hatred; for the worst, speedily, if at all. (Dowden.) Line 6, *The rearward of a conquer'd woe:* cf. *Much Ado About Nothing,* act iv. sc. 1:

Thought I thy spirit were stronger than thy flames,
Myself would, on the *rearward of reproaches,*
Strike at thy life.

Line 13, *And other strains of woe:* cf. *Much Ado About Nothing,* act v. sc. 1:

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every *strain for strain.*

PAGE 252, No. 289 — *Disdain me still that I may ever love.* From John Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace,* 1612.

PAGE 253, No. 291 — *When thou, poor Excommunicate.* The first and third stanzas of this poem were set to music by Henry Lawes in *Ayres and Dialogues,* 1653.

PAGE 258, No. 297 — *My lute awake! perform the last.* "This Ode," says Nott, "occurs in the *Nugae Antiquae,* vol. ii., p. 252, Ed. 1775, and is there given to Lord Rochford; evidently erroneously, for it is here printed from the *Harington MS.,* No. 1, p. 80, which was Wyat's own MS., and is signed with his name in his own handwriting. It is a poem of singular merit. It is one of the most elegant amatory Odes in our language. It is as beautifully arranged in all its parts as any of the odes of Horace. The Lute, to which the Ode is addressed, corresponded nearly to the modern guitar. It was the instrument to which almost all the amatory compositions of our early poets were sung; whence they were properly called *Songs,* corresponding to the Italian *Cantate.* Every person of good education played on the lute. Surrey excelled on that instrument, and composed to it several elegant airs. . . . I should not scruple to say that this Ode of Wyat is more elegant and feeling than that of Horace to *Lydia* on a subject nearly similar. — *Lib.* I., *Ode 25.*" Line 7, *As lead to grave in marble stone: i. e.,* It would be more easy for lead, which is the softest of metals, to engrave characters on hard marble, than it is for me to make an impression on her obdurate heart. *To grave:* in the sense of making an impression upon, was common among the early writers. Cf. Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida,* Bk. II., l. 1241:

But ye have played the tyrant all too long,
And hard was it your heart for *to grave.*

Line 26, *May chance thee lie:* Wyat, says Nott, is incomparably more elegant and pleasing in this passage than Horace in the following lines:

Cum tibi flagrans amor, et libido
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum,
Non sine questu, etc.

And it is Nott's opinion that, "there is nothing in the whole of Horace's ode equal in beauty to the two lines which conclude the seventh stanza in Wyat:

"Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done."

PAGE 260, No. 298 — *Shall I wasting in despair.* An imitation of this poem attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh by Cayley in his *Life,* and retained by Dr. Hannah in his *Courtly Poets,* p. 82, begins:

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

PAGE 261, No. 299 — *Hence away, you Sirens, leave me.* In commenting on this poem in *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics,* Professor Schelling says: "There is a second decidedly weaker version of this facile poem. Wither was often troubled with pangs of conscience for the levity of his earlier Muse; it may have been in one of these moments that he reduced his Sirens to one, and somewhat prudishly covered their antique nakedness." Line 44, *Whilst there's noble hills to climb:* nouns in the plural were used as the subject of is. Cf. Shakespeare's '*There is salmons in both*' — *Henry V.,* act iv. sc. 6.

PAGE 266, No. 301 — *Thou art not fair for all thy red and white.* From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs,* 1601. There are two other versions of this poem which have been erroneously attributed to Donne and to Joshua Sylvester, in *Harley MS.,* 6910, fol. 150.

Thou shalt not love me, neither shall these eyes
Shine on my soul shrouded in deadly night;
Thou shalt not breathe on me thy spiceries,
Nor rock me in thy quavers of delight.
Hold off thy hands; for I had rather die
Than have my life by thy coy touch reprieved.
Smile not on me, but frown thou bitterly:
Slay me outright, no lovers are long lived.
As for those lips reserved so much in store,
Their rosy verdure shall not meet with mine.
Withhold thy proud embracements evermore:
I'll not be swaddled in those arms of thine.
Now show it if thou be a woman right, —
Embrace and kiss and love me in despight.

Beauty without Love Deformity

Thou are not fair for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy temperatures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet unless thou pity me.
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glittering brightness
Can night enlumine in her darkest den;
Thy hands are bloody, though contrived of whiteness,
Both black and bloody, if they murder men;
Thy brows, whereon my good hap doth depend,
Fairer than snow or lily in the spring;
Thy tongue which saves (?) at every sweet word's end,

That hard as marble, this a mortal sting;
I will not soothe thy follies, thou shalt prove
That Beauty is no Beauty without Love.

PAGE 268, No. 304 — *When Love on time and measure makes his ground.* From Robert Jones' *First Book of Songs and Airs,* 1601.

PAGE 270, No. 307 — *Take, O take those lips away.* From *Measure for Measure,* 1603, act iv. sc. 1. This song is quoted in Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother,* act v. sc. 2, with the following additional stanza:

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tips the pinks that grow
  Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
  Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The distinct inferiority of the second stanza to the first leads Mr. Bullen to think that the former was written by Shakespeare and the latter by Fletcher. See also Mr. Swinburne's note on this song in *A Study of Shakespeare,* p. 205.

PAGE 271, No. 309 — *Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.* This great sonnet first appeared in the 1619 folio of Drayton's *Works,* and numbered lxi. of the sonnets *Idea.* I believe this to be a very personal sonnet, into which the poet put so much of the intensity of truth and experience that its expression, wrought by the genius of a poet like Drayton, could not be other than a creation of magnificent art. "From Anacreon to Moore, I know of no lines on the old subject of lovers' quarrels, distinguished for equal tenderness of sentiment. . . . Especially may be observed the exquisite gracefulness in the transition from the familiar tone in the first part of the sonnet to the deeper feeling and higher strain of the imagination at the close." (Henry Reed, *British Poets,* I., 241.) "As for Drayton, his one incomparable sonnet is *Love* Parting. That is almost the best in the language, if not quite." (Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from *Recollections of D. G. R.,* by T. Hall Caine.)

PAGE 272, No. 311 — *Ring out your bells, let mourning shews be spread.* From *Certaine Sonets, The Arcadia,* 1598. It is a tenable theory that all of the poems in this group contain some reference to Sidney's love for Stella; certainly this is the case with many of them. Dr. Grosart admits that only long-established precedent withholds him from including them in that section of his edition, and indeed this is not strong enough to prevent his transferring two sonnets which he numbers as cix. and cx. of *Astrophel and Stella.* He considers this *Dirge* to have been written upon the marriage of Stella to Lord Rich. (*Sidney* ii., 3, 4.) Mr. Pollard, in explanation of their original omission from the book, suggests that by some accident Sidney's own copies may have been destroyed, and that we owe the poem to the fortunate preservation of duplicates by the Countess of Pembroke. Compare Tennyson's *Ring out, wild bells,* in *In Memoriam,* cvi., which is generally supposed to have been suggested by this poem. Line

16, *False seeming holy:* perhaps, hypocrisy. Line 21, *Trentals:* From late Latin, *trigintalia;* service lasting thirty days in which thirty masses were said for the repose of the soul.

PAGE 274, No. 312 — *Resolved to dust entombed here lieth Love:* Each of the poems of Watson's *Passionate Century* is preceded by a brief explanation. This poem is included among the last twenty (so-styled) sonnets, under the section titled *My Love Is Past,* and is prefaced as follows: "The author faineth here that Love, essaying with his brand to fire the heart of some lady, on whom it would not work, immediately, to try whether the old virtue of it were extinguished or no, applied it unto his own breast, and thereby foolishly consumed himself. This invention hath some relation unto the *Epitaph of Love,* written by M. Girolimo Parabosco:

> "'*In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore,*
> *Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, etc.*'"

Watson's pains lest the reader may believe his passion not assumed, together with his pedantic gloss, has gone far toward destroying whatever of real merit the verses possess.

PAGE 275, No. 313 — *Far in the country of Arden.* This charming ballad is from *The Shepherd's Garland,* 1593, where it is sung by the shepherd *Motto* in the *Eighth Eclogue.* It was republished in *Poems Lyrick and Pastorall,* 1605, and again in the 1619 *Folio* of Drayton's *Works.* Line 3, *Isenbras:* the metrical romance of *Sir Isenbras* was printed by Copland early in the sixteenth century from an unknown French original. A copy from MS. is given by Halliwell among the *Thorton Romances* in the *Camden Society,* 1844. Line 6, *Sir Topas:* the *Rime of Sire Thopas* in the *Canterbury Tales.* Drayton, in this ballad, has borrowed Chaucer's metre and some of his expressions. Line 11, *Yconned the leire:* she knew the learning belonging to great courtesy. (Collier.) Line 14, *March-pine:* a kind of sweet biscuit usually composed of almonds and sugar. Line 27, *And lythe as lass of Kent:* Cf. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar: Second Eclogue:*

> Seest how brag yond bullocke beares
> So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
> His hornes bene as broade as rainebow bent,
> His dewelap *as lythe as lasse of Kent.*

Line 33, *To get sweet setywall:* Cf. the *Rime of Sire Thopas:*

> There springen herbes grete and smale,
> The licoris and *the setewale.*

"*Setwall,* or *garden valerian,* at the first hath broad leaves of a whitish green colour." (Lyte's *Herbal* apud *Nares.*) Quoted by Bullen. (*Selections from Drayton's Poems.*) Line 41, *He crowed crank: i. e.,* lustily. The word is used by Spenser. *Crancke,* or *cranke,* an old word, and yet still in use among country people, used for *lustie, courageous, spiritfull.* (Minshewe.) "The derivation is uncertain," says Mr. Bullen. "On the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, Minshewe derived it from Dutch *kranck, sick.*" Line 56, *Of the finest loke: i. e.,* lock or fleece of wool. Line 58, *Bauzons' skin:* badger's skin. Line 59, *His cockers were:* a kind of rustic

high shoes, or half-boots; probably from cocking up. Cf. Hall's *Satires*, iv. 6:

> Now doth he inly scorn his Kendall-grene
> And his *patch'd cockers* now despised bene.

Line 59, *Of cordiwin:* Cf. the *Rime of Sire Thopas:*

> His here, his berde was like saffroun,
> That to his girdle raught adoun,
> His shoon *of cordewane.*

Line 60, *Hood of miniver:* a kind of fur. Line 62, *His tarbox:* tar was used for curling sheep's sores. Line 63, *Breech of Cointree blue: Coventry* blue. *Coventry* blue stuffs were as famous as *Lincoln green.* (Bullen.)

PAGE 279, No. 314 — *Love is a sickness full of woes.* From *Hymen's Triumph,* acted 1613-14. This "pastoral tragi-comedy" was performed at Somerset-House on the occasion of Lord Roxburgh's marriage to Mistress Jane Drummond. Mr. Chamberlain's comment is "solemn and dull."

PAGE 280, No. 315 — *Go and catch a falling star.* Mr. Gosse very justly says of Donne's 'system of prosody:' "The terms 'irregular,' 'unintelligible,' and 'viciously rugged' are commonly used in describing it, and it seems even to be supposed by some critics that Donne did not know how to scan. This last supposition may be rejected at once; what there was to know about poetry was known to Donne. But it seems certain that he intentionally introduced a revolution into English versification. It was doubtless a rebellion against the smooth and somewhat nerveless iambic flow of Spenser and the earliest contemporaries of Shakespeare, that Donne invented his violent mode of breaking up the line into quick and slow beats." (*Jacobean Poets,* 1894.) Line 2, *Mandrake root: Mandragora officinalis,* a low plant having a fleshy root often forked, and supposed to resemble a man. It was therefore supposed to have animal life, and to cry out when pulled up. All parts of the plants are strongly narcotic. (Webster.) Cf. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet,* act iv. sc. 3:

> And *shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth*
> That living mortals hearing them, run mad.

Line 3, *Past hours:* ed. of 1669 reads, *times past.* Line 10, *Born to strange sights: i. e.,* gifted with clairvoyant vision.

PAGE 281, No. 316 — *Why so pale and wan, fond lover?* This song, perhaps the most perfect example of the satirical lyric of the Caroline period, appears in *Aglaura,* act iv. sc. 1, printed 1638. It is sung by young *Orsames,* who calls it "a little foolish counsel I gave a friend of mine four or five years ago when he was falling into a consumption."

PAGE 281, No. 317 — *Sweet Love, renew thy force: be it not said.* Sonnet lvi. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. A sonnet written in absence. The "love" addressed (to-morrow see again, etc.) is only the imaginative vision of the absent one. Line 6, *Even till*

they wink: to close the eyes not necessarily for a moment, but as in sleep. Here to sleep as after a full meal. Cf. *Cymbeline,* act. ii. sc. 3:

> And *winking Mary-buds begin*
> To ope their golden eyes.

Line 8, *Perpetual dulness:* in connection with *Wink;* drowsiness as when Prospero says of Miranda's sleep "*'Tis a good dulness*" — *The Tempest,* act i. sc. 2. Line 13, *Or call:* the Quarto reads *As;* Mr. Palgrave reads *Else.*

PAGE 284, No. 322 — *Madam, withouten many words.* This very well-known song of Wyat's is from *Tottel's Miscellany,* 1557. "Subjoined, in the same MS.," says Nott (*Harington MS.,* No. 1, p. 42), "is an answer, which, though it probably was not written by Wyat, yet as it was transcribed by him into his book, deserves to be preserved." The answer reads:

> Of few words, Sir, you seem to be,
> And where I doubted what I would do
> Your quick request hath caused me
> Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.
>
> For he that will be called with a beck,
> Makes hasty suit on light desire;
> Is ever ready to the check
> And burneth in no wasting fire.
>
> Therefore whether you be lief or loth,
> And whether it grieve you light or sore
> I am at a point. I have made an oath,
> Content you with "Nay;" for you get no more.

Line 3, *Then leave your boards:* tackings to and fro. A vessel tacking is said to *make boards.*

PAGE 285, No. 323 — *Lady! you are with beauties so enrichèd.* From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602.

PAGE 286, No. 324 — *The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall.* From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs and Airs,* 1603. Also appeared in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602, and subscribed "*Incerto.*" In Mr. Bullen's reprint of the *Rhapsody,* it is signed by the still mysterious initials *A. W. Rawlinson MS.,* Poet. 148, fol. 50, attributes it to Sir Edward Dyer, which authorship I have retained with a question.

PAGE 286, No. 325 — *Art thou gone in haste?* From *The Thracian Wonder,* published by Francis Kirkman, 1661, and attributed on the title-page to Webster and Rowley. No evidence can be approved that Webster took any part in writing the play. William Rowley collaborated with Middleton in the *Spanish Gipsy,* published 1652, though written nearly thirty years earlier; and probably also in *Mere Dissemblers besides Women,* published in 1657. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain.

PAGE 288, No. 327 — *Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye.*

Biron's sonnet to Rosalind from *Love's Labour's Lost,* 1592, act iv. sc. 3; it was included as the third poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599. (See note to No. *41.*)

PAGE 289, No. 328 — *Sweetest love, I do not go.* Line 7, *Use myself:* accustom myself. Line 13, *Fear not:* for me.

PAGE 293, No. 331 — *Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee.* From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617. "The melodious serenade worthy even of Shelley." (Bullen.)

PAGE 294, No. 332 — *Open the door! Who's there within?* From Martin Peerson's *Private Music,* 1620. Bodleian Library, Douce Collection.

PAGE 294, No. 333 — *Only Joy! now here you are:* The Fourth Song in *Astrophel and Stella.* Line 14, *Cupid's yoke:* Grosart's ed. reads Cupid's *knot.* Line 21, *Hap:* good luck. Line 28, *Folks:* Folio reads *Fools,* which Dr. Grosart suggests is 'gayer yet deeper than folks.' Line 34, *Frame:* design or build up (it, the time or opportunity).

PAGE 298, No. 335 — *O dear life, when shall it be.* The Tenth Song in *Astrophel and Stella.* Stanzas vi., vii., viii., do not appear in the Quarto Ed., 1591. Line 8, *After parting, aught forgot:* Quarto of 1591 reads: *By thine absence oft forgot.* Line 45, *Melts:* Quarto reads, *fleets.* Line 47, *Revived:* Quarto reads, *received.*

PAGE 299, No. 336 — *Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye.* From *Never Too Late,* 1590. Greene several times revived the old combination of French and English verse. It will be noticed that in this poem the first and third line carry on the lyric; the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth being refrains.

PAGE 301, No. 337 — *Therefore above the rest, Ambition sat.* This selection is from *Christ's Victorie on Earth,* published at Cambridge, 1610. The author of this poem, son to Giles Fletcher the elder, brother to Phineas Fletcher, and cousin to the dramatist, was as certainly Milton's master as Spenser was Browne's. "That *Christ's Victorie,*" Dr. Grosart writes (*Memorial-Introduction* to G. Fletcher's *Poems, Fuller's Worthies Library*), "had one supreme student in John Milton every one discerns; and the *one* is compensating renown." Line 8, *Golden virges:* rods. Line 25, *Wat'ry orbicles:* soap-bubbles. Line 43, *Stench:* staunch. Line 86, *Where deeply both: i. e.,* presumption and Satan.

PAGE 305, No. 338 — *My only star.* From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602. Line 26, *Lines:* letter; as also in Line 53. Lines 43-4. The verbal quibble in these lines are typically Elizabethan.

PAGE 307, No. 340 — *There is none, O none but you.* This poem is No. xiii. in the *Second Part (Light Conceits of Lovers)* of Campion's *Two Books of Airs,* 1613. It is included by Dr. Hannah in his *Courtly Poets,* 1870, where it is attributed to Robert, Earl of Essex, on the testimony of the *Aubrey's MSS.,* printed by Dr. Bliss, the editor of Wood's *Fasti.*

PAGE 308, No. 341 — *I serve Aminta, whiter than the snow.* Like Nos. *253* and *255* (see note supra) this poem is from *England's Helicon,* 1600, where it is signed "Shepherd Tony." Line 3, *More fine in trip:* of daintier step. Line 13, *Curster . . . by kind:* more vixenish in disposition.

PAGE 310, No. 343 — *The green that you would wish me wear.* George Turberville (1530?-1594) was a Dorsetshire man of good family, educated at Winchester and Oxford. Besides writing a good many occasional poems he was also the author of a work on Falconry and made many translations. This selection is the best specimen of his lyrical work. Line 18, *Refuse:* refusal.

PAGE 313, No. 345 — *Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show.* The initial sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella,* 1591. "The very first piece of the series, an oddly compounded sonnet of thirteen Alexandrines and a final heroic, strikes the note of intense and fresh poetry which is only heard afar off in Surrey and Wyat, which is hopeless to seek in the tentatives of Turberville and Googe, and which is smothered with jejune and merely literary ornament in the less familiar work of Thomas Watson. The second line, . . . the couplet (lines 7 and 8) . . . and the sudden and splendid finale . . . are things that may be looked for in vain earlier." (George Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature,* 1887.)

PAGE 314, No. 346 — *First shall the heavens want starry light.* From *Rosalind,* 1590. In speaking of the influence of Desportes, Mr. Bullen says: "It seems to me that whenever Lodge imitated Desportes, he greatly improved upon his model. Desportes has a sonnet beginning:

> "On verra défaillir tous les astres aux cieux, etc.

Compare this with Lodge's poem beginning *First shall the heaven,* etc. Desportes' sonnet is a bundle of dry conceits; Lodge's song is musical as a running brook." (*Introduction, Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances,* 1890.)

PAGE 315, No. 347 — *Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea.* Sonnet lxv. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Line 4, *Action:* apparently used in the legal sense suggested by *hold a plea* in line 3. Line 10, *Time's chest:* Theobald proposed *Time's guest,* but Malone defends this reading by showing that the image of a jewel in a chest was a favorite one with Shakespeare. Line 12, *Of beauty:* the *or* of the Quarto is a manifest error.

PAGE 316, No. 349 — *Let me not to the marriage of true minds.* Sonnet cxvi. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. It would be difficult to cite a finer passage of moral poetry than this description of the master passion. (Leigh Hunt, *English Sonnets.*) "Admits his wanderings, but love is fixed above all the errors and trials of man's life." Line 2, *Admit impediments:* See the *Form of Solemnization of Matrimony:* If any of you know cause or just *impediments,* etc. Lines 2-3, *Love is not love:* Cf. *King Lear,* act i. sc. 1:

> Love's not love
> When it is mingled with regards that stand
> Aloof from the entire point.

Lines 5-6, *An ever-fixed mark:* Cf. *Coriolanus,* act v. sc. 3:

Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw.

Line 7, *It is a star:* Prof. Dowden interprets this passage: "As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, besides its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies," and adds, "Height, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, altitude (of the *star*) and value (of *love*)." Line 9, *Time's fool:* the sport or mockery of Time. Cf. *King Henry IV.,* act v. sc. 4:

But thought's the slave of life, and life *time's fool.*

Line 11, *His brief hours: i. e.,* Time's. Line 12, *Bears it out even to the edge of doom:* Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well,* act iii. sc. 3:

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the *extreme edge of hazard.*

PAGE 318, No. 352 — *Happy ye leaves whenas those lily hands.* This is the opening sonnet of the *Amoretti,* 1595. These sonnets furnish us with a circumstantial and interesting account of Spenser's second courtship, which, after many repulses, was successfully terminated by the marriage celebrated in the *Epithalamium.* (See p. 358, No. *392.*) Line 10, *Of Helicon whence she derivèd is:* Dr. Grosart explains this obscure passage by the suggestion that the allusion is to the name (Elizabeth) of Spenser's wife. (See note to No. *538.*) In sonnet xxxix. of the *Amoretti* reference is made to *My Helice,* which would seem to confirm this idea (Helice — *Elise?*).

PAGE 318, No. 353 — *Rose-cheek'd Laura, come.* "In 1602 appeared Thomas Campion's *Observation in the Art of English Poetry,* the famous pamphlet in which this graceful Elizabethan rimer advocated a return to classical quantitative verse. He illustrated his proposed rhythms with original experiments, which in all but one case are no less unhappy than most quantitative poems in English. The one exception, however, illustrating a trochaic strophe, deserves to be quoted as an example, not only of graceful melody, but of perfect lyrical form. The motive — Laura's beauty — is introduced in the first words, developed through an Elizabethan 'conceit' of human beauty in general, and closed with a philosophic contemplation of perfect beauty in the abstract." (John Erskine: *The Elizabethan Lyric,* ed. 1905.) See also *Observations in the art of English Poesy,* p. 258, Bullen's ed. of Campion's *Works,* 1903.

PAGE 320, No. 355 — *Fair Hebe, when dame Flora meets.* From Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals,* 1604.

PAGE 320, No. 356 — *This morning timely wrapt with holy fire.* From *Epigrams,* 1616. Lucy, Countess of Bedford, sister and coheir of the second Lord Harrington, was a gifted woman of varied attainments and distinguished by her liberal patronage of men of genius; Drayton, Donne, Daniel, and Jonson being especially indebted to her munificence, for which all of them have paid poetical tribute. She died in 1627.

PAGE 325, No. 364 — *Here lies the blithe spring.* From Ford and Dekker's *The Sun's Darling,* 1656. The play was licensed in 1623-4. The songs are doubtless by Dekker.

PAGE 327, No. 368 — *Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold.* From Orlando Gibbons' *First Set of Madrigals,* 1612.

PAGE 331, No. 374 — *O perfect Light, which shaid away.* From *Poems* of Alexander Hume, *Scottish Text Society Publications.* Alexander Hume was born at Reidbrais, North Berwick (Scotland), 1556-7, and died in 1609. He belonged to a minor but still important branch of the great clan which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, possessed the larger portion of the Merse and part of East Lothian. He was the second of seven sons and two daughters born to Patrick and Agnes Hume, his father being the grandson of the first Patrick Hume, the Comptroller of Scotland in 1499. It has been invariably assumed that Hume studied at St. Andrew's. Circumstances, however, point to his matriculation in 1571 as a student of St. Mary's. Later he travelled in France, and on his return became attached to the Court of James VI. "Hume's *Summer Day,*" says Lawson (*Introduction to Poems,* 1902), "suggests not only the *Prologues* of Douglas, but Thomson's *Seasons,* and the prose idyll which Richard Jeffries called *The Pageant of Summer* (*The Life of the Fields,* pp. 41-64). It is more limited in scope than the *Summer* of the former, for it treats a day poetically, not formally, and it does not range over the experiences of an entire season. But it shows the same love and the same knowledge. . . . The earlier poet, because his ambition is more modest, naturally misses much that moved the latter . . . but he has no inartistic digressions, and he has at every point the same sincerity of feeling. . . . Hume and Thomson are alike, however, in adding to the single-hearted love of the sights and sounds amid which they were reared, a full recognition of Nature as the expression of divine power and wisdom. This recognition of spirit above and behind Nature is constant and simple, although we know otherwise that the religious creed of the two Borderers differed materially." Line 1, *Shaid:* parted. Line 6, *Vively:* vividly. Line 16, *Stripe:* rill. Line 21, *Astres:* stars. Line 23, *Offuskit:* darkened. Line 29, *Boulden:* swollen. Line 30, *Sheen:* bright. Line 37, *Reek:* smoke-vapor. Line 38, *Skails:* clears. Line 41, *Cloggit:* clogged. Line 59, *Ding:* to beat. Line 91, *Simples:* herbs. Line 84, *Steir:* to stir. Line 89, *Cessile:* yielding, ceasing. Line 93, *Flourishes:* blossoms. Line 108, *O'erfret:* overfretted.

PAGE 335, No. 375 — *Where the bee sucks, there suck I.* Ariel's song in the *Tempest,* act v. sc. 1.

PAGE 342, No. 381 — *Jack and Joan, they think no ill.* From *Divine and Moral Songs* in *Two Books of Airs,* 1613. Line 19, *Tutties:* Nosegays.

PAGE 345, No. 383 — *Come follow me, you country lasses.* From Fletcher and Rowley's *The Maid in the Mill,* 1647. Mr. Bullen suspects that Rowley is the author of this song.

NOTES

PAGE 346, No. 384 — *Haymakers, rakers, reapers and mowers.* From Ford and Dekker's *The Sun's Darling,* 1656. I follow Mr. Bullen in assigning this song to Dekker.

PAGE 347, No. 385 — *What pleasure have great princes.* From William Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs,* 1588.

PAGE 348, No. 386 — *Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing.* From *The Mourning Garment,* 1590. Prof. Brown, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, in speaking of Robert Greene says: "Wild with the feverish life of an actor, yet penning songs that breathe in every line of rest . . . oblivious to the graces of his most virtuous wife, for the blandishments of a 'sorry ragged quean' and yet capable of uttering the most lyrical eulogy of rustic married life." (Grosart's *Greene* I. xlix.) Line 28, *Affects:* affections. Line 36, *Spill:* destroy. Line 42, *Sithe:* time (originally a journey, hence an occasion).

PAGE 350, No. 387 — *Come, spur away.* Thomas Randolph, after an honourable career as a student pensioner at Trinity College, Cambridge, went to London, where his rare promise procured his adoption as one of the "sons of Ben," before he had actually accomplished any great achievement in verse. Anthony Stafford was a noted prose writer of the day, an account of whose works may be found in Collier's *Rarest Books in the English Language,* iv., 90. Line 4, *Chargeable:* expensive. Line 16, *Puisne of the Inns of Court:* a junior student in the law courts. Line 23, *No finger lose:* Randolph himself had lost a finger in a fray. Line 32, *Hyde Park* was originally a game preserve, but became a fashionable promenade in the reign of Charles II. Line 36, *The Cheap:* Cheapside, the principal retail street of old London. Line 76, *Noble Barclay:* perhaps Sir John Berkley, Governor of Exeter, to whom Herrick addresses the lines:

> Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here
> The Hector over aged Exeter.

PAGE 353, No. 388 — *Let Mother Earth now deck herself in flowers.* From *Arcadia,* 1598.

PAGE 356, No. 389 — *Cynthia, to thy power and thee.* From *The Maid's Tragedy,* 1619, act i. sc. 2.

PAGE 357, No. 391 — *Roses, their sharp spines being gone.* From *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* 1634. On the title-page of the first ed. of this play Shakespeare's name is associated with Fletcher's as joint author. There is naturally much difference of opinion as to the authorship of this song. The weight of authority seems to be against Shakespeare, although from internal evidence, strong arguments can be made against this opinion.

There are, however, many instances in Fletcher's lyrical poems when he, without apparent difference, achieves Shakespeare's manner. Cf. song from *Valentinian, Now the lusty spring is seen.* Mr. Bullen says: "I have given the song tentatively to Fletcher, but I have a strong suspicion that it is by Shakespeare." (*Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists,* 1889.) Line 7, *Primrose, first-born child of Ver:* the punctuation at the end of this line has heretofore been a comma, which resulted in a certain obscurity in the succeed-

ing line. Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the following interesting note, explains the matter, and his suggestion has been followed in the present text.

"The opening lines of the second stanza have generally been printed thus:

> "Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
> Merry springtime's harbinger,
> With her bells dim. . . .

and many have wondered how Shakespeare or Fletcher came to write of the bells of a primrose. . . . I have always suspected, however, that there should be a semicolon after 'Ver' and that 'merry springtime's harbinger, with her bells dim,' referred to a totally different flower — the snow-drop, to wit. And I now learn from Dr. Grosart, who has carefully examined the 1634, and early editions, that the text actually gives a semicolon. The snow-drop may very well come after the primrose in the song, which altogether ignores the process of the seasons." (*Adventures in Criticism*, pp. 42-3.)

PAGE 358, No. 392 — *Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes.* "This splendid poem," says Mr. Erskine (*Study of Elizabethan Lyrics*), "is considered by many critics the foremost of Elizabethan lyrics. It illustrates the many-sided tastes of the pastoral lyrists. It is idyllic in method; the emotion is advanced through a series of lyric units, each inspired by a separate picture. Strictly speaking, each stanza, with its own inspiration, is a song in itself, and the complete poem is a series rather than an organic whole. But the lyrical emotion aroused by all the motives is the same in every case, so that, in the broad sense, it would be difficult to deny unity to the poem. In the subject-matter, as well as in the emotion, unity is secured by describing the events of one day in order from daybreak to midnight."

"Two references in the *Epithalamium* give us its date and scene. Its date was the 11th June, 1594, as thus:

> "This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight
> With Barnaby the bright — (Lines 265-6.)

The scene was the cathedral of Cork — and (it is believed) Bishop William Lyon was the chief officiating clergyman:

> "Open the temple gates unto my love,
> Open them wide that she may enter in . . .
> And all the pillours deck with girlands trim —
> (Lines 204-7.)

— with after mention of the 'high altar' and 'roring organ' and 'choristers.'

"The splendour of the ceremonials, the 'many gazers,' the stir and concourse of the gentlest and richest, and the whole tone of the *Epithalamium*, harmonize with the bride having been a 'Lady,' such as by kinship at least Elizabeth Boyle doubtless was. The question of the enraptured bridegroom:

> "Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
> So fayre a creature in your towne before?
> (Lines 167-8.)

whilst informing us that they were of the crowding spectators, does not involve that the 'bride' was a merchant's daughter. Such a marriage procession of minstrels with 'pipe' and 'tabor' and 'trembling croud' and damzels with 'tymbrels' and dance and running page-boys, and herself 'clad all in white,' . . . once more render preposterous any thought of such a bride having been a peasant.

"Was ever marriage so 'married to immortal verse?' Even when we think of *Comus* and the *Arcades* Dean Church's eloquent verdict is unimpeachable: 'His bride was immortalized as a fourth among the three Graces, in a richly painted passage in the last book of the *Faerie Queene.* But the most magnificent tribute to her is the great Wedding Ode, the *Epithalamium,* the finest composition of its kind, perhaps in any language. So impetuous and unflagging, so orderly, and yet so rapid in the onward march of its stately and varied stanzas; so passionate, so flashing with imaginative wealth, yet so refined and self-restrained. It was always easy for Spenser to open the flood-gates of his inexhaustible fancy. With him — The numbers flowed as fast as spring doth rise — But here he has thrown into his composition all his power of concentration, of arrangement, of strong and harmonious government over thought and image, over language and measure and rhythm; and the result is unquestionably one of the grandest lyrics in English poetry. We have learned to think the subject unfit for such free poetical treatment; Spenser's age did not.' Prof. John Wilson may supplement this:

"'We are not unread in Catullus. But the pride of Verona must bow his head in humility before this bounteous and lovelier lay. Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude, Religion, rejoice in presence of Heaven, to take possession of Affection, Beauty, Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar.'" Dr. Grosart, *Life of Spenser,* pp. 202-4, in *Complete Works, Spenser Society Publ.,* 1882-4. Line 51, *And diapred lyke:* diversified, a word borrowed from Chaucer. See the *Romaunt of the Rose,* line 934, ed. Urr.:

> And it was painted well and thwitten,
> And ore all *diapred* and written.

Chaucer also uses the word dappled and dapple gray, as applied to a horse, in his *Rime of Sir Topas;* and we are by no means convinced that *diapred* and *dappled* are not the same word, although a different etymology has been given to them; a horse may be called *dappled,* because his coat presents the appearance of being *diapred.* (Todd.) Line 81, *The marvis descant playes:* In our old Dictionaries and Glossaries the marvis is usually interpreted the *thrustle* or *thrush.* As the *marvis* is sometimes mentioned in our ancient poetry together with the *thrush,* I suppose the *marvis* means the *cock-thrush,* or *song thrush,* the cock being most distinguished for its tones. See Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose,* describing the sweet song of various birds, line 665:

> *And thrustils, terins, and marvise,*
> *That songin,* etc. (Todd.)

Line 82, *The Ruddock:* robin-red-breast. Cf. Shakespeare's *Cymbeline.* Line 83, *Agree with sweet consent:* The reading should be *concent,* says Collier, for harmony. Spenser uses *concent* and

concented in the *Faery Queene.* Compare Warton's note on '*pure concent*' to Milton's *Ode at a Solemn Musick.* Line 131, *The trembling Croud:* Crotta; Welsh, *crwth,* the *fiddle.* From Anglo-Saxon *Cruth,* says Skinner. Collier says: The *croud* has generally been explained to mean the *fidicula Britannica,* or *fiddle,* and a *crowder* is a *fiddler.* The word is of perpetual occurrence from the time of Chaucer, and even earlier, to that of Butler. Line 149, *Lyke Phœbe:* What the Psalmist has sublimely said of the Sun, Spenser has here applied to the Moon. See *Psalm* xix. 5. (Todd.) Line 154, *Her long loose yellow locks:* It is remarkable that Spenser's females, both in the *Faery Queene* and in his other poems, are all described with yellow hair. And, in his general description of the influence of beauty over the bravest men, he particularizes golden tresses. See *Faery Queene,* Bk. v. viii. 1. This is said in compliment to his mistress, as here, and in sonnet xv.; or to Queen Elizabeth, who had *yellow hair;* or perhaps in imitation of the Italian poets, who give most of their women tresses of this colour. (Warton.) *Ibid., lyke golden wire:* our old poets were fond of this resemblance. Thus, in *Abr. Fraunce's Second Part of the Countess of Pembroke's Yvychurch,* 1591, where he is describing Phillis:

Eyes like bright starrs, and fayre brows dayntily fmyling,
And cherefull forehead with gold-wyre all to be decked.

And in the romance of *Palmendos,* Bk. I. 4to, 155, a lady is described with *gold-wire hair. . . .* And, in Richard Barnfield's *The Affectionate Shepherd,* 1594:

Cut off thy lock, and sell it for *gold-wier.*

The Scottish Muses disdain not the same similitude. See Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry,* vol. i., 162:

As *golden wier* so glitterand was his hair.

Again, p. 202:

As rid *gold-wyir* schynit hir hair. (Todd.)

Line 174, *Charming men to byte: i. e.,* tempting by enchantment. Line 253, *And sprinkle . . . with wine:* Cf. the *Faery Queene,* Bk. I. xii. 38:

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine.

Line 290, *The night's sad dread:* This epithet was wanting till the first folio was published. (Todd.) "We are not at all convinced," says Collier, "of the necessity for *sad;* Spenser may have written nightës, as a dissyllable, a not at all unusual practice with him. However, as some alteration must be made, we follow the folio 1611." Line 341, *Ne let the Pouke:* The *ponke* or *pouke* (the earlier editions to Collier read the former) is the fairy *Robin Goodfellow,* or *Hob-goblin,* known by the name of *Puck.* This spirit appears to have taken pleasure in deriding the solemnities of the nuptial feast, and interrupting the mirth with his wicked tricks. See *The Second Part of Robin Goodfellow, commonly called Hob-goblin,* 1628, Chap. 6. Line 380, *The Latmian Shepherd:* In the first edition the reading is *Latinian shepherd.* The allusion is to *Endymion,* whose love for Cynthia is well

known through Keats' beautiful poetic romance. Drayton wrote a poem on the same subject, called *Endymion and Phœbe,* published in 1594, of which very little is known.

PAGE 373, No. 393 — *Come, come, dear Night, Love's mart of kisses.* From the *Tale of Teras* in the Fifth Sestiad of *Hero and Leander,* 1598. The poem to the end of the Second Sestiad was a fragment left by Marlowe at his death and first printed in 1598; Chapman wrote the remaining three Sestiads, in one of which appears this song. Though Warton describes *Hero and Leander* as a translation, it is a paraphrase from the Greek poem attributed to Musæus.

PAGE 374, No. 394 — *Up! Youths and virgins! up, and praise.* From *The Description of the Masque, with Nuptial Songs, celebrating the Happy Marriage of John, Lord Ramsay, with the Lady Elizabeth Radcliffe,* 1608.

PAGE 377, No. 395 — *Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre. A Spousal verse . . . in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the Earl of Worcester and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquires,* 1596. The poem was privately printed for the families connected with the ceremony. It is Spenser's latest extant poem. Line 3, *That lightly did delay:* temper, or mitigate, as in the *Faery Queene,* Bk. ii. ix. 30 — *But to delay the heat.* Hughes, however, rejects the old word, and reads allay; to which unjustifiable alteration the modern editions also conform. Delay is repeatedly used in this sense by Spenser. (Todd.) Line 12, *Whose rutty Bancke:* that is, whose bank full of roots; rootie is an old English adjective. See Cotgrave's Fr. and Eng. Dict. (Todd.) "Chapman is the only poet," says Collier, "that we are aware of, who used the adjective rooty; and so he spelled it, and not rutty as in Spenser; he is speaking of the rooty sides of a hill. *Iliad,* Bk. xvii. l. 654." Line 17, *Which is not long: i. e.,* approaching near at hand. Cf. the *Faery Queene,* Bk. iv. iv. 12. (Warton.) Line 22, *With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde:* "This custom appears to have been usual in this country even at the beginning of the eighteenth century, for thus Nahum Tate writes (strangely enough indeed as to the comparison), in his *Injured Love,* etc., a tragedy, 1707. 'Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.'" (Todd.) Line 37, *With that I saw Swannes:* See Hughes's remark on this fiction in his *Essay on Allegorical Poetry,* vol. ii., p. xv. It is probable, as Warton also thinks, that Spenser, in this description, had his eye sometimes on Leland's *Cygnea Cantio.* (Todd.) Line 67, *Yet were they bred of Somers-heat:* A punning allusion to the surname of the Ladies (Somerset) whose marriages this spousal verse celebrates. Line 82, *Like a brydes chamber flore:* See *Epithalamium,* p. 360, lines 8-9. Line 80, *A noble peer, Great England's glory:* Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, in August, 1596, returned to England the hero of an expedition to Spain where he had captured Cadiz by great personal bravery, and left seriously crippled the Spanish navy. Lines 120-1, *That did excell . . . The rest, so far as Cynthia.* Cf. Horace Ode I. xii. 46:

Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. (Todd.)

Line 121, *Doth shend:* put to shame, disgrace. Cf. *The Faery Queene:*

> Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
> He would not *shend.*

And:

> Debateful strife, and cruel enmity,
> The famous name of knighthood fowly *shend.*

Line 175, *The Bauldricke of the Heavens:* a girdle or belt, formed from the base latinity *baldringum, balteus.* The expression is from Manilius:

> *Sed nitet ingenti stellatus balteus orbe.* (Upton.)

Cf. *The Faery Queene,* V. i. 2:

> The heavens bright-shining *baudricke* to enchace.

PAGE 384, No. 397 — *A Nymph is married to a Fay.* This beautiful poem is the Eighth Nimphall in *The Muses Elizium,* 1630.

PAGE 395, No. 398 — *I tell thee, Dick, where I have been.* "The version of this famous ballad, which has created one of the world's 'familiar quotations,' is the same as that accepted by Mr. Locker-Lampson in his delightful *Lyra Elegantiarum.* . . . He says in connection with this ballad: 'This is one of his (Suckling's) best poems, and as Leigh Hunt says — his fancy is so full of gusto as to border on imagination. Three stanzas of the poem have been necessarily omitted.' In reality six stanzas have been cut from the poem as it originally stood. It was written upon the occasion of the marriage of Suckling's friend, Roger Boyle (Lord Broghill or Brohall, afterward Earl of Orrery), and Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. There are evidences that it was set to music which was very popular. John Lawson wrote of the ballad: 'This is really excellent, brisk, humorous, and poetical.' Wordsworth wrote: 'I fully concur in Mr. Lawson's criticism, but wish he had been more explicit. . . . This may safely be pronounced his *opus magnum:* indeed for grace and simplicity it stands unrivalled in the whole compass of ancient and modern poetry.'" Line 8, *We . . . do sell our hay:* The Haymarket of London of to-day. Line 9, *A house with stairs:* said to be Suffolk House, afterwards Northumberland House. Line 31, *The maid, and thereby hangs a tale:* Wordsworth wrote: "His portraits of female beauty are not so finished as Byron or Moore, but they possess a great attraction, because he gives only a glimpse and leaves the rest to fancy." (F. A. Stokes, *Suckling's Poems.*)

PAGE 405, No. 405 — *Orpheus with his lute made trees.* From *King Henry VIII.,* 1623, act i. sc. 1.

PAGE 407, No. 408 — *If music and sweet poetry agree.* This sonnet was long attributed to Shakespeare: *The Passionate Pil-*

grim, 1599. It appeared in Barnfield's *Poems in Divers Humors,* 1598. See note to *No. 41.*

PAGE 407, No. 409 — *Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve.* From the *Faerie Queene,* Bk. II. canto xii. stan. 42. This well-known selection of Spenser's gorgeous allegory never diminishes in charm for the lovers of what is most beautiful in imagery and music in English poetry. Line 7, *Or that may dayntest fancy aggrate:* In the later editions daynest has been unwarrantably changed to daintiest. Line 17, *And eke the gate:* If the reader will take the trouble, or pleasure, to compare this description which Tasso has given of the palace of Armida, he will see how, in many particulars, our poet borrows, and how he varies. The gates (says the Italian poet) were of silver, in which were wrought the stories of Hercules and Iole, of Anthony and Cleopatra. Spenser describes the expedition of Jason, and his amours with Medea. (Upton.) Upton gives no reference to the particular part of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata,* to which he refers, presuming, perhaps, that the readers of Spenser were well acquainted with it: it may be found near the opening of Canto xvi., *Per l'entrata maggior,* etc. Line 69, *Gather therefore the Rose:* Marston, in his copy of the *Faery Queene,* edit. 1590, has especially marked the excessive beauty of this portion of the poem, and opposite the words *Gather therefore the Rose,* he wrote in the margin, *Collige virgo rosas,* etc. (Collier.) Line 72, *Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime:* Compare Fairfax's translation of the *Gerusalemme Liberata,* Bk. xvi. stan. 14, 15; and his obligations to Spenser, see the *Preface* to Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton,* p. xxxiv. (Collier.)

PAGE 411, No. 411 — *Now is the time for mirth.* Line 7, *Of her pap: i. e.,* sap. Line 10, *Arabian dew:* spikenard. Line 12, *Retorted hairs:* tossed wildly back. Line 20, *The world had all one nose:* a play on the poet's name — Ovidius *Naso.* Line 21, *This immensive cup: i. e.,* measureless.

PAGE 413, No. 412 — *The sun which doth the greatest comfort bring.* This poem was appended, in both folios, to *The Nice Valour,* or *The Passionate Madman;* and reprinted among Beaumont's *Poems,* 1653. Professor Charles Eliot Norton found among some *MSS.* of Donne's Poems a transcript of two of Beaumont's poems, his *Ad Comitissam Rutlandi* and *The Letter to Ben Jonson.* Both of the manuscript poems, said Professor Norton, were found to be improvements on the commonly known texts. "This is especially true," he continues, "of the latter, the more important poem — a poem delightful and well-known to all the lovers of the poetry of the Elizabethan age." A variant reading from Dyce's text is given of the poem and the MS. (See *Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature,* 1896, vol. 5, pp. 19-22.) Line 15, *Sutcliffe's wit:* Probably, as Dyce suggests, Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, first Provost of King James' College in Chelsea, of whom Fuller says (*Church History,* Bk. X. Lect. iii. 25-27), "Doctor Sutcliffe (was) a known rigid anti-remonstrant; and when old, very morose and testy in his writings against them." (Norton.) Line 16, *Lie where he will: i. e.,* in whatever place he lodges. Line 17, *Robert Wisdom:* He contributed to Hopkins and Sternhold's *Psalms,* the xxv. psalm, and the hymn:

Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope, defend us Lord, etc.

He died in 1568. The quaintness of his name, as well as the poverty of his poetry, caused him frequently to be ridiculed. (Weber.) For a poem of Wisdom's see p. 547, No. *522*. Line 22, *Make legs: i. e.,* to make bows. Line 27, *We are all equal every whit:* Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, pointed the passage thus:

We are all equal: every whit
Of the land that God gives, etc.

and so his successors. But the old punctuation is right, the meaning of the line being — *From the land which God gives men here, their wit comes.* (Dyce.) Line 30, *Main house jest, i. e.,* the chief standing family-jest, which has descended from father to son for some generations. (Heath, *MS. Notes.*) Line 60, *Ballating:* ballading. Line 69, *Of the Guard.* Dyce explains this as *gard,* equivalent to *garden;* a questionable interpretation. If the MS. reading be right, it is a jest at some *guard* which had no soul but the vegetative. (Norton.)

Page 420, No. 417 — *Fine knacks for ladies! cheap, choice, brave and new.* From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs,* 1600. "Dowland . . . had the distinction," says Mr. Erskine (*Study of The Elizabethan Lyric,* ed. 1905, pp. 229-30), "of presenting here one of the famous pedlar-songs of Elizabethan poetry. . . . The great antiquity of mercers' songs in England has already been noticed. (*Ibid.* Chap. ii.) The character of the roving pedlar, especially if he were wittily impudent, seems to have appealed strongly to the Elizabethan imagination. In its normal presentation, Shakespeare's Autolycus (see below Nos. *418* and *419*) sums up the type. Dowland's pedlar, however, is idealized into a second-hand philosopher; every line of his speech, in phrase and thought, is a burlesque echo of the moral verses in the miscellanies."

Page 421, No. 418 — *Lawn as white as driven snow.* This song and the number following, *419*, are from *A Winter's Tale,* 1610, act iv. sc. 3. See note to No. *417*, above.

Page 422, No. 421 — *O never say that I was false of heart.* Sonnet cix. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. The first ardour of love is now renewed as in the days of early friendship (see Sonnet cviii., lines 13-14). But what of the interval of absence and estrangement? Shakespeare confesses his wanderings, yet declares that he was never wholly false. (Dowden.) Line 2, *To qualify:* to temper, moderate. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida,* act ii. sc. 2:

or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can *qualify* the same.

Line 4, *My soul which in thy breast doth lie:* Cf. *King Richard III.,* act i. sc. 1: "*Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.*" Line 7, *Just to the time, not with the time exchanged:*

punctual to the time, not altered with the time. So Jessica in her boy's disguise, *Merchant of Venice,* act iii. sc. 6:

> I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
> For I am much ashamed of my *exchange.* (Dowden.)

Line 11, *Stain'd:* Staunton proposes *strain'd.* Line 14, *My Rose:* Shakespeare returns to the loving name which he has given his friend in Sonnet i.: "*That thereby beauty's* Rose *might never die.*"

PAGE 423, No. 422 — *From you I have been absent in the spring.* Sonnet xcviii. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. The sonnet following this (No. *423*) in the sequence is numbered xcvii., and treats of absence in Summer and Autumn. Professor Dowden thought it begun a new group. To me, however, the better arrangement, especially for my purpose here, is the transposition I have made, though Mr. Quiller-Couch and other editors have followed the order in the Series. The mood here is of Absence in Spring. Lines 2-3, *Proud-pied April:* Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* act i. sc. 2:

> Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well-apparell'd April on the heel
> Of limping winter treads.

Line 4, *That:* so that. Line 7, *Summer's story tell:* By a Summer's story Shakespeare seems to have meant some *gay fiction.* Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us "*a sad tale's best for winter.*" So also in *Cymbeline,* act iii. sc. 4:

> — if it be summer news
> Smile to it before: if winterly, thou needst
> But keep that countenance still. (Malone.)

Line 11, *They were but sweet:* Malone proposed, "*they were, my sweet, but,*" etc. The poet declares, as Steevens says, that the flowers are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend. Lettsom proposes: "*They were but fleeting figures of delight.*" (Dowden.)

PAGE 424, No. 423 — *How like a winter hath my absence been.* Sonnet xcvii. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Line 5, *This time removed:* this time of absence. Line 7, *Prime:* Spring. Line 10, *Hope of orphans:* such hope as orphans bring; or, expectation of the birth of children whose father is dead. (Staunton.) Dowden proposes *crop* of orphans.

PAGE 424, No. 424 — *Absence, hear thou my protestation.* On the evidence of an early MS. this poem has been assigned to Donne, which seems well affirmed by the peculiar attributes it possesses of Donne's genius. It appeared unsigned in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602, and later in a collection of verse called *The Grove,* 1721. "The circumstances," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch, "of Donne's life give these verses a peculiar interest. Being secretary to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, he 'passionately fell in love with, and privately married, a niece of the Lady Ellesmere's, the daughter of Sir George Moor, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower, which so much enraged Sir George, that

he not only procured Mr. Donne's dismission from his employment under the Lord Chancellor, but never rested till he had caused him likewise to be imprisoned. Though it was not long before he was enlarged from his confinement, yet his troubles still increased upon him; for his wife being detained from him, he was constrained to claim her by a troublesome and expensive lawsuit, which, together with travel, books, and a too liberal disposition, contributed to reduce his fortune to a very narrow compass.

"'Adversity has its peculiar virtues to exercise and work upon, as well as the most flourishing condition of life; and Mr. Donne had now an opportunity of showing his patience and submission, which, together with the general approbation he everywhere met with of Mr. Donne's good qualities, with an irresistible kind of persuasion so won upon Sir George, that he began now not wholly to disapprove of his daughter's choice; and was at length so far reconciled as not to deny them his blessing.' The death of his wife broke Donne's heart." (*The Golden Pomp.*) Compare these verses with Carew's *To his Mistress in Absence*, Vincent's ed. *Poems of Carew*, 1899, p. 29.

PAGE 425, No. 425 — *Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware.* Sonnet cxii. in *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591. Line 3, *Or do you cutted Spartans imitate:* Dr. Grosart retains the reading of the 1605 folio, *curted.* "The reference in any case," says Mr. Pollard, "is to the churlish brevity of the Spartans, and the form of *curted* is but little less difficult to explain than *cutted.*" Middleton uses the word in the sense of *cross:* "*She's grown so cutted there's no speaking to her.*" *Women Beware Women*, act iii. sc. 1.

PAGE 426, No. 426 — *Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind.* See note to No. *210.*

PAGE 427, No. 428 — *A seeing friend, yet enemy to rest.* From *The Phœnix' Nest*, 1593.

PAGE 430, No. 432 — *You brave heroic minds.* Of this ode, Mr. Oliver Elton (*Michael Drayton, A Critical Study*, new ed., 1905) says: "Often it has the true music, as of the harp speeding a vessel that is launched with colours flying to win some new continent of odourous tropic fruits and illimitable gold. The *Virginian Voyage* has some wonderful words, *sassafras, Hackluit,* that make the fortune of their rhymes, and the relief is heightened by the subtle — not really prosaic — soberness of their epithets: *industrious* Hackluit, *useful sassafras*, like words almost in the ordinary pitch interjected in a chant. This ode runs more easily than the others in spite of the lacework of its rhymes:

> You brave heroic minds,
> Worthy your country's name,
> That honour still pursue,
> Go, and subdue,
> Whilst loitering hinds
> Lurk here at home for shame.

The oars plash to the loud and hopeful thrumming of the player, as he faces outward to where beyond the Pillars a far world awaits him, one day to be populous with poets and heroes, the

descendants of the high-hearted voyagers." Line 16, *Where Eolus scowls: Æolus,* the deity of the winds. Line 68, *Industrious Hakluyt:* "The *Collection of Voyages,* which was published by Hakluyt in 1582, disclosed the vastness of the world itself, the infinite number of the races of mankind, the variety of their laws, their customs, their religions, their very instincts. We see the influence of this new and richer knowledge of the world, not only in the life and richness which it gave to the imagination of the time, but in the immense interest which from this moment attached itself to man." (*Green's England,* vol. ii., bk. vi., p. 462.)

PAGE 433, No. 433 — *Ye buds of Brutus' Land, Courageous youth, now play your parts.* From *A Posie of Gilloflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete.* By Humfrey Gifford, Gent., 1580. Line 1, *Ye buds of Brutus' land: i. e.,* scions of England, from the mythical descent from Brutus.

PAGE 434, No. 434 — *Fair stood the wind for France.* "This poem, like the *Battle of Brunanburh,*" writes Mr. Erskine, in his Minot's songs, "is remarkable for its choric quality: the voice of the whole people is heard in it. In modern English literature it has hardly a parallel as a national song with the possible exception of some of Campbell's odes, and Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade.* Tennyson may have been influenced by Drayton. Their two battle-songs have almost the same narrative method, almost the same rhythm, and exactly the same cadence at the end." Mr. Oliver Elton, in *Michael Drayton, A Critical Study* (Ed. 1906.), says of this ode: "It was not many years since the great theatrical success of *Henry V.;* and the most famous of Drayton's odes may be taken as a lyrical epilogue, or rather intermezzo, by Shakespeare's countrymen. It has been so arranged by Mr. Henley in his *Lyra Heroica.* Usually known as the *Ballad of Agincourt,* it was first entitled To my Friends the Camber-Britons and their Harp. The old popular ditty, *Agincourt, Agincourt,* was in the writer's ears. He liked his poem, if we may judge by his nice and numerous improvements. The earlier version suffers from ungainliness or elliptical grammar; a few remaining traces of them in the later one are the only interruptions to its felicity. There is also a tendency to multiply the spondees, the better to hear the thud of the marching army — *left, right.* A few lines can show the change:

1606	1619
(1)	
Fair stood the wind for France	Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance	When we our sails advance
And now to prove our chance	*Nor* now to prove our chance
Longer *not* tarry:	Longer *will* tarry:
But *put unto* the main	But *putting* to the main
At Kaux the mouth of Seine	At Kaux the mouth of Seine
With all his *warlike* train	With all his *martial* train
Landed King Harry.	Landed King Harry.
(2)	
And now *preparing* were	O Lord, *how hot* they were
For the false Frenchmen.	*On* the false Frenchmen.

(3)

When now that noble king
His broadsword brandishing
Into the host did *fling*
As to o'erwhelm it.

This, while our noble king
His broadsword brandishing
Down the French host
did *ding*
As to o'erwhelm it.

This poem, the fine flower of old patriot lyric, shows a happier and more sensitive use of proper names than the play of *Henry V.* Shakespeare, in his list of those who fell at Agincourt, uses names for purely memorial reasons, copying Holinshed like an inscription: and 'Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire,' is the worst line in his works. 'Ferrers and Fanhope,' in the ballad, have a different value to the ear."

The text here used is that of the 1619 version except in two or three instances of single epithets, which, despite Mr. Elton's opinion, seem the more apt for both sense and rhythm.

The Battle of Agincourt was fought October 25th, 1415. A small army of Englishmen, under Henry V., defeated the French sixty thousand strong. "The triumph was more complete," says Green, "as the odds were even greater than at Creçy. Eleven thousand Frenchmen lay dead on the field, and more than a hundred princes and great lords were among the fallen." Line 82, *Bilboes:* swords, from Bilboa.

PAGE 439, No. 435 — *His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.* From *Polyhymnia, Describing, The Honourable Triumph at Tylt, before her Maiestie, on the 17. of November past (1590), being the first day of the three and thirtieth yeare of her Highnesse raigne,* etc. The following account of the yearly Triumph at Tilt is condensed by Oliphant from Sir W. Segars' *Honors Military and Civil,* 1602, contained in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth,* vol. iii., p. 60, as given by Dyce's ed. of *Peele,* p. 265: "Certain yearly Triumphs were solemnized in memory of the applause of her Majesty's subjects at the day of her most happy accession to the crown of England, which triumphs were first begun and occasioned by the right virtuous and honourable Sir Henry Lea, master of her Highness' armory; who of his great zeal and desire to eternize the glory of her Majesty's court in the beginning of her reign, voluntarily vowed, — unless infirmity, age, or other accident did impeach him, — during his life to present himself at the tilt, armed, the day aforesaid, yearly; there to perform in honour of her sacred Majesty the promise he formerly made. The worthy knight, however, feeling himself at length overtaken with old age, and being desirous of resigning his championship, did on the 17th of November, 1590, present himself, together with the Earl of Cumberland, unto her Highness under her gallery window in the tilt yard at Westminster, where at that time her Majesty did sit, accompanied with the Viscount Turyn, Ambassador of France, by many ladies and the chiefest nobility. Her Majesty, beholding these armed knights coming toward her, did suddenly hear a music so sweet and secret, as every one thereat did greatly marvel. The music aforesaid was accompanied with these verses, pronounced and sung by Mr. Hale, her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable: *My golden locks,* etc. After the ceremonies Sir Henry Lea disarmed himself, and kneeling upon his knees presented the Earl of Cumberland, humbly beseeching that she would

receive him for her knight, to continue the yearly exercise aforesaid. Her Majesty having accepted the offer, this aged knight armed the earl, and mounted him upon his horse. That being done, he put upon his own person a side-coat of black velvet and covered his head in lieu of an helmet with a button-cap of the country fashion." The poem has been assigned to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, in a *Masque at Greenwich.* (*Arber's English Garner.*) It was set to music in the *First Book* of John Dowland's *Songs and Airs,* 1597. Line 7, *His helmet now shall make a hive for bees:* In Alciati's *Emblems* there is an engraving of bees swarming in a helmet. Cf. Geoffrey Whitney's *Choice of Emblems,* 1586:

> The helmet strong that did the head defend,
> Behold, for hive the bees in quiet served;
> And when that wars with bloody blows had end,
> They honey wrought where soldier was preserved:
> Which doth declare the blessed fruits of peace,
> How sweet she is when mortal wars do cease.

Something of the modern popularity of this song is due to Thackeray's application of it in *The Newcomes,* chap. xxxviii., where it is put into the mouth of George Warrinton in consolation to Col. Newcome when he became a pensioner at old Grey Friars.

PAGE 441, No. 438 — *Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air.* From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617. This poem was included in the 1633 ed. of Joshua Sylvester's *Works,* among the "Remains never till now imprinted." Sylvester has not a shadow of a claim to it. There is a copy of it in *Harleian MS.* 6910, fol. 150, where it is correctly assigned to Campion. The *MS.* is given in form of a sonnet. (Bullen.) Dr. Grosart in his ed. of Sylvester's *Works* (*Chertsey Worthies*) claims it positively for his author.

PAGE 442, No. 439 — *Son of Erebus and Night.* From *The Inner Temple Masque,* 1614-15, sc. 2. Warton, who was the first to suggest Milton's debt to Browne, quoted this poem in his *History of English Poetry,* 1777-81. Line 6, *Mandragoras:* mandrake, see note to No. *315.* Line 9, *Coil:* tumult. Line 15, *Moly:* Cf. *Odyssey,* x. 305. (Schelling.) Line 17, *Jaspis:* jasper, which the ancients believed to possess the power of breeding spells.

PAGE 442, No. 440 — *When Daisies pied and violets blue.* From *Love's Labour's Lost,* 1592, act v. sc. 2.

PAGE 443, No. 441 — *The ousel-cock, so black of hue.* From *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* 1595, act iii. sc. 1. Line 6, *The Plain-song cuckoo.* Cf. Note to No. *11.*

PAGE 444, No. 442 — *You spotted snakes, with double tongues.* From *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* 1595, act ii. sc. 3.

PAGE 445, No. 443 — *From thy forehead thus I take.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10, act iii. sc. 1.

PAGE 446, No. 444 — *Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell.* It is certain that no one will dispute Mr. Oliver Elton's statement that this is the "finest of all seventeenth-century fantasies;" but will

add that it is the finest in all the language. To quote Mr. Elton further from *Michael Drayton, A Critical Study* (ed. 1905), the reason is apparent: "To conceive common things in miniature, fitted to the needs of an elf; to plant the faintest sting of satire in a gay parody of well-nigh forgotten chivalrous ballads; to carry the vein of Sir Topas into the world of Oberon; it is all done, and yet without one touch of the suffusing imagination of Shakespeare's *Dream,* which Drayton had before him. The *Nymphidia* does not move in the land of dreams at all, their wings do not brush it. The smallest things described are in clear daylight. But the verses are kept fresh by the nicety of cutting." Line 63, *There dancing hays:* country dances. Line 71, *This aulfe: i. e.,* oaf. Line 281, *I'll never lin:* cease. Line 285, *Thorough brake,* etc. Cf. p. 441, No. *437*.

PAGE 471, No. 445 — *Sing his praises that doth keep.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10, act i. sc. 2.

PAGE 472, No. 447 — *Where dost thou careless lie.* From *Underwoods,* Folio 1640. Line 6, *And (that) destroys:* In the original there is a deficient syllable where the brackets enclose. Gifford supplied *so,* and Whalley, *quite:* neither of which seems so apt as *that.* Line 36, *Safe from the wolf's black jaw,* etc. Part of this concluding stanza is to be found at the end of *The Poetaster;* Jonson's dislike of the stage here breaks out; and this is not the only passage in his writings which informs us that necessity alone compelled him to write for the stage.

PAGE 474, No. 448 — *Who grace for zenith had.* This poem, an adaptation of Sir Edward Dyer's *Fancy* (see note to No. *445*), is from Sonnet lxxxiii. in *Coilica,* in Grosart's ed. of Lord Brooke's *Works,* 1623. It is reprinted in Dr. Hannah's *Courtly Poets,* 1870. The original arrangement of the lines is after the form of the poet's lament for Sidney, and run:

Who grace for zenith had, from which no shadows grow;
Who had seen joy of all his hopes, and end of all his woe, etc.

Line 133, *The ship of Greece:* The reference here is to the famous ship in which Theseus returned after slaying the Minotaur. The Athenians professed to preserve it until the days of Demetrius Phalereus, the rotten timbers being carefully removed from time to time, so that it became a favourite question whether a ship could still be called the same. (Plutarch, *Thes.,* p. 10, ed. 1620.) "This passage," says Hannah, "in which Lord Brooke compares the changes of his mistress to that ship of Greece, and to the ever flowing stream — the same yet not the same — perpetually altering, yet bearing continuously 'the antique name,' — is an excellent specimen of the subtle conceptions which he loved to elaborate in his poetry. But the whole poem is raised to a level of thought curiously different from that of the two pieces by Dyer and Southwell, with which it is connected."

PAGE 481, No. 450 — *Sound is the knot that Chastity hath tied.* From William Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs,* 1588. The first two stanzas have been omitted.

PAGE 484, No. 454 — *The man of life upright.* From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs,* 1601. "Campion's classical interest," says Mr. Erskine (*The Elizabethan Lyric*), "is seen also in translations and paraphrases from the Latin. . . . More characteristic of his classical mood, however, are the Horatian lines, suggestive of *Integer Vitæ, The Man of life,* etc. Whenever Campion moralizes he is likely to take this tune, and his theme is almost sure to be praise of the golden mean. This motive had appeared . . . in the miscellanies, and Campion at times merely carries on the miscellany mood at a higher poetic level." This poem has been attributed to Lord Bacon, but the claim is valueless. It was reprinted in Campion's *Two Books of Airs,* 1613, with textual alterations.

PAGE 485, No. 455 — *He that his mirth hath lost.* "This poem," says Dr. Hannah, *Courtly Poets,* ed. 1870, "must have been highly esteemed to have obtained the compliment of adaptation and imitation from Robert Southwell and Lord Brooke; and yet I am not aware that it has ever been printed before, except very imperfectly among the *Poems of Pembroke and Rudyard,* and some extracts by Malone. The MS. copies differ exceedingly, both in various readings and in omissions. I have made out the best text I could, from a careful comparison of all the materials. It is the same piece which Wood erroneously called '*A Description of Friendship;*' a title which he took by mistake from another poem in the *Ashmolean MS.*" Line 56, *I read the hyacint:* spelt so for the rhyme. Literal meaning, to read the fancied letters on its leaves. Line 132, *Heben:* for ebony. Spenser uses the word often. Cf. *His spear of heben wood, — Faery Queene,* Bk. I. vii. st. 37.

PAGE 491, No. 456 — *Not to know vice at all, and keep true state.* This poem originally appeared in *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint.* "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A poem . . . now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano by Robert Chester. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Works; upon the first subject, *viz.:* The Phœnix and Turtle." The poem was reprinted in *The Forest,* folio 1616. Mr. Swinburne says of this poem: "In 'The Admirable Epode,' as Gifford calls it, . . . though there is remarkable energy of expression, the irregularity and inequality of style are at least as conspicuous as the occasional vigour and the casual felicity of phrase. But if all were as good as the best passages, this early poem of Jonson's would undoubtedly be very good indeed. Take for instance the description or definition of true love: '*That is an essence far more gentle, fine,*' etc. [Lines 45-50.] Again: '*O, who is he that in this peace enjoys,*' etc. [Lines 55-65.] And few of Jonson's many moral or gnomic passages are finer than the following: '*He that for love of goodness hateth ill,*' etc. [Lines 87-90.] This metre, though very liable to the danger of monotony, is to my ear very pleasant." (*A Study of Ben Jonson,* 1889.) Line 1, *State: status,* equilibrium. Line 16, *Close cause:* secret cause. Line 23, *Larum:* alarm. Line 29, *Passions:* the final *ion* is frequently made dissyllabic in Elizabethan verse. Cf. Page 641, No. 630, line 23. Line 41, *With whom, who rides: whom* refers to Blind Desire (line 37), *who*=whoever. Line 44, *Prove:* experience. Line 47, *A golden chain.* Cf. these

lines from Jonson's *Hymenaei, a Masque,* 1606, referred by a marginal note to *Iliad,* viii., 19:

> Such was the golden chain let down from Heaven;
> And not those links more even
> Than these: so sweetly tempered, so combined
> By union, and refined.

Lines 63-65, *At suggestion of a steep desire,* etc. Professor Kittredge suggests that a steep desire is a precipitous desire, a desire into which a man casts himself headlong; *suggestion* implies temptation. The figure is evidently inspired by the temptation of Jesus from the pinnacle of the temple. Line 73, *Sparrow's wings:* the sparrow was sacred to Venus. Line 104, *Only:* exclusively. Line 113, *That knows the weight of guilt:* Cf. Seneca:

> Quid poena præsens, consciæ mentis pavor;
> Animusque culpa plenus, et semet timens?
> Scelus aliquatutum nulla securum tulit.
> (Hippolytus, i., 162 *et seq.*)

PAGE 496, No. 458 — *Where wards are weak and foes encount'ring strong.* From *Poems,* 1595. Line 6, *Seely trench: i. e.,* innocent, harmless. Line 18, *Mushrumps:* mushrooms; both forms were used in Southwell's day. Line 19, *In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept:* "When Mordecai perceived all that was done, Mordecai rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth and ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry." (*Esther,* chap. IV. 1.) *Aman:* Haman. *Mardocheus:* Mordecai.

PAGE 497, No. 459 — *Let not the sluggish sleep.* From William Byrd's *Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets,* 1611. "Quaint, old-fashioned moral verses were much affected by Byrd, particularly in his latest song-book. He inculcates precepts of homely piety in a cheerful spirit, with occasional touches of naïve epigrammatic terseness. Many men strongly object to be bullied from a pulpit, but he must be a born churl who could be offended at such an exhortation as the following." (Bullen, *Introduction, Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books,* ed. 1891.)

PAGE 497, No. 460 — *In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept.* From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices,* 1576, where Edwardes is named as "sometimes Master of the Singing-boys at the Chapel Royal." He died ten years before *The Paradise* appeared.

PAGE 500, No. 462 — *My hovering thoughts would fly to heaven.* Line 5, *Halèd down:* hauled. Line 11, *Jesses:* The short strap, usually of leather, fastened about the leg of a hawk used in falconry and continually worn. Line 13, *Trains to Pleasure's lure:* To train was the usual term in falconry for drawing or enticing the hawk back to the fist. "*The lure*" was the decoy.

PAGE 501, No. 463 — *The world's a bubble and the life of man.* From *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,* 1651. This poem was signed "Ignoto" in the first ed. It was first ascribed to Bacon in *Farnaby's Florilegium,* 1629, and has elsewhere been ascribed to Raleigh, Donne, and Henry Harrinton. The evidences of Bacon's authorship are briefly stated in Dr. Hannah's *Courtly Poets,* ed. 1870, p. 117.

The poem is paraphrased from a Greek epigram variously attributed to Poseidippus, to the comic poet, Plato, and to Crates, the lyric poet, beginning:

Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν 'αγορῇ μὲν
Νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες κ. τ. λ.

(Anthol. Græca, ix. 359.)

A literal translation of this epigram reads: "What path in life shall a person cut through! In the forum are quarrels and difficult suits; at home cares; in the fields enough of toils; in the sea fright; in a foreign land fear, if you have anything; but if you are in a difficulty, vexation. Have you a wife? you will not be without anxiety. Are you unmarried? you live still more solitary. Children are troubles. If childless life is a maimed condition. Youth is thoughtless. Gray hairs are strengthless. There is a choice of one of these two things, either never to have been born, or to die as soon as born." (Bohn.) Several other Elizabethan poets have made translations or paraphrases of the epigram. The opening couplet of three of these are:

At least with that Greek sage still make us cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die.
(Bishop King.)

Who would not one of these two offers choose:
Not to be born, or breath with speed to lose.
(Sir John Beaumont.)

Who would not one of these two offers try, —
Not to be born, or being born, to die?
(Drummond of Hawthornden.)

PAGE 503, No. 464 — *Go, nightly cares, the enemy to rest.* From John Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace,* 1612. Line 13, *Amate:* confound.

PAGE 503, No. 465 — *He that to such a height hath built his mind.* This seems to me to have been the noblest moral ode in the language prior to some of Wordsworth's *Odes,* of which, indeed, the *Intimations of Immortality* alone exceeds it. It was addressed to Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, to whose daughter, Lady Anne Clifford, Daniel was appointed tutor in 1600. Wordsworth quotes it in *The Excursion,* Bk. iv., lines 324-335 (*Poetical Works,* 1865, vol. vi., p. 132), and declares it to be "an admirable picture of the state of a wise man's mind in a time of public commotion." "Certainly," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch (*Adventures in Criticism,* 1898, p. 58), "if ever a critic shall arise to deny poetry the virtue we so commonly claim for her, of fortifying men's souls against calamity, this noble epistle will be all but the last post from which he will extrude her defenders."

PAGE 505, No. 466 — *What if a day, or a month, or a year.* From Richard Alison's *An Hour's Recreation in Music,* 1606. Three additional stanzas, found in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights,* and in the *Roxburghe Ballads,* are not given in Alison's version, and Mr. Bullen doubts if they were written by Campion.

Also in the *Roxburghe Ballads* a "Second part" is appended. It would seem that Campion was indebted to a fifteenth-century song (contained in Ryman's collection in the Cambridge Public Library) which commences:

> What yf a daye, a night, or howre
> Crowne my desyres wythe every deyghte,

for in Sanderson's *Diary* (in the British Museum *MSS. Lansdowne*, 241, fol. 49, temp. Elizabeth) the first two stanzas of the song appear more like the song in Ryman, and differing in minor points from the later version. The first two stanzas were anonymously printed as early as 1603, at the end of *A verie excelent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus*, etc. A long notice of this song is given in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i., p. 310.

PAGE 506, No. 467 — *Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!* In the first edition of Walton's *Angler* this poem is prefaced by the remark, "as some say written by Dr. D. [Donne.]" In later editions is added "and some say, written by Sir Harry Wotton." In *Ashmolean MS.* 38, the verses are entitled Doctor Donne's *Valediction to the World*, and in *Wit's Interpreter*, 1671, it is credited to Sir Kenelm Digby. Sir H. Nicolas is authority for the statement that the verses are said to have been written by Raleigh in the Tower shortly before his execution, but although, as Schelling says, "'the bold and insolent vein' is not unlike Sir Walter," there seems to be no other authority for ascribing them to him. Archbishop Sancroft gives them with the title *An Hermit in an arbour, with a prayer-book in his hand, his foot spurning a globe, thus speaketh* (*MS. Tam.*), but does not mention any author's name. Line 17, *Unkind:* unnatural. Line 18, *Mind:* mine. Line 31, *Vie angels with India: Vie*, here a technical term from the game gleck or primero, signifying to wager on a hand of cards. Hence here to wager angel-nobles to an amount such as India, with her wealth, would not be able to equal, or "*cover.*" (Schelling.)

PAGE 510, No. 469 — *Care for thy soul as thing of greatest price.* From William Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs*, 1588.

PAGE 511, No. 471 — *My mind to me a kingdom is.* Jonson alludes to this poem in his play, *Every Man out of his Humour*, acted 1599, act i. sc. 1. It was printed from *Rawlinson MS.* 85, p. 17, by Dr. Hannah in his *Courtly Poets*, 1870. Other copies, longer and anonymous, have been printed from various sources, including Percy. Sylvester imitated it; *Works*, p. 651.

PAGE 515, No. 474 — *Martial, the things that do attain.* This poem is a translation from one of Martial's *Epigrams*. The poem has not only the merit of being one of the earliest translations in our language from any approved classic, but of being, perhaps, the best translation that has appeared. Surrey, having selected a poem of a grave and moral nature, from an author who abounds with many of a lighter cast, such as would be considered more attractive to the generality of youthful readers, proves him to have had an elevated mind, and a high sense of what is due to virtue. The *Epigram* from Martial is as follows:

Ad Seipsum

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt.
Res non parta labore, sed relicta,
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus,
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici;
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis,
Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus,
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

Line 3, *The riches left:* "All other copies," observes Nott, "read *the richesse left.* I believe no more was intended than the plural nominative, *riches.* It will be proper to observe, however, that *richesse* is frequently used as a singular substantive for wealth personified, as in the *Romaunt of the Rose,* line 1071; or a state of wealth, answering to *la richesse* in French; in which sense it seems to have been used by our best early writers." Cf. Spenser's *Faery Queene,* Bk. II. Can. vii. St. 24:

Betwixt them both there was but little stride
That did the *House of Richesse* from hell-mouth divide.

Line 8, *The Household of continuance:* It is accepted that Surrey meant "An household, or family that is not of recent establishment, and promises to be of duration."

Page 515, No. 475 — *How happy is he born and taught.* From the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,* and reprinted by Percy. Ben Jonson, who admired the poem very much, had the lines by heart, and quoted them to Drummond as Wotton's. They are said to be almost identical with a German poem of the same age. Wotton, it is believed, may have seen the original in one of his many embassies to Germany on behalf of Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Page 519, No. 481 — *Happy were he could finish forth his fate.* "This 'passion' is said to have been enclosed in a letter to Queen Elizabeth from Ireland in 1599." (Hannah's *Courtly Poets,* p. 177.) Line 6, *Hips and haws:* The fruit of the wild-rose and hawthorn.

Page 524, No. 487 — *Even such is Time, that takes in trust.* Of this poem, with another beginning *Give me my scallop-shell of quiet* (see No. *606,* p. 617), it is asserted that Sir Walter wrote them in the Tower on the night before his execution. Mr. Quiller-Couch judges that the assertion is probably based upon inference, though he admits, even if Sir Walter wrote them either then or at any other time, that they should have been attributed to him as appropriate is evidence in favour of a "character that has been judged so variously." Dr. Hannah mentions it as printed with Raleigh's *Prerogatives of Parliaments,* 1628, and probably still earlier; also with *To-day a man, To-morrow none,* 1643-4, in Raleigh's *Remains,* 1661. *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,* 1651, gives it with the title, *Sir Walter the Night before his Death.*

PAGE 525, No. 488 — *Time is the feathered thing.* Jasper Mayne was Archdeacon of Chichester. He played the dramatist and wrote much occasional verse, some of which is to be found in *Jonsonus Virbius,* and prefixed to the Second folio ed. of *Beaumont and Fletcher,* 1679. In middle life Mayne gave up poetry. The piece here given is by far the best of his shorter poems.

PAGE 526, No. 489 — *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way.* From *The Winter's Tale,* 1610, act. iv. sc. 3.

PAGE 527, No. 492 — *'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood.* From *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* 1611, act ii. sc. 1.

PAGE 529, No. 495 — *The earth, late choked with showers.* From *Scylla's Metamorphosis,* 1589. The poem is imitated from Philippe Desportes:

La terre naguère glacée
Est ores de vert tapissée,
Son sein est embelli de fleurs,
L'air est encore amoureux d'elle,
Le ciel rit de la voir si belle,
Et moi j'en augmente mes pleurs.

Les bois sont couverts de feuillage,
De vert se pare le bocage,
Ses rameaux sont tous verdissants;
Et moi, las! privé de ma gloire,
Je m'habille de couleur noire,
Signe des ennuis que je sens.

Des oiseaux la troupe légère
Chantant d'une voix ramagère
S'égaye aux bois à qui mieux mieux:
Et moi tout rempli de furie
Je sanglotte, soupire et crie
Par les plus solitaires lieux.

Les oiseaux cherchent la verdure:
Moi, je cherche une sépulture,
Pour voir mon malheur limité.
Vers le ciel ils ont leur volée:
Et mon âme trop désolée
N'aime rien que l'obscurité.

Lodge greatly admired and often imitated Desportes, of whose works he speaks (1589) as "being for the most part Englished and ordinarily in every man's hand." (See Nos. *194* and *346*, pp. 172, 314.)

PAGE 531, No. 498 — *They that have power to hurt and will do none.* Sonnet xciv. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Shakespeare has described his friend (see Sonnet xciii.) as able to show a sweet face while harbouring false thoughts; the subject is enlarged on in the present sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving, yet keep a cool heart, who can move passions in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves, — they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them; whereas passionate, intemperate natures squander their endowments; those who can assume this or that semblance as they see

reason are the masters and owners of their faces; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent, self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let such an one beware corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers. Line 6, *Expense:* expenditure, and so loss. Line 11, *Base:* Staunton proposes *foul.* (Dowden.) Line 12, *The basest weed:* Sidney Walker proposes the *barest* weed. (Dowden.) Line 14, *Lilies that fester,* etc.: This line occurs, says Dowden, in *King Edward III.,* act ii. sc. 1 (near the close of the scene). I quote the passage that the reader may see how the line comes into the play, and form an opinion as to whether the play or the sonnet has the right of first ownership in it.

> A spacious field of reasons could I urge
> Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
> That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
> Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
> Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
> And every glory that inclines to sin,
> The same is treble by the opposite.

It should be remembered that several critics assign to Shakespeare a portion of this play, which was first printed in 1596. The lines which have been quoted occur in a scene ascribed to Shakespeare.

PAGE 532, No. 500 — *Shun delays, they breed remorse.* Southwell wrote seven stanzas to this poem, of which, following Mr. Quiller-Couch's example, I give only the first three. The other four convey the same advice in varying metaphors, and the poem concludes:

> Happy man, that soon doth knock
> Babel's babes against the rock.

PAGE 534, No. 503 — *All the flowers of the spring.* From *The Devil's Law Case,* 1623.

PAGE 547, No. 522 — *The Indian weed witherèd quite.* From Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp,* 1896, where the editor says it was "Kindly sent to me by Dr. Grosart, from a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin." Wisdome was a Protestant fugitive in Mary's reign; afterwards Rector of Systed in Essex and of Settrington in Yorkshire. He died in 1568. Ralph Erskine's *Tobacco Spiritualised,* beginning: "*Tobacco is an Indian weed,*" etc., is clearly but a copy of this old ditty of Wisdome's. Erskine died in 1752.

PAGE 547, No. 523 — *If thou survive my well-contented day.* Sonnet xxxii. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes.* 1609. From the thought of dead friends of whom he is the survivor, Shakespeare passes to the thought of his own death, and his friend as the survivor. This sonnet reads like an envoy. (Dowden.) Line 4, *Thy deceased lover:* The term was used by writers of the Elizabethan age generally for *one who loves another,* without the meaning of a special passion of love between man and woman. Lines 5-6, *Compare them . . . every pen:* "May we infer from these lines

(and 10)," asks Prof. Dowden, "that Shakespeare had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?" Line 7, *Reserve:* preserve.

PAGE 548, No. 524 — *Th' Assyrian King, in peace, with foul desire.* "It was a favourite exercise with the Italian poets," says Nott, "with both the Greek and Latin writers of the lower ages, to compose short copies of verses sometimes in the form of inscriptions, sometimes as epitaphs on the character of persons distinguished in history. Of this description is the present sonnet. The character of Sardanapalus, whether it be a translation or an original composition, is drawn with a masterly hand. It is probable that Surrey had the conduct of Henry VIII. in mind. The unfortunate Anne Boleyn, who had been sacrificed to that king's capricious passions, was Surrey's first cousin." Leigh Hunt's interpretation of this sonnet is interesting, for he conceives it to be a direct ridicule of Henry under the guise of Sardanapalus, which was no doubt instigated from the beginning, as Nott intimates, because of the close family connections between Anne Boleyn and Surrey. He says (*English Sonnets*), "By murdering himself to 'show some manful deed,' he means to intimate, that the only thing which was left for Henry to do, in order to show himself not inferior to Sardanapalus, was to be bold enough to commit suicide; but, as Henry failed to do this, he is here delivered up to the disgust of posterity, as a thoroughly unmanly scoundrel.

"The boldness of the sonnet is wonderful, if we consider the times and the two men. Is it not probable that it was the real death-warrant of Surrey? Henry picked an ill-founded quarrel with him on an assumption in his coat of arms; but what was that assumption, had it even been illegal, compared with this terrible invective? One imagines Henry, with wrath-white lips, putting the copy of it into his pocket, and saying internally, '*I'll murder you,* at all events.' *And he did.*"

PAGE 549, No. 526 — *This night is my departing night.* These verses are supposed to have been written by one of the Armstrongs, presumably Thomas, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches, on June 16, 1600, at Raesknows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. "Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* vol. ii., p. 19), Thomas Armstrong, called *Ringan's Tam,* and Adam Scott, called the *Pecket,* were tried at Edinburgh at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed 14th November, 1601."

PAGE 549, No. 527 — *My prime of youth is but a frost of cares.* These verses are from *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,* where they are said to have been written by "Chidiock Tichborne, being young and then in the Tower, the night before his execution." Tichborne, a native of Southampton, was executed in 1586, for participating in the Babington's conspiracy. "A beautiful letter," says Mr. Quiller-Couch, "to his wife, written before his execution, is still preserved." The poem was set to music in John Munday's *Songs and Psalms,* 1594; in Richard Alison's *Hours Recreation,* 1606; and Michael Este's *Madrigals of three, four, and five Parts,* 1604.

Dr. Hannah prints a reply to them in his *Courtly Poets*, p. 115, purporting to have been written by Babington, Tichborne's fellow conspirator, beginning:

> Thy flower of youth is with a north wind blasted;
> Thy feast of joy is an idea found, etc.

PAGE 550, No. 528 — *Come thou, who art the wine and wit.* Line 46, *Platonick year:* According to Plato in *Timaeus*, the period in which the eight stellar circles complete their rotation round the axis of the Kosmos, and return to the same position.

PAGE 553, No. 531 — *Thy bosom is endearèd with all hearts.* Sonnet xxxi. in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes*, 1609. Shakespeare's friend compensates all losses in the past. (Dowden.) Line 6, *Dear religious love:* In *A Lover's Complaint*, the beautiful youth pleads to his love that all earlier hearts which had paid homage to him now yield themselves through him to her service (a thought similar to that of this sonnet); one of these fair admirers was a nun; a sister sanctified, but (line 250): "*Religious love put out Religion's eyes.*" (Dowden.) Line 10, *Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone:* Cf. *A Lover's Complaint*, line 218:

> Lo, all these trophies of affections hot
> . . . . . .
> Must your oblations be.

PAGE 555, No. 533 — *My Lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow.* From *Poems, Amorous, Funeral, etc.*, Part II., 1616. Line 4, *Ramage:* music of the bough, woodland song.

PAGE 555, No. 534 — *Alexis, here she stayed; among these pines.* This, and the following sonnet (No. 535), are numbered lx. and lxix., in *Songs, Sonnets*, etc. Cunningham's ed., 1833. In them the poet mourns the death of his mistress. For account of Drummond's love see Masson's *Life of Drummond*, pp. 46-52. Line 1, *Alexis:* Name by which Drummond addressed his friend, William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

PAGE 556, No. 536 — *No longer mourn for me when I am dead.* Sonnet lxxi. *Shake-speare's Sonnettes*, 1609. Shakespeare goes back to the thought of his own death, from which he was led away by Sonnet lxvi., ending "*To die, I leave my love alone.*" The world in this sonnet is the "vile world" described in lxvi. (Dowden.) Line 2, *The surly sullen bell:* Cf. *2 King Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 1:

> *a sullen bell,*
> Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Line 10, *Compounded am with clay:* Cf. *2 King Henry IV.*, act iv. sc. 5: "*Only compound me with forgotten dust.*"

PAGE 559, No. 540 — *Here she was wont to go, and here, and here!* Line 6, *Downy blow-ball:* The downy head of the dandelion. Line 9, *As she had sown them:* Compare Sidney's, "*Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetness planteth.*" — *First Song. Astrophel and Stella.*

PAGE 559, No. 541 — *When thou must home to shades of underground.* From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs*, 1601. In

the whole range of English poetry there is not a more impressive lyric than this. I say *impressive* because after fascinating with that mysterious and infinite depth of Mona Lisa's smile, — like the enigma of La Giaconda's mouth, — its final emotion is an irresistible fatality which seems unescapable. Mr. Bullen says of it: "For romantic beauty (it) could hardly be matched outside of the sonnets of Shakespeare." (*Introduction, Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books.*) Line 4, *White Iope:* The mention of white Iope must have been suggested by a passage of Propertius, ii. 28:

> Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum;
> Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.
> Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
> Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae. (Bullen.)

PAGE 560, No. 542 — *When I do count the clock that tells the time.* Sonnet xii., in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. This sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of Sonnets v., vi., vii. Lines 1, 2, like Sonnet vii., speak of the decay and loss of the brightness and beauty of the *day;* lines 3-8, like Sonnets v., vi., of the loss and beauties of the *year.* (Dowden.) Line 3, *Violet past prime:* Cf. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 3: "*A violet in the youth of primy nature.*" Line 8. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* act ii. sc. 1:

> The green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.

Line 9, *Question make:* consider.

PAGE 560, No. 543 — *Like as the Culver, on the barèd bough.* The concluding sonnet (lxxxviii.) in *Amoretti,* 1595. Line 8, *Culver:* dove. So, in Caxton's *Liber Festivalis,* 1483: "The offerynge of the riche man was a lambe, and for a pure man a payre of turtyles or two *culver byrds.*"

PAGE 561, No. 544 — *To me, fair friend, you never can be old.* Sonnet civ., in *Shake-speare's Sonnettes,* 1609. Line 2, *Eyed:* Cf. "I *ear'd* her language," in *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* Line 4, *Three summers' pride:* Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* act i. sc. 2: "*Let two more summers wither in their pride.*" Line 10, *Steal from his figure:* creeps from his figure as the dial. So in Sonnet lxxvii., "*thy dial's shady stealth.*"

PAGE 562, No. 545 — *Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore.* From *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* 1600 (acted in the autumn of 1593, while the plague was raging). Line 6, *Leav'st to appear:* ceased to appear.

PAGE 562, No. 546 — *With fair Ceres, Queen of Grain.* From *Silver Age,* 1613. Line 8, *Champians:* Champaign; open country.

PAGE 563, No. 547 — *When icicles hang by the wall.* From *Love's Labour's Lost,* 1592. Line 9, *Keel the pot:* cool by ladling to prevent boiling over. (Malone.) Line 11, *Saw:* a story. Line 14, *Crabs:* wild apples.

PAGE 563, No. 548 — *Now winter nights enlarge.* From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617. "In this collection (*Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*) where all are good, my favourite is '*Now winter nights enlarge.*'" (Bullen.)

NOTES

PAGE 564, No. 549 — *Shake off your heavy trance.* From *The Masque of the Inner Temple,* performed February, 1612-13, in honour of the marriage of the Count Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth.

PAGE 565, No. 550 — *Come, Sorrow, come, sit down and mourn with me.* From Thomas Morley's *First Book of Airs,* 1600. Line 11, *Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mum:* The expression, *not a word but mum* (= silence) was proverbial. Cf. Peele's *Old Wives' Tale:*

> What? *not a word but mum?* then Sacrapant,
> We are betrayed.

PAGE 565, No. 551 — *Come, ye heavy states of night.* From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs,* 1600.

PAGE 566, No. 552 — *O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?* Prof. Schelling comments on the popularity of this dialogue form in Elizabethan songs, citing a stanza from a recently discovered play of Heywood's, *The Captive, or the Lost Recovered,* 1624 (Bullen's *Old English Plays*), beginning:

> O charity, where art thou fled
> And now how long hast thou been dead?
> O many, many, many hundred years.
> In village, borough, town or city,
> Remain there yet no grace no pity?
> Not in sighs, not in want, not in tears, etc.

PAGE 567, No. 554 — *Hence all you vain delights.* From *The Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman,* 1647. It is supposed that this song suggested Milton's *Il Penseroso.* Dr. William Strode, a canon of Christ Church, wrote a reply, published in *Wit Restored,* 1658.

PAGE 570, No. 556 — *Corpse, clad with carefulness.* From A. T. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp,* 1896.

PAGE 572, No. 559 — *I saw my Lady weep.* From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs,* 1600.

PAGE 573, No. 560 — *Weep you no more, sad fountains.* From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs,* 1603.

PAGE 574, No. 562 — *Shepherds all, and maidens fair.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10.

PAGE 575, No. 563 — *Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky.* From *The Faithful Shepherdess,* 1609-10.

PAGE 576, No. 564 — *Pardon, goddess of the night.* From *Much Ado About Nothing,* 1599.

PAGE 578, No. 567 — *O Night, O jealous Night, repugnant to my measures.* From *The Phœnix' Nest,* 1593.

PAGE 586, No. 574 — *Queen and huntress, chaste and fair.* From *Cynthia's Revels,* acted 1600, act v. sc. 6. "One of the most

popular songs," says Mr. Erskine (*The Elizabethan Lyric*, ed. 1905), "which, however, is steeped in classical rather than in English feeling. . . . The lyric emotion in Jonson never burns very bright: he is an intellectual artist rather than a singer." Lines 3-4, *Seated in thy silver chair State in wonted manner keep.* Coleman suggests that these lines may have inspired Milton's:

> Come, but keep thy wonted state
> With even step and musing gait.
>
> (*Il Penseroso.*)

Line 10, *To clear:* to make bright, to lighten.

PAGE 586, No. 575 — *Cynthia, because your horns look divers ways.* From *Caelica,* in *Certain Learned and Elegant Works,* 1633. Fulke Greville, says Naunton, "had the longest lease and the smoothest time without rub, of any of her [Elizabeth's] favourites. . . . He was a brave gentleman, and honourably descended. . . . Neither illiterate; for . . . there are of his now extant some fragments of his poems, and of those times, which do interest him in the Muses, and which shews the Queen's election had ever a noble conduct, and its motions more of virtue and judgment, than of fancy." (*Fragmenta Regalia,* ed. Arber, p. 50.) Line 7, *Abused:* deceived. Line 9, *Yet who this language,* etc. This is a typical example of Greville's extreme condensation in the expression of pregnant thought. Expressed more fully, whoever speaks to the people of things as they really are breaks the rule of the idol which the sense worships, *i. e.,* the appearance of things.

PAGE 587, No. 576 — *With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies.* Sonnet xxxi. in *Astrophel and Stella,* 1591. "The first perfectly charming sonnet in the English language, a sonnet which holds its own after three centuries of competition." (George Saintsbury, *History of Elizabethan Literature,* 1887.) Line 5, *Long-with-love-acquainted eyes:* Sidney is fond of compound words (as was Shakespeare). In his *Defense of Poetry* he considers English "particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together . . . which is one of the greatest beauties that can be in language." Line 8, *Descries:* discloses, shows. Line 14, The last line of this poem is a little obscure by transposition. He means, *Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?* (C. Lamb.)

PAGE 587, No. 577 — *Cynthia, whose glories are at full forever.* From *Caelica.* (See note to No. 575.)

PAGE 588, No. 578 — *Look how the pale queen of the silent night.* Included in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602. Of Charles Best little is known. He has verses before Robert Pricket's *Honours Fame in Triumph Riding,* 1604, and Sir William Leighton's *Tears or Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soule,* 1614, which probably belong to Christopher Brooke. John Davies of Hereford addressed an epigram to "My kind friend, Mr. Charles Best" (among the Epigrams to Writing Persons in *The Scourge of Folly,* 1610-11).

PAGE 589, No. 579 — *Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.* From *The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grisell,* 1603, by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton. Doubtless the songs are by Dekker.

PAGE 589, No. 580 — *Come Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving.*

From *The Woman Hater,* 1607, act iii. sc. 1., by Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr. Bullen seems to believe that this song was written by Beaumont.

PAGE 589, No. 581 — *Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes.* From *The Tragedy of Valentinian,* 1647, act v. sc. 2. Line 7, *Sung his pain:* First folio reads Sings his pain. Coleman suggests that the true reading should be either *soothe* or *suage.* William Cartwright's *The Scige or Love's Convert,* 1651, contains an echo of this beautiful invocation:

> Seal up her eyes, O Sleep, but flow
> Mild as her manners, to and fro;
> Slide soft into her, that yet she
> May receive no wound from thee.
> And ye present her thoughts, O dreams,
> With hushing winds and purling streams,
> Whiles hovering Silence sits without,
> Careful to keep disturbance out.
> Then seize her, Sleep, thus her again resign:
> So what was Heaven's gift we'll reckon thine.

PAGE 590, No. 582 — *Care-charmer Sleep, Son of the sable Night.* "Samuel Daniel had an eminently contemplative genius which might have anticipated the sonnet as it is in Wordsworth, but which the fashion of the day confined to the not wholly suitable subject of Love. In the splendid *Care-charmer Sleep* . . . he continued, as will be seen, to put his subject under the influence of his prevailing faculty." (George Saintsbury, *History of Elizabethan Literature,* 1887.) Bartholomew Griffin, Gent., in his *Fidessa, more Chaste than Kind,* 1596, has a sonnet reminiscent of this and the preceding numbers, which opens:

> Care-charmer Sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
> The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
> Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
> Brother of quiet death, when life is too, too long.

PAGE 591, No. 583 — *Hark all you Ladies that do sleep.* From Campion and Rosseter's *A Book of Airs,* 1601. The fourth and fifth stanzas of this poem, which are omitted in most editions outside of Campion's *Works,* and which were unaccountably dropped from the text here, read:

> All you that will hold watch with love,
> The fairy-queen Proserpina
> Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
> Roses red, lilies white
> And the clear damask hue,
> Shall on your cheeks alight:
> Love will adorn you.

> All you that love or loved before,
> The fairy-queen Proserpina
> Bids you increase that loving humour more:
> They that have not fed
> On delights amorous,
> She vows that they shall lead
> Apes in Avernus.

This poem was printed anonymously among the *Poems of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen,* annexed to the surreptitious edition (Newman's) of *Astrophel and Stella,* 1591.

PAGE 591, No. 584 — *Sleep, angry beauty, Sleep, and fear not me.* From Campion's *Third Book of Airs,* 1617. "Exquisite in its equally-balanced metrical flow." (Palgrave.)

PAGE 592, No. 585 — *Come, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace.* Sonnet xxxix. in *Astrophel and Stella,* 1591. This sonnet is one of the three which Charles Lamb mentions as his favourites among the Sidney *Sonnets.* Line 2, *Baiting-place of wit:* The two editions of 1591 read erroneously *bathing-place* (=refreshing-place) of wits (=witty men). Line 5, *Shield:* one man (and sleep is one and is represented as single throughout lines 1-4) carries one shield: hence *shields* of first two editions of 1591 is incorrect. (Grosart.) Line 5, *Prease:* press. Line 10, *Deaf to noise and blind to light:* The first two editions read *deaf of* noise and *blind of* light, which Grosart believes to be more *Sidnean,* considering the change to *to* as the Countess of Pembroke's or editor's improvements. So also of the change of *in right* to *by right* in line 12.

PAGE 592, No. 586 — *By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death.* Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, born in 1536, was elevated to the earldom of Dorset with the accession of James I., but is generally referred to by his earlier title to avoid confusion with Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset (1638-1706). He was the author of *Gorboduc,* the first English tragedy, first acted 1562, and greatly admired by Sir Philip Sidney, who describes it in his *Defense of Poetry* as "Full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry."

PAGE 593, No. 587 — *The Boar's head in hand bring I.* From Ritson's *Ancient Songs,* where it is said to be from Wynkyn de Worde's *Christmasse Carolles,* 1521. In Mr. Bullen's *Carols and Poems,* p. 171, he prints "a modern version of the previous Carol (*The Boar's Head,* etc.) from Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* ii. 252," which I give below:

The Boar's Head Carol
(Sung at Queen's College, Oxford.)

The Boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

The Boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all the land,
Which thus bedecked with a garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

PAGE 594, No. 588 — *The Boar's Head that we bring here.* This is another of the *Boar's Head* carols. Mr. Bullen says that Ritson first printed it from *Add. MS.* 5665, the valuable folio which he presented to the British Museum.

PAGE 596, No. 590 — *Come bring with a noise.* Line 12, *A-teending:* kindling.

PAGE 597, No. 591 — *Upon my lap, my Sovereign sits.* Richard Rowlands entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1565, but being a zealous Catholic he declined the essential tests, and left without a degree. He removed, soon after this, to Antwerp, and abandoning his English name, assumed the surname of his Dutch grandfather, Verstegen. In Antwerp he set up a press; wrote books, some of the cuts for which he engraved with his own hand; and acted as agent for the transmission of Catholic literature and letters between England, Spain, Rome, and the Netherlands. The date of his birth and of his death is unknown, but he was living in Antwerp in 1620. Four stanzas appeared in Martin Peerson's *Private Music,* 1620. Most anthologies give only the first three stanzas, and in some it appears under the name of Richard Verstegen, which, perhaps, is the more correct nomenclature, as it does not appear that Rowlands ever returned to the use of his patronymic.

PAGE 602, No. 592 — *Go, pretty child, and bear this flower.* Line 7, *Handsel:* earnest money.

PAGE 603, No. 593 — *As I in hoary winter's night.* Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that he would have been content to destroy his own writings if he could have written this poem.

PAGE 606, No. 595 — *Let others look for pearl and gold.* Line 2, *Tabbies:* a kind of thick-threaded watered silk.

PAGE 607, No. 597 — *Live in these conquering leaves: live all the same.* These lines are taken from *The Flaming Heart.* Of it Prof. Saintsbury says (*History of Elizabethan Literature,* 1887): "His (Crashaw's) masterpiece, one of the most astonishing things in English or any literature, comes without warning at the end of *The Flaming Heart.* For page after page the poet has been partly playing on some trifling conceit suggested by the picture of Saint Theresa and a seraph . . . and always he treats his subject in a vein of grovelling and grotesque conceit which the boy Dryden in the stage of his *Elegy on Lord Hastings* would have disdained. And then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, without warning of any sort, the metre changes, the poet's inspiration catches fire, and then rushes up into the heaven of poetry the marvellous rocket of song: '*Live in these conquering leaves,*' etc. The contrast is perhaps unique as regards the colourlessness of the beginning and the splendid colour of the end. But contrasts

like it occur all over Crashaw's work." I have preferred to begin my selection from this poem at the point indicated by Prof. Saintsbury instead of at the line *O thou undaunted daughter of desires,* as do most editors.

PAGE 609, No. 599 — *These eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desires.* From *Flowers of Sion,* 1623. Line 1, *Brandons:* torches. The folio and the collected edition of 1656 read *tapers.* Lines 5-8, Prof. Schelling finds these lines permeated with subtle punning, interpreting them as follows: "These locks, the gilt (*i. e.,* the golden and gilty) attire of blushing deeds; waves (of hair and of the sea) curling to shadow deep (conceal in their depths) wrackful shelves (shipwrecking reefs); rings (ringlets of hair), which wed souls, etc., do now aspire to touch thy sacred feet."

PAGE 610, No. 600 — *Love, thou art absolute, sole Lord.* "The Hymn to Saint Theresa to which *The Flaming Heart* is a kind of appendix . . . has no passage quite up to the invocation. (See note to No. *597.*) But it is . . . for uniform exaltation, far the best of Crashaw's poems. Yet such uniform exaltation must be seldom sought in him. It is in his little bursts . . . that his claim consists, often . . . it has an unearthly delicacy and witchery which only Blake, in a few snatches, has ever equalled; while at other times the poet seems to invent, in the most casual and unthinking fashion, new metrical effects and new jewelries of diction which the greatest lyric poets since — Coleridge, Shelley, Lord Tennyson, and Swinburne — have rather deliberately imitated than spontaneously recovered." (Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature,* 1887.)

"These verses (lines 29-50 of this selection) were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel;* if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." (Coleridge, *Table Talk and Omniana.*) This poem being written before Crashaw's change of faith shows the essential catholicism of his spiritual nature.

PAGE 614, No. 601 — *Gracious, Divine, and most Omnipotent:* "In 1593, the influence of the Sidney poems . . . was new and the imitators . . . display a good deal of the quality of the novice. The chief among them are Barnabe Barnes with his *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* (and others). . . . Barnes is a modern discovery, for before Dr. Grosart reprinted him in 1875, from the unique original at Chatworth, for thirty subscribers only . . . he was practically unknown. Mr. Arber has since, in his *English Garner,* opened access to a wider circle. . . . As with most of these minor Elizabethan poets, Barnes is a very obscure person." (Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature,* 1887.)

PAGE 617, No. 606 — *Give me my scallop-shell of quiet.* It is asserted that Raleigh wrote this poem, and that beginning, *Even such is Time, that takes in trust* (see Note to No. *487*), in the Tower the night before his execution. "We may, perhaps, account," says Dr. Hannah (*Courtly Poets,* p. 221), "for the more strange and startling metaphors in this striking poem, by dating it during Raleigh's interval of suspense in 1603, after his condemnation and before his reprieve, when the smart of Coke's coarse cross-examination had not passed away." Prof. Schelling thinks, "it would

be difficult to find a poem more truly representative of the age of Elizabeth, with its poetical fervor, its beauty and vividness of expression, its juggling with words, and its daring mixture of things celestial with things mundane." (*A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*) Line 1, *Scallop-shell:* cockle-hat. (See note to No. 629.) Line 9, *Palmer:* a pilgrim who had returned from the Holy Land, had fulfilled his vow, and brought a palm branch to be deposited on the altar of the parish church. (*Century Dictionary.*) Line 16, *Milken hill:* Perhaps hill of plenty, running with milk and honey. (Schelling.) Line 25, *Suckets:* sweetmeats, delicacies. Line 42, *Angels:* An Elizabethan pun on the popular name for the angel-nobles, a coin first struck by Edward IV.; its value varies from 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling to 10*s.*

PAGE 622, No. 609 — *To music bent is my retired mind.* From Campion's *Two Books of Airs,* 1613.

PAGE 626, No. 613 — *Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.* From Campion's *Divine and Moral Songs* in *Two Books of Airs,* circ. 1613.

PAGE 627, No. 615 — *If I could shut the gate against my thoughts.* From John Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice,* 1606. It is supposed that the author of this poem was a brother of Samuel Daniel. Little is known of him except that he was one of the court musicians of Charles I., and the publisher of his brother's works in 1623.

PAGE 631, No. 619 — *Yet if His Majesty our sovereign lord.* From *Christ Church MS.,* and first printed in Bullen's *More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books,* 1888. It was set to music by Thomas Ford. Lines 7-18. Of these lines Mr. Bullen writes: "The detailed description made by a loyal subject for the entertainment of his earthly king is singularly impressive. Few could have dealt with common household objects — tables and chairs and candles and the rest — in so dignified a spirit." It would be interesting to compare these lines of Mr. Bullen's enthusiastic praise with that other marvellously poetical description of common objects in Tennyson's *The Revival,* in *The Day-Dream,* beginning:

> A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
> There was a sound of striking clocks, etc.

Mr. Bullen is of the opinion that Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, is the author of this poem. "I know no other devotional poet who could have written it," he says. But as Prof. Schelling points out that Vaughan's earliest published work is dated 1650, two years after the death of Ford, who died a very old man, the assignation seems without probability.

PAGE 633, No. 620 — *Adieu! farewell earth's bliss.* From *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* 1600. "The songs in *Summer's Last Will and Testament,*" says Mr. Bullen (*Introduction, Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists,* p. viii), "are of a sombre turn. We have, it is true, the delicious verses in praise of spring; and what a pleasure it is to croon them over! But when the play was produced it was sickly autumn, and the plague was stalking through the land. . . . Very vividly does Nashe depict the feeling of for-

lorn hopelessness caused by the dolorous advent of the dreaded pestilence. His address to the fading summer (*Go not hence, bright soul of the sad year*) is no empty rhetorical appeal, but a solemn supplication; and those pathetic stanzas, *Adieu! farewell, earth's bliss,* must have had strange significance at a time when on every side the death-bells were tolling."

PAGE 640, No. 628 — *Lay a garland on my hearse.* From Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy,* 1619.

PAGE 640, No. 629 — *How should I your true love know.* From *Hamlet,* 1603. Dr. Furness prints the traditional music of this song in his Variorum ed. of *Hamlet,* vol. i., p. 330. Line 3, *Cockle hat:* hat decorated with cockle or scallop-shells, which were worn by pilgrims as the badge of their vocation. (Schelling.) Line 10, *Larded:* arrayed.

PAGE 641, No. 630 — *As virtuous men pass mildly away.* Line 11, *Trepidation of the spheres:* A motion which the Ptolemaic system of astronomy ascribes to the firmament to account for certain phenomena, really due to the motion of the axis of the earth. (*Century Dictionary.*) Lines 25-36, *If they be two:* These stanzas inspired Dr. Johnson's famous passage on "the metaphysical poets," a phrase which it is said he borrowed from a hint of Dryden's. Line 26, *As stiff twin compasses are two:* "To the comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has better claim." (Dr. Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets; Cowley.*) "This figure of the compass is said to have been suggested by the *impresa* of old John Heywood, Donne's maternal grandfather." (Schelling, *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics.*)

PAGE 642, No. 631 — *Victorious men of earth, no more.* From *Cupid and Death, A Masque,* 1653.

PAGE 643, No. 632 — *The glories of our blood and state.* From *The contention of Ajax and Ulysses,* 1659. "Shirley's songs," says Mr. Bullen (*Introduction, Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists,* p. xiv), "remind us sometimes of Fletcher, sometimes of Ben Jonson. He was of an imitative turn, and followed his models closely; but in his most famous song, *The glories,* etc., and in those equally memorable stanzas (*Victorious men,* etc.), he struck an original note, deep-toned and solemn."

PAGE 644, No. 634 — *Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears.* From *Cynthia's Revels,* 1601.

PAGE 645, No. 635 — *Come away, come away, death.* From *Twelfth Night,* 1601.

PAGE 646, No. 636 — *Weep, weep, ye woodmen, wail.* From Munday and Chettle's *Death of Robin Hood,* 1601.

PAGE 646, No. 637 — *Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren.* From *The White Devil,* 1612.

PAGE 647, No. 638 — *Full fathom five thy father lies.* From *The Tempest,* 1611.

NOTES

PAGE 647, No. 639 — *Hark! now every thing is still.* From *The Duchess of Malfi,* 1623.

PAGE 650, No. 642 — *Let the bird of loudest lay.* "*The Phœnix and the Turtle* first appeared, with Shakespeare's name to it, in Chester's *Love's Martyr: or Rosalin's Complaint,* in 1601. It is no doubt spurious." (Furnivall, Introduction to *The Leopold Shakspere.*)

PAGE 661, No. 652 — *It is not growing like a tree.* From *Underwoods,* second folio, 1640. Sir Lucius Cary, better known to modern readers as the gallant Lord Falkland, who fell at the battle of Naseby, was married to Letice, a sister of Sir Henry Morison. An early attachment appears to have grown up between these young men, who were two of the poet's most cherished "adopted sons." Sir Henry did not live to witness the marriage of his friend with his sister, and Falkland himself perished in the thirty-fourth year of his age. In some of the editions this poem is entitled "A Pindaric Ode," of which it is a perfect example. The first seven stanzas are omitted.

PAGE 663, No. 653 — *The Lady Mary Villiers lies.* "There seems to be no record," says Mr. Vincent (*Carew's Poems, Muses Library*), "of a Lady Mary Villiers who died in infancy. Carew has elegies on the Duke of Buckingham and his brother, Christopher, the Earl of Anglesey, with both of whom he seems to have been acquainted, but Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Duke, was three times married, and lived to see James II. on the throne."

PAGE 664, No. 654 — *Done to death by slanderous tongues.* From *Much Ado About Nothing,* 1599.

PAGE 664, No. 655 — *Underneath this sable hearse.* This epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke — "*Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother*" — was first printed in Osburne's *Traditional Memoirs of the Reign of King James,* 1658. It also appears in a MS. of the middle seventeenth century, in Trinity College, Dublin, where it is subscribed "William Browne;" Jonson's claim to the poem is due to Whalley's supposition, and because it has generally been included amongst Jonson's poems by his editors.

PAGE 665, No. 656 — *Would'st thou hear what man can say.* "The name of this lady upon whom this most exquisite epitaph was written is unknown. Jonson wished it concealed, and the secret seems to have been carefully kept until the means of tracing it was lost." (Gifford.)

PAGE 665, No. 657 — *Weep with me all you that read.* Salathiel Pavy acted in *Cynthia's Revels,* 1601, and in *The Poetaster,* 1601; he probably died in the latter year. (Gifford.) "For sweetness and simplicity," says Swinburne, "it has few if any equals among his lyrical attempts." (*A Study of Ben Jonson.*)

PAGE 669, No. 662 — *Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain.* From Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft,* 1600.

PAGE 670, No. 664 — *O faithless world! and thy more faithless*

part. From *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ;* also printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody,* 1602.

PAGE 672, No. 666 — *Glide soft, ye silver floods.* From *Britannia's Pastorals,* 1616, Bk. II., Song i., lines 242-280. This song is a tribute to the memory of William Ferrar, third son of Nicholas Ferrar, an eminent London merchant, who was interested in the adventures of Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh, and brother of the well-known Nicholas Ferrar (1592-1637), of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire. He died young at sea. Wither introduces him, under the pastoral name of "Alexis," in *The Shepherd's Hunting.* Line 4, *Let no bird sing:* Keats was evidently well acquainted with Browne's poetry; witness how excellently he uses this line in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci.*

PAGE 674, No. 667 — *Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease.* From *The Broken Heart,* 1633.

PAGE 674, No. 668 — *Come, you whose loves are dead.* From *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* 1613.

PAGE 675, No. 669 — *Oh no more, no more, too late.* From *The Broken Heart,* 1633.

PAGE 675, No. 670 — *Can we not force from widow'd Poetry.* For absolute sincerity of feeling — for bereavement that is more religious than personal — this Elegy is, perhaps, equalled or surpassed by only two in the language — Tennyson's *In Memoriam,* and Whitman's *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd.* I do not in the least wish to diminish the glory that haloes Shelley's *Adonais,* Arnold's *Thyrsis,* or Swinburne's *Ave Atque Vale,* but after all, is it not three-fourths art, and but one-fourth *the man,* which keeps these things singing in men's memories? In the case of Carew, Tennyson, and Whitman, the man's life whose death they celebrate stands forth as the manifestation of their great virtues, giving a form to art. Who the dead man was, *we do not, we can not forget.* Whatever is of elusiveness in either Carew's, Tennyson's, or Whitman's elegy, is that of human nature, — which after all is something greater than art.

Donne died March 31, 1631. Carew's poem was first published in the first edition of Donne's *Works,* 1633. Of this elegy Prof. Saintsbury writes (*History of Elizabethan Literature,* 1887): "By this last (the Elegy) the reproach of vain and amatorious trifling which has been so often levelled at Carew is at once thrown back and blunted. No poem shows so great an influence on the masculine panegyrics with which Dryden was to enrich the English of the next generation, and few are fuller of noteworthy phrases. The splendid epitaph which closes it . . . is only the best passage, not the only good one, and it may be matched with a fine and just description of English, ushered by a touch of acute criticism (*Thou shalt yield to . . . their soft melting phrases*). And it is the man who could write like this that Hazlitt calls an 'elegant court trifler.'" Line 4, *Dough-baked:* This ugly word is Donne's. Cf. His *Letter to the Lady Carey and Mistress Essex Rich, from Amiens:*

> In *dough-baked men* some harmlessness we see.

NOTES

Line 25, *The Muses' garden, with pendantic weeds,* etc.: Cf. Donne's *Letter to Mr. Rowland Woodward:*

> So affects my muse now, a chaste fallowness,
> Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown,
> *How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are grown*
> *Where seeds of better arts were early sown.*

GLOSSARY

A - FORROW, before.
AGGRATE, please.
AMANTIUM IRAE, Lovers' quarrels.
AMATE, confound, dismay.
ASSOILE, absolve.
AT, as.
A - TEENDING, kindling.
ATTONCE, at once.
AULFE, a changeling.

BAIRN, a child.
BALE, woe.
BALK, a strip of ground left unploughed.
BALLATING, making ballads.
BAUZON, a badger.
BELAPPIT, enveloped, enfolded.
BENE, are.
BEWIS, bows.
BIN, are.
BIRTH, kind.
BLONKIS, poetic word for horse.
BOULDEN, swollen.
BOWSTER, bolster.
BRANDONS, torches.
BRERE, briar.
BUSK, dress up.

CANKER, worm.
CARPE DIEM, Seize the opportunity.
CARRIER, course.
CESSILE, ceasing, yielding.
CHAMPIAN, open country.
CHEVISAUNCE, a wall flower.
CHOUGH, jackdaw.
CLEPED, called.
CLOGGIT, clogged.
COCKERS, a kind of rustic high shoe.
COIL, confusion or tumult.
COINTREE, obs. form of Coventree, kind of thread.
CORSERIS, corselet, encircling.
CORAL, a toy made of coral, usually with the addition of bells.
CORDIWIN, Spanish leather made originally at Cordova.
CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM MARCESCANT, Let us crown ourselves with roses before they wither.
COUTH, could.
CRAMASIE, crimson cloth.
CRAMPIS, to champ.
CRANK, sprightly.
CUTTED, curt.

DAUPHIN, dolphin.
DAZIE, dais, daisy.
DECORE, decorate.
DEID, death.
DIAPRED, decorated.
DICHTIS, make ready.
DINGS, slaps.
DOIS, does.
DOXY, a mistress.
DRERIMENT, drear.
DUCDAME, bring him to me (Hanmer).

ECHONE, each one.
EMPERY, absolute dominion.

FEATER, neater.
FEATOUSLY, neatly, adroitly.
FEIDIS, feeds.
FERE, companion, comrade.
FIRE - DRAKE, a fiery dragon of mythical Germany.
FIRTH, park.
FLITTIS, cast, thrown.
FLOS FLORUM, Flower of flowers.
FORTUNATI NIMIUM, Too happy ye!
FRANZY, frenzy.
FRIEKIS, warriors.

GLOSSARY

Gars, causes.
Garth, garden.
Glowffin, stare.
Gowans, daisies.
Graffed, grafted.
Greets, great.
Grutch, grudge.
Gryde, horrified.

Hairtis, hart or red deer, hearts.
Handsel, earnest money.
Hald, hold.
Harlock, a flower not identified.
Heben, ebon.
Heill, obs. form of hele, salvation.
Hight, called, named.
Hindis, female of red deer.
Hips and haws, fruit of wild rose and hawthorn.
Howp, hope.
Hurchonis, hedgehogs.
Hyd, skin.

In Die Nativitatis, On the Day of Nativity.
Ingenrit, born.
In Imagine Pertransit Homo, Man passes into the shadow.
In Obitum M. S., X. Maij, 1614 - 1667, On death of M. S., May 10, 1614-1667.
Integer Vitae, Blameless in life.
Invart, inward.

Jaspis, jasper.

Knap, to break.
Kirk, church.

Lady - cow, lady bug.
Laif, something left behind.
Lampis, to go quickly.
Lairn, learn.
Leese, lose.
Leif, live.
Leir, lore.
Levin, lightning.
Liever, rather.
Lichter, lighter.
Lichtlie, to make giddy.
Limbeck, alembic.
Lin, desist from.
Lingel, waxed thread.
Lither, supple.
Lives, lively.
Loke, fleece of wool.
Low, flame.
Lubrican, obs. form of leprechaun, a pigmy sprite.
Lythe, light.

Maikis, mates.
Make, mate.
March - pine, usually spelled marchpane, a kind of sweet biscuit usually composed of almonds and sugar.
Marvis, a well-known thrush common in Europe.
Mazer, drinking-cup.
Melitoe, melilot (?), sweet clover.
Melling, mingling.
Mene, moan.
Merle, common European blackbird.
Mickle, much.
Minivere, a kind of fur.
Misprision, contempt.
Miserrimus, Most wretched.
Moly, a fabulous herb of magic power.

Nappy, heady.
Neare, near.
N'oserez - vous, mon bel ami, Wilt thou not dare, my beautiful friend.
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, Night unto night showeth knowledge.

O Crudelis Amor, Oh Cruel Love.
Offuskit, obscured.
Ouer, over.
Ourhailit, overspread.
Oxter, a hug with the arms.

Paddock, toad or frog.
Pairly, mate.
Palmer, Pilgrim returning from the Holy Land.
Parcae, The Three Fates.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus, Sweet drawing in equal yoke.
Pardy, By God.
Paunce, obs. form of pansy.
Peat, pet.
Perigall, adequate, worthy.
Persever, persevere.
Preluciand, brightly shining.
Pricket, a buck in his second year.

GLOSSARY

PRIEFS, proof.
PUGGING, thieving.
PUISNE, a judge of inferior rank.
PYGHT, past participle of pitch.

QUHAIR, where.
QUHEN, when.
QUHILK, which.
QUHOM, whom.
QUHY, why.
QUHYTE, white.

RAMAGE, bird-song.
RASCAL, an inferior beast, unworthy of the chase.
RAUNCH, wrench.
REISTIS, rest.
RESPAS, raspberry.
RONE, rowan.
ROVDE, looked.

SAIF, save.
SAWIS, sows.
SAY, a fine thin serge used in the 16th century.
SCHOURIS, showers.
SEELY, innocent, harmless.
SELD, seldom.
SEN, same as since.
SETYWALL, garden valerian.
SHAID, parted.
SHALM, an instrument resembling the clarinet.
SHAWIS, a thicket, a small wood.
SHROUDIS, conceals, envelops, takes shelter.
SICHT, sight.
SIC TRANSIT, Thus passes away.
SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS, Plain in neatness.
SITHE, season.
SKAILLIS, clears.
SKAILS, clears.
SMALE, small.
SMICKER, elegant, fine, gay.
SOOTE, sweet.
SOPS-IN-WINE, striped pinks.
SPEIRIS, spears.
STARE, starling.
STEIR, stir.
STOUND, blow.
STROUTING, swelling.
SUAIF, suave, sweet.
SUCKETS, sweetmeats.
SWAD, a country lout.
SYNE, then, thereupon, therefore.

TABBIES, a kind of thick-threaded watered silk.
TEAD, torch.
THEORBO, a musical instrument.
THILK, this same.
THREAVES, handfuls.
THYRSE, The Bacchic wand.
TIL, into.
TRENTAL, service lasting 30 days in which 30 masses were said for the repose of the soul.
TRONE, throne.
TURSIS, carry.
TUTTIES, nosegays.
TYNDIS, the horns of a hart, antlers.

UBIQUE, everywhere.
UNCRUDDED, uncurdled.

VANITAS VANITATUM, Vanity of vanities.
VENUST, elegant, beautiful.
VERGES, rods.
VER, spring.
VIA AMORIS, The way of Love.
VIVAMUS MEA LESBIA, ATQUE AMEMUS, Let Us Live and Love, My Lesbia.
VIVELY, brightly.
VIXI PUELLIS NUPER IDONEUS, Not so long ago, I was acceptable to maids.

WALY, expressive of lamentation, alas.
WAPINS, weapons.
WIGHT, swift, stout.
WISS, wish.
WONNED, dwelled.

YCONNED, versed.
YFERE, together.

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A. W. The identity of "A. W." has never been revealed. The initials are only known as the signature to a number of poems published in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.
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Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling (1567-1640), born at Menstree, Scotland. Educated at the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. In 1621 James I. gave him a grant of Nova Scotia, which charter has been the cause of considerable discussion. He was the intimate friend of Drummond of Hawthornden, who addressed him in several of his sonnets in bereavement at the loss of his (Drummond's) mistress. His first published work was the Tragedie of Darius, 1603, followed in 1604 by A Parænsis to the Prince, and the Monarchicke Tragedies including Darius and the new Crœsus; The Alexandræan, a Tragedy, 1605, Julius Cæsar, 1607. His most ambitious work, Doomsday, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment, appeared 1614; and the first collected edition of his works, The Recreations of the Muses, 1637.
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ARMSTRONG, THOMAS. Nothing is known of Armstrong except that he was executed for murder in 1601 and wrote this poem on the night before his death. See notes.
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AYTON, SIR ROBERT (1570-1638), born at the Castle of Kinaldie in parish of Cameron near St. Andrews. He was knighted in August, 1602, and became ambassador to Germany.
To His Forsaken Mistress..... 249
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BACON, FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS (1561-1626), born at York House in the Strand, London. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, followed by foreign travel. Was knighted by James I., July, 1603; appointed King's Counsel, 1604; sworn of the Privy Council, 1616, and received appointment of Keeper of the Great Seal. On January 4, 1618, was made Lord High Chancellor, and on 11 July, the same year, ennobled Baron of Verulam, and raised in 1621 to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans. Undoubtedly the greatest of modern philosophers, Bacon's writings remain the monument of Elizabethan prose. The most important are: Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral, 1597; The Treatise on the Advancement of Learning, 1605; De Sapientia Veterum, 1609; Novum Organum, 1620; The De Augmentis Scientiarum, a translation of the Advancement of Learning, revised and enlarged, 1623; and the Apothegms, 1625.
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BARNES, BARNABY (1569-1609). The younger son of the Bishop of Durham; a student at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1586, which he left without taking a degree. His travels abroad are said to have been extensive; and Doctor Bliss states (Athen. Oxon. edit., 1815) that he accompanied the Earl of Essex into France. His works which Professor Dowden rated superior to Watson's are: Parthenophil and Parthenope, Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies and Odes, 1593; A Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets, 1595; Four Books of Offices, Enabling Private Persons for the Special Service of all Good Princes and Policies, 1606; Devil's Charter, a Tragedy, 1607.
Ah, Sweet Content, Where Is Thy Mild Abode?..... 519
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BARNFIELD, RICHARD (1574-1627). Born at Norbury, in Shropshire. He was the son of a gentleman, a student at Oxford, and the friend of the poet Michael Drayton. He published in 1594, The Affectionate Shepherd, a small volume of poems dedicated to Penelope Lady Rich, the Stella of Sidney's famous sonnets. In 1595 he published a second volume, Cynthia, and in 1598 a third, Lady Pecunia, wherein appeared two beautiful pieces which in the following year were piratically published by Jagger in

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The Passionate Pilgrim on whose title-page Shakespeare appears as the author. At an early age Barnfield gave up authorship and retired to the country.
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If Music and Sweet Poetry Agree..... 407

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (1586-1616). Descended from the ancient and noble family of the name whose residence was at Grace-Dieu in Leicestershire. Educated a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford. He became a member of the Inner Temple after leaving college, but is supposed not to have become very profoundly versed in the principles of jurisprudence.
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BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN (1583-1627). An elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Entered a gentleman-commoner at Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, 1596. Anthony Wood ascribes to him The Crown of Thorns, a poem in eight books never printed. His son gave his father's writings to the world under the title of Bosworth Field, with a taste of the Variety of Other Poems, 1629.
Of His Dear Son, Gervase..... 661

BEST, CHARLES (fl. 1602), was a contributor to Francis Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, by which connection alone his name is known. To the first edition he contributed two pieces, A Sonnet to the Sun, and A Sonnet to the Moon. To the third edition in 1611, he contributed An Epitaph on Henry Fourth, the Last French King, An Epitaph on Queen Elizabeth, Union's Jewell, A Panegyrick to My Sovereign Lord the King, and some few other less notable poems.
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BOLTON, EDMUND (1575-1633), first appeared as an author in 1600, when he was associated with Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, and other poets as a contributor to England's Helicon. His chief distinction is as historian and antiquarian. Ritson describes him as a "profound scholar and eminent critic," while in the opinion of Hunter he stands as an antiquarian beside Camden, Selden, and Spelman. Early in life Bolton formed an acquaintance with Camden, and made extensive travels in England and Ireland in search of antiquities. He belonged to a Catholic family.
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BOYD, MARK ALEXANDER (1563-1601). Born in Galloway, Scotland. Educated at Glasgow University and in France, studying Civil Law at Bruges. His youth was characterized by roistering adventures, and he served some time as a soldier in the service of Henry III. of France. He was known as an eminent Greek and Latin scholar, and achieved distinction as an authority in International Law. Returning to Scotland after many years abroad, in 1595 he became tutor to the Earl of Cassilis and died at Penkill. His chief work was entitled Epistolæ, Heroides et Hymni; he left besides many unpublished manuscripts which are preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

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BRETON, NICHOLAS (1545-1626). Born it is supposed in London. His father was a successful merchant who had amassed a large fortune and considerable property. It is not positively known that Breton was a university man, though several references in his works indicate that he was in attendance at Oriel College, Oxford. The facts of the poet's life are very scanty, and he does not seem to have associated much with the great contemporary group of poets; yet it is known that he enjoyed a long and intimate friendship with the Countess of Pembroke, who, being an ardent Protestant, was in sympathy with the poet's religious attacks against Romanism in his prose tracts. Breton was a regular contributor to the poetical collections of his age, and his poetical fame induced an enterprising publisher, Richard Jones, to issue two miscellanies under his name: Breton's Bowre of Delights, 1591, and The Arbor of Amorous Devices, 1597. Beside a long list of volumes of poetry he was the author of a number of prose works.

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BROWNE, WILLIAM (1590-1645). Born at Tavistock, Devonshire. Educated at Oxford and the Inner Temple. Little is known of his life, except that in his youth he was intimate with Ben Jonson, Drayton, and Selden. He is considered the chief of that group of writers belonging to the "school of Spenser." He was undoubtedly the finest writer of pastorals among early and middle English poets.

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Let No Bird Sing 672

CAMPION, THOMAS (1567?-1619). Educated at Cambridge and Grey's Inn. His first publication was Latin Epigrams, 1594. Between 1601 and 1617 he published four Song Books, for which he wrote, in greater part, both words and music; in one, however, he collaborated with Philip Rosseter. In 1602 he issued his Observations in the Art of English Poesy, in which he censured the "vulgar and inartificial custom of riming," making an effort in this to prove that English poetry was faulty in not following the classics. This drew from Samuel Daniel a response which ably refuted Campion's theory. With Shakespeare and Herrick, he is, however, one of the finest lyrists of Elizabethan poetry.

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Sleep, Angry Beauty, Sleep 591
To Music Bent Is My Retired Mind 622
O Come Quickly 626

CAREW, THOMAS (1598-1638), was an Oxford man who was fonder of "roving after hounds and hawks" than diligently pursuing his studies. He entered the diplomatic service, and, attracting the attention of Charles I., became cupbearer in ordinary and gentleman to the privy chamber to that monarch. He was the intimate associate of Suckling and Davenant.

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CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM (1611-1643), became a writer of plays while yet an undergraduate at Oxford, though a priest in orders after 1638. He was one of the numerous "Tribe of Ben," and his works, published posthumously, contained many pages of commendatory verses by his associates, among whom were Jasper Mayne, Alexander Brome, and Sherburne.

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On the Queen's Return from the Low Countries..... 194
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CHAPMAN, GEORGE (1560-1634). Supposed to have been a native of Kent, was entered at 17, Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became distinguished for his knowledge of Greek and Latin authors. Leaving college he became intimate with Shakespeare, Spenser, and Drayton, and other eminent poets. He is best known by his translation of Homer, — the first into English.

Muses that Sing..... 283
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CHETTLE, HENRY (1562?-1607?). Publisher, pamphleteer, and playwright. In 1592 he edited Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, which contained some slighting allusions to Shakespeare, for which he apologized later in his Kind-Heart's Dream.

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CONSTABLE, HENRY (1562-1613). Educated at Oxford, taking his bachelor's degree at St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1584, appeared his best known work, Diana, and the excellent conceitful sonnets of H. C.

Damelus' Song of His Diaphenia..... 116
My Lady's Presence Makes the Roses Red..... 204
To Saint Katherine..... 608
On the Death of Sir Philip Sidney..... 652

CORBET, RICHARD, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich (1582-1635). Educated at Broadgate's Hall and Christ Church, Oxford; was made Dean of Christ Church, 1627; Bishop of Oxford, 1629, and translated to Norwich, 1632. In 1613 appeared his Journey into France; Certain Elegant Poems, 1647; and in 1648, Poetical Stromata, or Pieces in Poetry.

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CRASHAW, RICHARD (1613-1650). Educated at Cambridge. In 1643, with five others, fellows of Peterhouse, Crashaw lost his fellowship because he refused to take the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant. Entering the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, he was recommended to Rome by Queen Henrietta. He died soon after he became beneficiary of the Basilica Church of Our Lady of Loreto.
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Upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa 607
A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa 610
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DANIEL, JOHN (?-1625), was one of the Court musicians of Charles I. Little is known of him except that he was the publisher of his brother's (Samuel Daniel) works in 1623. He published Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voices, 1606.
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If I Could Shut the Gate against My Thoughts..... 627

DANIEL, SAMUEL (1562-1619), was at one time tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, to whom Daniel addressed his famous Epistle. He was well known in his day at Court, where he was a member of Queen Anne's (Queen to James I.) household, holding various offices, and composing Court Masques which for a time rivalled those of Ben Jonson.
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DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM (1606-1668), was godson of Shakespeare, and poet laureate preceding Dryden.
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The Soldier Going to the Field..... 440

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To a Mistress Dying 553
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DAVIES, SIR JOHN (1569-1626), a native of Wiltshire, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterward studied law. In 1603, solicitor-general to Ireland, rose to be attorney-general, and subsequently was appointed judge of the assize. He was knighted in 1607, and was made Lord Chief Justice of England in 1626, but died suddenly before the installation could be performed. In 1599 appeared the first edition of Nosce Teipsum: This Oracle Expounded in Two Elegies.
The Dancing of the Sea 336
Man 482

DAVISON, FRANCIS (1575?-1619). Educated at Grey's Inn; eldest son of William Davison, privy councillor and secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, who was disgraced for carrying her warrant for execution of Mary Stuart to the Council. Davison and his father were adherents of the Earl of Essex, and with him their political fortunes were broken. In 1602 Davison abandoned law, and began publishing the poetry he had written and collected. His Poetical Rhapsody remains, perhaps, the best collection of the period.
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Dispraise of Love and Lover's Follies 152
How Can the Heart Forget Her? 214
Upon Her Protesting, That Now Having Tried His Sincere Affection, She Loved Him 285
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DEKKER, THOMAS (1575-1641?), was one of the celebrated wits of the reign of James I. Besides a number of plays in conjunction with Webster, Rowley, Ford, and Jonson, he wrote tracts upon the vices and customs of the age. The results of his quarrel with Ben Jonson are manifest in the ill-natured caricatures of each other in their plays.
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DEVEREUX, ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX (1567-1601), second Earl of that title, was the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth.
The Ways on Earth 235
A Passion of My Lord of Essex 519

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DONNE, JOHN (1573-1631). Educated at both Oxford and Cambridge, and at Lincoln's Inn; for some time after was a traveller and man of pleasure; it is thought that at one time he became a soldier, and later a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Reaching middle life he altered his religious convictions, took orders and became a famous preacher, and was made Dean of St. Paul's, where the Court of James I. went to hear his wonderful discourses. In the performance of his art Donne ruthlessly broke from the tradition of the easy-flowing numbers of the Spenser school, and produced what many of his contemporaries thought unscanable accents. In this they were wrong, but it took the nineteenth century to discover it.

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DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631). Born in Warwickshire. Little is known of his parentage, but he has spoken of himself as "nobly bred" and "well ally'd." Tradition makes Drayton a friend of Shakespeare, and in the diary of the Vicar of Stratford it is recorded, "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feaver there contracted." In 1596 he published a historical poem, The Barrons' Wars, and from then on to 1603 he wrote for the stage in conjunction with Dekker, Webster, Middleton, and others. The play of Sir John Oldcastle is said to be mainly Drayton's work. In 1605 he published Poems, Lyric and Pastoral, containing his famous Battle of Agincourt. In 1613 was published his longest and most famous poem, Poly-Olbion, "a Description of all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts of Great Britaine." His friend, John Selden, wrote copious annotations to each part of the poem.

A Roundelay 62
Bright Star of Beauty 86
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Nymphidia 446

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM (1585-1649). Born at Hawthornden, Scotland, son of Sir John Drummond; educated at University of Edinburgh, and studied civil law in France. He is distinguished as the first Scottish poet to write well in English. Though Drummond never lived in London, he was held in high and affectionate esteem by the English poets; Jonson visited him in Scotland in 1619, and he and others have left some mention of him as a man and poet. Drummond's sonnets, Hazlitt thought as perfect as any in the language.

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Cupid's Hiding-place 187
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Sad Memorials..... 546
I Fear Not Henceforth Death..... 548
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Sweet Soul, Which in the April of Thy Years..... 556
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To the Nightingale..... 585
Saint John Baptist..... 607
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What Doth It Serve to See the Sun's Burning Face..... 639
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DYER, SIR EDWARD (1540-1607). Educated at Oxford, studied chemistry, and was thought to be a Rosicrucian. He was employed in several foreign embassies by Queen Elizabeth. He wrote a number of pastorals, odes, and madrigals, many of which were printed in England's Helicon.

The Lowest Trees Have Tops..... 286
Helen's Epithalamium..... 383
A Fancy..... 485
My Mind a Kingdom..... 511

EDWARDES, RICHARD (1523-1566). Educated at Corpus Christi College, and Christ Church, Oxford. He is best known as the designer and principal contributor to the Paradyse of Daynty Devises. He was one of the earliest of English dramatic writers, his Damon and Pythias being one of the first English dramas upon a classical subject.

Amantium Iræ..... 497

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FANSHAWE, SIR RICHARD (1608-1666), was the youngest child of Sir Henry Fanshawe, Remembrancer of the Exchequer, and brother of Thomas, Lord Fanshawe. Educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, travelled on the Continent, and won distinction for scholarship and knowledge of modern languages. During the Rebellion he fought in the royal army, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. At the Restoration he was employed in several diplomatic negotiations, and died in Madrid while ambassador to Spain.

A Rose 327

FLETCHER, GILES (158?-1623), was a Cambridge man, brother to Phineas Fletcher, and cousin to the dramatist. He took orders, but on account of the lack of appreciation on the part of his rural parishioners, "grief," as Fuller says, "caused his early dissolution." He left one long poem which showed its influence in the work of Milton.

Panglory's Wooing Song 301

FLETCHER, JOHN (1576-1625), was son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of London. Educated at Cambridge; it is supposed his collaborator, Beaumont, enticed him into authorship, with the encouragement of Jonson and Chapman. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher succeeded to the supreme popularity long enjoyed by Shakespeare, and held the stage until the Restoration, and after. Besides Beaumont, Fletcher collaborated with other dramatists, and wrote a number of plays himself, among which The Faithful Shepherdess remains the finest pastoral in the language.

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The Beggars' Holiday 42
God Lyæus, Ever Young 43
What Is Love? 44
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Speak, Thou Fairest Fair 206
To the Blest Evanthe 211
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Come Follow Me, Ye Country Lasses 345
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FLETCHER, PHINEAS (1584?-1650), son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, author of the sonnet sequence Licia. John Fletcher, the dramatist, was his first cousin, and Giles Fletcher, the younger, his brother. He is chiefly known as the author of The Purple Island.
A Litany 617

FLORIO, JOHN (1545?-1625), a native of London, descended from the Florii of Sienna. He was a great student of philology. He is best known for his translation of Montaigne's Essays, in 1603.
Concerning the Honour of Books 539

FORD, THOMAS (1586-1639), matriculated at Oxford, later was admitted a member of the Middle Temple. Little is known of his life. His rank as a post-Shakespearian dramatist is high; among other forms of literature he essayed, he won some repute as a pamphleteer of moral treatises.
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Calantha's Dirge 674
Penthea's Dying Song 675

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE (1535-1577), courtier, soldier, poet, he was the most notable figure in English poetry between Surrey and Sidney. Gascoigne was stepfather to Nicholas Breton, whose literary career was influenced by the elder poet.
A Lover's Lullaby 180
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The Strange Passion of a Lover 290
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GIFFORD, HUMPHREY (?-?), of whom nothing is known except that such a man was the author of A Posie of Gilloflowers, eche differing from the other in Colour and Odour, yet all sweete, 1580.
For Soldiers 433

GRAHAM, JAMES, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE (1612-1650). One of the most illustrious characters in modern history, murdered in the most brutal manner by his political enemies.
I'll Never Love Thee More 148

GREENE, ROBERT (1560-1592), a native of Ipswich, educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He travelled on the Continent after leaving college, and, returning home, is supposed to have taken orders and received the living of Tollesbury in Essex. He was the boon companion of the celebrated wits of the day, deserted a lovely wife, and lived a profligate life, dying, it is said, in absolute

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misery and poverty, from a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine.

Fair Is My Love for April's in Her Face 15
Radagon in Dianam 70
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Doron's Description of Samela 97
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Menaphone's Song 144
Doron's Jig 217
Doralicia's Ditty 282
Familia's Song 283
N'oserez Vous, Mon Bel Ami? 299
The Shepherd's Wife's Song 348
Sephestia's Song to Her Child 399
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GREVILLE, FULKE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628), was son of Sir Fulke Greville, of Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire. He entered Trinity College, completing his studies at Oxford. He gained distinction at Court, and was honoured with a seat in the Privy Council. He was assassinated by one of his domestics. Attached very deeply to his friend, Sir Philip Sidney, he wrote The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney, 1652; and when he died styled himself on his tombstone: "The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

Myra 95
Who Grace for Zenith Had 474
A Song for Priests 520
A Contrast 541
To Cynthia 586
To Cynthia 587
Forsake Thyself, to Heaven Turn Thee 621

GRIMALD, NICHOLAS (1519-1562), educated at Cambridge and Oxford, and opened a rhetorical lecture in the refectory of Christ Church, Oxford. Besides writing original verses and a Latin tragedy he made translations from the Greek and Latin poets. John the Baptist, his Latin tragedy, was published in 1548; and his Songes were annexed to the Songes and Sonnettes of Uncertain Auctours, printed by Tottel in his Miscellany, 1557.

A True Love 167

HABINGTON, WILLIAM (1605-1654), was educated at S. Omers and Paris. Returning from Paris after reaching his majority, he was instructed at home by his father in matters of history, and became an accomplished gentleman. "During the Commonwealth," Wood says, he "did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the Usurper." Besides Castara, Habington wrote a play and some Observations upon History.

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Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam 580

HERBERT, LORD EDWARD CHERBURY (1583-1648), in Shropshire, born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, educated at University College in London. He distinguished himself as a soldier on the Continent and became the English ambassador to France. He was an elder brother of George Herbert.

Upon Combing Her Hair 198
Beyond 636

HERBERT, GEORGE (1593-1632), educated at Cambridge, where he secured in 1619 the public oratorship of the University. The influence of his family brought him into notice at Court, where he was held in high favour by James I. He enjoyed, also, the personal friendship of Bacon and Donne. In 1630, having entered the Church, he became rector of Fuggelstone. His life is said to have been pure and saint-like; Isaak Walton wrote his biography.

Love 129
Church Music 410
The Pulley 483
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Easter Song 635

HERRICK, ROBERT (1591-1674), was the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside. Educated at St. John's, Cambridge, he was presented in 1629 with the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. For being an ardent Royalist in 1647 he was ejected from the living, and returning to London he celebrated the event in verse. His poems for the most part were published anonymously, but in 1648 he issued a collection of them under the title of Hesperides. In 1662 he was restored to Dean Prior, where he died and was buried.

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To His Paternal Home 655
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HEYWOOD, JOHN (1497-1575), native of North Mims, near St. Alban's, educated at Oxford, became Court Jester and one of the earliest dramatic writers. He was a great favourite with Henry VIII. and Queen Mary, his successor, on account of "mirth and quickness of his conceits." Being a Roman Catholic, at Mary's death, fearing persecution, he retired to Mechlin, in Brabant, where he died.
A Praise of His Lady 105

HEYWOOD, THOMAS (157?-1650), a voluminous playwright of the group that immediately followed Shakespeare of whom very little is known except that he was the author in part or whole of 220 plays, of which twenty-three have been preserved. His characteristic excellence was in homely scenes, and he won from Charles Lamb the appellation of a prose Shakespeare.
Matin-Song 2
The Message 48
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Praise of Ceres 562

HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY (1518-1546-7), was the third son of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, and third Duke of Norfolk. Attended Cardinal College, now Christ Church, Oxford. In 1542 he served in the army under his father in Scotland, and in 1544 was appointed Field-Marshal of the English army on the Continent. On account of jealousy which his personal achievements excited in the Earl of Hertford, King Henry's brother, and in the king also,

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in 1546, he was ordered to return from the Continent, made a prisoner on his arrival in England, convicted of high treason on groundless charges, and beheaded on Tower Hill, January 19, 1547. Surrey was the follower of Wyat in introducing the Sonnet into English poetry. In 1557 R. Tottel published The Songs and Sonnettes of Henry, Earl of Surrey, and Others.

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A Praise of His Love 201
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HOWELL, THOMAS (fl. 1568-1581).
Of Misery 570

HUME, ALEXANDER (1560-1609), son of the Comptroller of Scotland, was born at Reidbras, and educated some say at St. Andrew's, and some at St. Mary's. Later he travelled in France and on his return became attached to the Court of James VI.
A Summer Day 331

HUNNIS, WILLIAM (d. 1568), was Chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth. Little is known about his life.
The Lover Curseth the Time When First He Fell in Love 257

JONSON, BEN (1573-1637). Born in London of poor parentage, and served as a soldier in the Netherlands. He settled early in London and became an actor and writer of plays, which he confessed, at one time, was not to his literary liking, but compulsory in earning his livelihood. Every Man in His Humour, his first great play, was brought out in 1598, and it is claimed that Shakespeare was one of the actors. He also wrote a number of masques for Court festivals, in which King James and his Queen took parts; through these are scattered some of his finest lyrics. In 1619 Jonson went on a walking tour to Scotland, visiting the home of his ancestors, and while there he visited Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left us a journal of his conversation. Besides his plays and masques Jonson published two volumes of poems and lyrics, Underwoods and The Forest.
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JORDAN, THOMAS (1612?-1685), an actor, afterwards poet-laureate for the City of London; he was the author of four plays and a number of poems and masques.
Coronemus Nos Rosis Antequam Marcescant 521

KING, HENRY (1591-1669). Bishop of Chichester, and friend of Isaak Walton, Sandys, and Ben Jonson. He wrote many elegies, notably those on Ben Jonson, Donne, and Gustavus Adolphus. In 1657 appeared his Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets.
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LODGE, THOMAS (1556?-1625). Son of a Lord Mayor of London, educated at Cambridge, and after many vicissitudes gained distinction as a physician. He was, with Marlowe and Greene, one of the pre-Shakespearian dramatists. His versatility was remarkable, producing romances, plays, satires, and lyrics. His prose works as well as many of his lyrics show strongly the influence of the Italian Renaissance.
To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess 41
Corydon's Song 50
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Love Omnipresent 172
Do Me Right and Do Me Reason 207
The Solitary Shepherd's Song 214
Accurst Be Love 256
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LOVELACE, RICHARD (1618-1658), belonged to a Kentish family. He was a soldier by choice, and one of the numerous Court poets who surrounded Queen Henrietta Maria. In behalf of King Charles I. he presented a petition to

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Parliament from the loyalists of Kent, for which he was thrown into prison, where he wrote his beautiful song, To Althea from Prison. In 1647 he raised a regiment for the French king and took part in the siege of Dunkirk. A year later returning to England, he was once more thrown into prison. In 1649 he published a collection of his poems under the title Lucasta, naming them from a lady — Lucy Sacheverell. Of his last years little is known, but it is supposed that distress befell him and that he died in a cellar in Long Acre.

Gratiana Dancing 66
To Althea, from Prison 186
To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas 232
The Grasshopper 330
To Lucasta, Going to the Wars 426

LYLY, JOHN (1553-1606) is best known as the author of Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit, 1580, which was ridiculed by his contemporaries, especially Shakespeare in Love's Labour's Lost, and Jonson in Every Man Out of His Humour. In this work, and its sequel Euphues and His England, 1581, Lyly intended to reform and purify the English language. He was the author of some nine plays.

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MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1564-1593). Born in Canterbury, the son of a shoemaker who managed to send him to Oxford, where he took his degree in 1583. Some say after leaving school he became an actor in London and others that he went with Sidney to the wars in the Netherlands. Tamburlaine the Great, his first great drama, was performed in 1588; this was followed rapidly in the next few years by three other plays, Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, and Edward II., which made him the first great dramatist in English literature, and the master whose influence is shown in Shakespeare's early plays. Marlowe's life was wild and reckless, and in 1593 he was killed in a tavern brawl in Deptford, the particulars of which have never been quite understood. He left fragments of one or two plays, and parts of a fine poem, Hero and Leander, which George Chapman finished.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love 46
If All the Pens That Ever Poets Held 132
The Stream 335

MASSINGER, PHILIP (1584-1640), was at one time page in the household of the Earl of Pembroke. His dramatic labours are difficult to define owing to his habit of collaboration. He was an intimate friend of Fletcher's. Towards middle life he was converted to Roman Catholi-

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cism. Some fifteen plays are to his credit.
The Blushing Rose and Purple Flower..... 328

MAYNE, JASPER (1604-1672), native of Devonshire, educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Became Canon of Christ Church, Archdeacon of Chichester, and Chaplain-in Ordinary to Charles II. His sermons have been collected and published, and he wrote a number of controversial tracts. He translated some of Lucian's Dialogues, wrote a number of dramas and some poems.
Time 525

MIDDLETON, THOMAS (1570?-1627), of whom little is known, except that he was appointed Chronologer to the City of London shortly before his death. A number of plays and masques are accredited to him, and he is supposed to have assisted Rowley, Massinger, Fletcher, and Jonson in the writing of plays.
Lips and Eyes..... 80

MONTGOMERIE, ALEXANDER (1540?-1610?).
The Night Is Near Gone..... 9

MUNDAY, ANTHONY (1553-1633), was poet-laureate of the City of London. He has been identified as the "Shepherd Tony," who contributed a number of poems to England's Helicon. He was concerned, also, in the writing of fourteen plays.
Beauty Bathing 219
The Shepherd's Sun..... 220
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NASH, THOMAS (1567-1601). Born at Lowestoft and was a student at St. John's, Cambridge, from which it is supposed he was expelled for some youthful indiscretion. After travelling in Italy he settled in London about 1589 and became associated with Greene, Marlowe, and Peele. For certain expressions in one of his plays, The Isle of Dogs, he was put in prison, which mishap afforded his enemies much pleasure. As a forceful pamphleteer Nash was more famous than as a dramatist. He was deeply concerned in the strife of the Marprelate Controversy. He furiously assailed Dr. Gabriel Harvey for insulting the memory of his dead friend Greene.
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Bright Soul of the Sad Year..... 562
In Time of Plague..... 633

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PEELE, GEORGE (1558-1598). Born in Devonshire, and educated at Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford. He went to London and divided the rest of his life "between the tavern, the green-room, and the straitened accommodations of the author's study." He

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was the author of many excellent plays, one of which, The Arraignment of Paris, would be, Lamb says, the finest pastoral in our literature, if it were not for Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

Fair and Fair 67
Love's Harvesters 146
The Impatient Maid 156
O Crudelis Amor 258
A Farewell to Arms 439

QUARLES, FRANCIS (1592-1644), native of Stewards, near Rumford, Essex. Educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn. Was successively cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, Chronologer to the City of London, and secretary in Ireland to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1641, he fled to England, where writings of a royalistic flavour and his attachment to Charles, attracted the wrath of Parliament, who sequestrated his estate and plundered his books. The poet never recovered from the blow, which sent him to his grave. His works, numbering many volumes, are of a devotional nature.

An Ecstasy 625
Epigram 639

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1552-1618). Born in the parish of East Budleigh, Devonshire; educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He served five years in France with the Huguenots, and subsequently in the Netherlands under the Prince of Orange. In 1579, accompanying his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he made his first expedition to America. Raleigh held many lucrative posts of honour, the gift of royal favour. The romantic voyages of discovery, terminating always in failure, by this brave but not always scrupulous hero, still continue to furnish delightful reading. He was beheaded October, 1618.

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The Silent Lover 176
Silence in Love 176
Farewell to the Vanities of the World 506
Even Such Is Time 524
His Pilgrimage 617
The Soul's Errand 679

RANDOLPH, THOMAS (1605-1635), native of Badby, Northamptonshire; educated at, and Fellow of, Trinity College, Cambridge. He went to London and became associated with the group of poets surrounding Ben Jonson, who "soon drank him into an early grave."

A Devout Lover 177
An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford to Hasten Him into the Country 350

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RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS (1592-?), an eminent composer and publisher of music, who is said to have been made Bachelor of Music by the University of Cambridge, at the age of fifteen.
Three Poor Mariners..... 429

REYNOLDS, JOHN (?-?).
A Nosegay 39

ROWLANDS, RICHARD (1565-1630?), native of London, educated at Oxford, and becoming a Roman Catholic took up his residence at Antwerp, where he prospered as a printer. He was a draughtsman and painter, and illustrated some of his own books.
Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby..... 597

ROWLEY, WILLIAM (fl. 1650). See notes.
The Chase 286
Come Follow Me, Ye Country Lasses..... 345

SACKVILLE, THOMAS, LORD BUCKHURST (1527-1608), was the author of Gorboduc, the first English tragedy, acted in 1562, which was greatly admired by Sir Philip Sidney. He was elevated to the earldom of Dorset with the accession of James I.
Sleep 592

SCOTT, ALEXANDER (1520?-158?), was called "the Anacreon of Ancient Scotch poetry." A collection of his pieces was privately printed (100 copies) in Edinburgh, in 1821, under the title of Poems from a MS. written in 1568, with an Introduction and Notes by David Laing.
A Rondel of Love..... 168
A Bequest of His Heart..... 291

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616). Born at Stratford-on-Avon. After receiving a scanty Grammar school education he went to London to seek his fortune, leaving a wife and children at home with his parents. In 1589 Shakespeare's name appears among sixteen in a list of players and sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse, where his earliest plays, Love's Labour's Lost, Henry VI., and others, were performed. Later he gained the notice and friendship of the young Earl of Southampton, and to him he dedicated his two poems, Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece. As his several plays were produced Shakespeare grew prosperous, returning to Stratford yearly, where he purchased property, looking forward to a time of peaceful retirement there. Nothing definite is known of the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written, but it is supposed that the comedies and the plays from English history belong to the years before 1600; while the great tragedies, Lear, Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth, were written after, as were also the Roman plays. His two last plays, A Winter's Tale and The Tempest, contain some of his most beautiful lyrics.

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SHIRLEY, JAMES (1596-1666), was the last of the great group of dramatists who immediately followed Shakespeare. Intended for the Church, he became a Roman Catholic, and earned his living as a schoolmaster. In 1625 he wrote a comedy, Love Tricks, which encouraged him to go to London where he produced nearly thirty plays before the closing of the theatres in 1642.
Piping Peace 213
O Fly, My Soul..... 536
Death's Emissaries 642
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SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (1554-1586). Born at Penshurst, in Kent, of an ancient family. Educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, he travelled abroad, witnessing the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, after which he visited Germany and Italy, and was back at the English Court in 1575. His hopeless passion for Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, who afterwards married Lord Rich, was the inspiration of Astrophel and Stella, a series of sonnets and songs in which Sidney expresses his grief. Out of favour at Court in 1580 because of his letter in opposition to Queen Elizabeth's proposed marriage to the French Duke of Anjou, Sidney retired to Wilton, the seat of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, where he wrote for diversion his famous prose romance, Arcadia. The following year he composed his fine Apology for Poetrie in opposition to Stephen Gosson. When Queen Elizabeth sent English troops to help the Dutch in their struggle for freedom, Sidney, who was then the Governor of Flushing, participated, and owing to his reckless and chivalrous bravery, fell fighting at Zutphen in September, 1586. Sidney's writings were not published until after his death, and he remains the most conspicuous figure of chivalry among English personalities.
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SOUTHWELL, ROBERT (1562-1595). An English Jesuit; in 1585 he was appointed Prefect of the English Jesuits' College in Rome; was subsequently returned to England as a missionary, where after three years imprisonment he suffered as a martyr at Tyburn, February, 1595. He wrote much in prose and verse of a high order.
Scorn Not the Least..... 496
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Times Go by Turns..... 523
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SPENSER, EDMUND (1553-1598). Born in London, and educated at Pembroke Hall, Oxford. In 1580, he became, through the influence of Sir Philip Sidney, Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1586, received from the Crown a grant, including the castle and manor of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, forfeited by the Earl of Desmond. He married in 1594, Elizabeth Boyle, of whom he had sung in the Sonnets, and their nuptials he celebrated in the wonderful Epithalamium. In 1590 appeared the first three Books of the Faerie Queene, and in 1596, Books IV., V., VI. In 1598 occurred what is called the "rebellion of the Earl of Tyrone," which forced Spenser with his wife and children to leave Ireland, for his estates were plundered and burned, to seek his native country, where he died in "extreme indigence and want of bread."
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STILL, JOHN, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS (1543-1608). Born at Grantham, Lincolnshire; educated at Christ College, Cambridge, where he became Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity. He was Prebendary of Westminster, 1573; Master of St. John's College, 1574; Archdeacon of Sudbury, 1596; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1592. To Still is ascribed the authorship of Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1565, the third English comedy.
Jolly Good Ale and Old 419

STRODE, WILLIAM (1598?-1644).
Music 403

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN (1609-1642). Born at Whitton, Middlesex; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1631, he joined the army of Gustavus Adolphus; and in 1639 raised an army of an hundred horse, leading them in battle between the Scotch and royal army. His life was one of wild and reckless dissipation. A loyalist, he was accused of scheming to save Strafford's life, and fleeing from England, he put an end to his disordered life in Paris.
When, Dearest, I But Think of Thee 218
A Doubt of Martyrdom 225
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A Ballad upon a Wedding 395
Love and Debt 426

SYLVESTER, JOSHUA (1563-1618). An eminent linguist, who became a member of the Company of Merchant Adventurers at Stade. It is as the translater of Du Bartas' poems he is best known.
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TICHBORNE, CHIDIOCK (d. 1586).
Chidiock Tichborne's Lament 549

TOFTE, ROBERT (d. 1620).
On Quicksedge, Wrought with Lovely Eglantine 204

TURBERVILLE, GEORGE (1530?-1600). Born at Whitechurch, Devonshire, and educated at New College, Oxford. He accompanied Sir Thomas Randolph to Russia as secretary; his three poetical epistles concerning this country are incorporated in Hakluyt's Voyages. He left a miscellaneous number of writings, and a MS. translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, now in the Bodleian Library.
To a Gentlewoman 310

VAUTOR, THOMAS (?-1619).
Sweet Suffolk Owl 578

VAUX, THOMAS, LORD (b. 1510), was son of Lord Nicholas Vaux, and attended Cardinal Woolsey in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V., in 1527; he took his place as

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member of Parliament, as a Baron, 1530; accompanied Henry VIII. to Calais and Boulogne, 1532; made knight of Bath, 1533. A number of Lord Vaux's poems were published in Tottel's Miscellany.
Questions and Answers 527

VERE, EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD (1545?-1604), was famous for his prodigality of living. He was the author of some comedies not extant, and several poems which appeared in most of the collections of the time.
If Women Could Be Fair and Yet Not Fond 153
Fancy and Desire 188

WALLER, EDMUND (1606-1687). Born at Coleshill, Hertfordshire, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He served in Parliament under James I. and II. In 1643 was detected in a plot to re-establish the authority of Charles I., for which he was imprisoned and fined £10,000; his life being saved only by abject submission and the betrayal of his friends, and exile from home. In 1653, he was permitted to return to England and became a great favourite with Cromwell. His poems, rated at a time much above their worth, are brief and occasional.
On a Girdle 92
Go, Lovely Rose 203
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WATSON, THOMAS (1557-1592?), native of London; spent some time at the University of Oxford, afterwards studying law. He published a number of Latin poems and translations. He is best known by the 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, or Passionate Century of Love.
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WEBSTER, JOHN (?-1630), one of the greatest of English dramatists, and a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company.
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WEVER, ROBERT (?-1550).
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WISDOME, ROBERT (d. 1568). See notes.
A Religious Use of Taking Tobacco 547

WITHER, GEORGE (1588-1667). Born at Brentworth, Hampshire; educated at Magdalene College, Oxford, subsequently entering himself first at one of the Inns of Chancery, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn. In 1639, served as Captain of Horse in the expedition of Charles I. against the Scotch Covenanters; in 1642, sold his estate and

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raised a troop of horse for Parliament, in whose army he was elevated to the rank of major; was made prisoner by the royalists and owed his release to intercession of Sir John Denham. Parliament and Cromwell conferred lucrative offices upon him, which, after the Restoration, he was obliged to relinquish. He was a voluminous writer; and one of the best of old English poets exhumed by modern literary antiquaries.

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WOTTON, SIR HENRY (1568-1639), belonged to an ancient Kentish family. After leaving Oxford he travelled for eight or nine years in France, Germany, and Italy, and on his return to England became secretary to the Earl of Essex. Wotton returned to Florence when Essex's political fortunes were broken, and was sent by the Grand Duke on a secret mission to James VI. of Scotland. When James became King of England he was taken into favour and thrice sent as ambassador to Venice, and also to some of the German States. Wotton's services in behalf of James's daughter, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, to whom he was affectionately attached, and whom he celebrated in the best of his poems, has become a noble episode in his career. Returning to England from his embassies, he was made Provost of Eton, which post he retained till his death. In 1651 a small collection of fourteen poems was published under the title of Reliquiæ Wottonianæ. Izaak Walton wrote his biography.

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WYAT, SIR THOMAS (1503-1542). Born at Allington Castle, Kent; educated at St. John's College. He officiated for his father as ewerer at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, in 1533, and subsequently was in temporary disgrace with the king on her account. He was nominated for High Sheriff for Kent, 1537, and in the same year sent as minister to Spain. Bonner charged him with treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole and he was placed under arrest in 1540-1, but was acquitted and restored to high favour with Henry VIII.

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